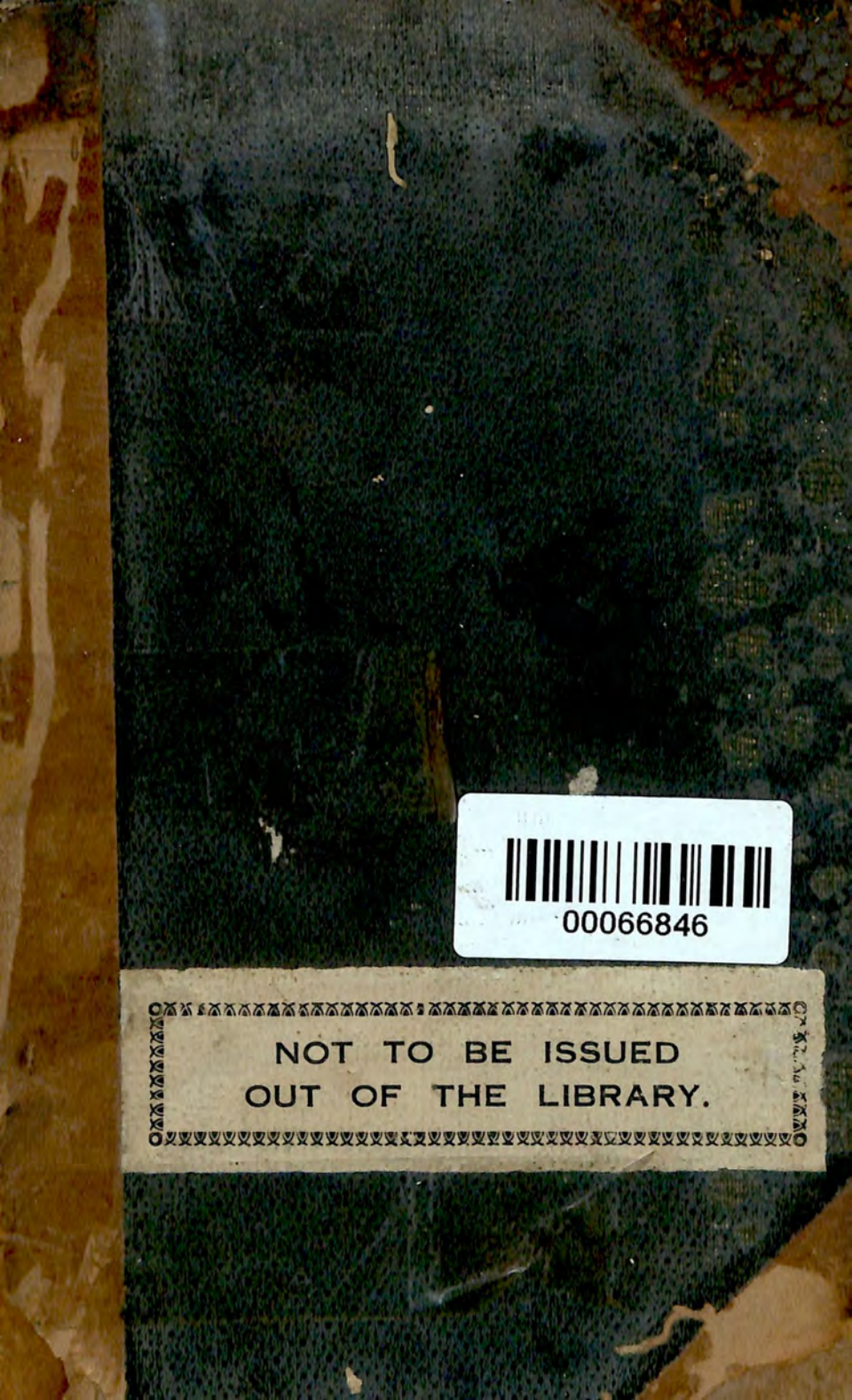
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SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS

IN

FOREIGN CHURCHES

AND

66846

AMONG FOREIGN PEOPLES.

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, M.A.

FELLOW OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

A-d-7

"Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works: exhorting one another: and so much the more as ye see the day approaching."—HEB. x. 24, 25.

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TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE

OF MUCH PERSONAL KINDNESS,

AND MANY THOUGHTFUL CONVERSATIONS

ON THE RITES,

PREROGATIVES, AND DOCTRINES,

OF

THE HOLY CHURCH.

AMBLESIDE,
THE FEAST OF ST. MATTHIAS,
MDCCCXLII.

ROMA! ROMA! ROMA!

ROMA! NON È PIU COME ERA PRIMA!

SHEPHERD-SONG OF THE CAMPAGNA.

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P.S. The Materials for Three more Books have been collected,—The Desecrated City (Constantinople)—The Kaiser's Lands—and Protestant Germany,—which may, perhaps, be prepared for publication, if it should seem advisable.

BOOK I.

PARIS AND AVIGNON.

SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS,

&c.

BOOK I.

PARIS AND AVIGNON.

THE traveller in the Middle Ages rose with the religious men, beneath whose roof he had found shelter for the night; with them he sought, first of all, the house, oftentimes the Altar, of God, and joined in the matin service of the Western Church. He went forward on his road with prayer and benediction. *Prosperum iter*, was the kindly monks' farewell, *faciat tibi Deus salutarium nostrorum: utinam dirigantur viæ tuæ ad custodiendas justificationes Dei!* and from field, and brook, and bush, the salutation still for miles came forth, haunting his ear, *Procedas in pace in nomine Domini!* A cloud of good wishes accompanied and guarded him from monastery to monastery, while the courts of bishops and the cloisters of learned men were opened to him, by the commendatory letters of his native prelates. True,

that he was slow of foot, and trod a path beset by many dangers. There were "barons bold," and their hill-top towers, from whence they stooped, like eagles, only that the nature of the bird was nobler than theirs, to devour the prey which they espied upon the plain below. The achievements which the dishonest sweetness of old songs and ballads has set forth with an array of knightly terms, were indeed but robberies, made romantic by genius and antiquity; robberies oppressive both to poor and rich, slighting the laws of man, which were yet impotent to avenge themselves, and setting at nought the authority of Mother Church, ever in those times put forth to shelter the weak and despised classes of society. At times, too, and yet they were but rare, when no monastery was at hand, and the traveller was fain to put up with the hospitality of an inn, he was exposed to the insults and violence of brawling squires, and noisy grooms, the rude retainers of great men, more overbearing, though perhaps not more ignorant, than their lords. He had to fear, too, in the intervals of peace, the marauders of the free companies, who infested the woods and dales, and rendered travelling perilous. Yet, upon the whole, the traveller of those times had some solid advantages, which a Churchman now-a-days may be allowed to regret, and for which he would be willing to exchange no inconsiderable portion of our modern facilities. The Church Catholic, her fortunes and interests, are not, probably, uppermost in the minds

of the great bulk of modern travellers, and they, of course, will not miss that unity and brotherly intercourse, or that religious character imparted to their wanderings, which were so much prized of old. But they who are accustomed to believe and act as if there were a Church, and One Church only, and to deem each little fact and symptom connected with her as of more importance than political statistics or the critical observations of the artist, will acknowledge both their profit and their pleasure to have been marred, in no slight degree, by the absence of those privileges of Christian communion, so richly dealt out of old to travellers. There were a hundred little needs, interesting the affections and laying hold on the imagination, which we remember, and with fond envy many times recapitulate, satisfied to the full for those who travelled in Christendom when at unity with itself, but now utterly unsatisfied for modern wanderers, amid the jealous and disjointed Churches. The traveller of past times was sure of a home for Easter or Whitsuntide; the continual haunting of sacred places was, as it were, a safeguard against the fresh shapes and daily transformed temptations of sin, to which a traveller is exposed; he had holy houses every where, as refuges in times of weariness or pestilence, and a certainty, in case death should intercept him, of a consecrated resting-place among the Christian dead, when he had passed through the narrow gate, aided by the offices and absolutions of the Church. And these were conso-

lations, great or small, according to the degree in which he realized the powers of the Church, and the blessedness of being her son. Indeed, the disuse of the universal language of Europe, namely, the Latin of the Middle Ages, while it enhances the difficulty of communication with good men of foreign communions, may be regarded as an image of the present broken and disordered state of Christendom. How touchingly does Sir Francis Palgrave allude to this, in his delightful volume on the Middle Ages, when he says, "There was nothing new, or strange, or singular, about the burial procession particularly calculated to excite the attention of Marco Polo. The *De Profundis* of the stoled priest spake the universal language adopted by the most sublime of human compositions, the Liturgy of Western Christendom. Yet though no objects appeared which could awaken any lively curiosity in the traveller, there was much in their very familiarity to excite the sympathy of the wanderer in a foreign land. With an altered tone he said to the friar, 'Saddened is the spirit of the pilgrim by the dying twilight and the plaining vesper bell; but he, who braves every danger for himself, may feel his heart sink within him, when the pageant of triumphant death brings to his mind the thought, that those from whom, as he weened, he parted for a little while only, may have been already borne to the sepulchre. Yet there is also a great and enduring comfort to the traveller in Christendom. However uncouth may be the speech of the races amongst

whom the pilgrim sojourns, however diversified may be the customs of the regions which he visits, let him enter the portal of the church, or hear, as I do now, the voice of the minister of the Gospel, and he is present with his own, though alps and oceans may sever them asunder. There is one spot where the pilgrim always finds his home. We are all one people when we come before the Altar of the Lord[1].'"

If it be not too bold an invitation, I would ask my readers to go out into Europe with me, in the spirit and temper of one of those travellers of the Middle Ages, thinking such thoughts as he thought, where places remain still unaltered; and, where modern events have clouded the bright past, thinking such thoughts as he would have thought, had his lot been cast upon these latter times, not forgetting to bear with such occasional fits of spleen as might be pardoned in a mediæval cynic. We may pick up some profit still in the rejected materials of the almost perfect guide-books, which now lead us up and down with such pleasant facility. Come forth, then, with a cheerful earnestness, and where the thoughts or fancies seem strained or unreal, pass them over and forget them, and look about for others, which, when you travel, may suggest in several of the most famous spots of Christendom, meditations a degree higher than those of guide-books, and re-

[1] Merchant and Friar, p. 138.

mind you, in particular localities, of facts interesting to the eyes of a Churchman, breeding often a wise sadness, which is the best remedy against weariness and languor in travelling, claiming an unoccupied hour, when palaces and pictures do not fill it up, helping here and there towards a right estimate of things very liable to be wrongly judged, and it may be, on some occasions, enlarging the range of Christian sympathies and suggesting prayer. It is an useful office to remind people of good things in the right places, even when they knew the good things before; for they are not always remembered in the right places, or at the right times. But enough of preface. The following pages will sufficiently explain their own object without too much display of interpretation. They meddle not with dates, or distances, or guide-book details. They have no deep meanings; but they have been written earnestly, and are really meant to subserve a grave end, though perhaps not in a grave way.

It was in the middle of a cold and blowing night that we landed at Boulogne, which may be regarded as an English town upon French ground. The whole of Europe was now before us, and the many months' conning of maps and guide-books, that pleasant prologue to a journey, being now concluded, our real work was to begin. We had thought of it so much beforehand, that we probably felt more excitement than was dignified at commencing a mere continental tour. However, we went with distinct objects in

view, respecting which little or no information was afforded us by the generality of books and travels; and, having our objects so plainly before us, we were saved the tediousness and disappointment of an unguided search after what was interesting. The road from Boulogne to Abbeville is hilly, and sometimes woody, reminding me of the less attractive parts of Oxfordshire, about Wallingford and the Chiltern hills. Montreuil was the only town of any importance through which we passed. The castle on the hill, above the river Canche, and the ruined church of Notre Dame, are both striking objects; the latter especially. Abbeville itself has nothing very striking about it; but, like most continental towns, it is not wanting in street-picturesque; and the remnant of a church, with its three towers, is also interesting.

It was very late on Saturday night when we arrived at Amiens, and the greater part of the ensuing day was spent in the cathedral. It is, indeed, a most wonderful pile, and we had no cause to repent of our having turned out of our way in order to see it. The view of the nave from the gallery above the organ-loft is the finest thing in architecture I have ever seen. The east windows are 366 feet from where you stand, and, looking over the gorgeous carved-work of the choir to the Altar, or letting the eye wander among the one hundred and twenty-six beautiful pillars which stand about, or gazing upwards to the roof, which rises 132 feet from the pavement,

the impression of wonder and delight keeps increasing continually. I have never, either before or since, seen such a miracle of Christian art, justifying to the full that deep and forcible remark, that the Homeric poems and Gothic architecture were the highest births of the human intellect[2]. It seems a little thought, yet pardonable, to remember that Amiens cathedral was built by the English, during the regency of the duke of Bedford, who governed great part of France for Henry VI., in the early part of the fifteenth century. When we had satisfied ourselves somewhat with the interior of the cathedral, we mounted to the top, and rambled all over the roofs, among the exquisite pinnacles and carved work with which they are adorned. The roofs of great cathedrals generally deserve quite as narrow an inspection as the interiors; and the inspection is often as full of wonder as that of the inside, for the beauty and sumptuousness of parts of the building hidden from every eye but His, to Whose glory all was built, and the ken, perhaps, of Angels, are so alien to any thing in our modern temper, and are so frequently screened, as if with a jealous purpose, from man's praise, that they strike us even more forcibly than when lavished upon the nave or choir, where they could elevate the devotions of the worshipper, and redound to the glory of the artist, or the honor of the founder. The roofs of Amiens realized very

[2] Vaughan's Oxford Prize Essay,—quoted memoriter.

vividly to my mind, (not a very ecclesiastical association,) the description of Notre Dame in Victor Hugo's Hunchback, much more indeed than Notre Dame itself has since done. On descending and going into the streets, I was struck with the apparent smallness of the vast building; an effect, probably, of the extreme simplicity of the design. The country about the city looks, to all appearance, from the roof of the cathedral, very sterile; but we were assured by the verger, that it was very much the contrary, for that it was so valuable as corn-land, that they would not allow any space to be occupied by trees. The only trees apparent, except those on the boulevards, are colonies of poplar, planted geometrically, in the valley of the Somme. I like both poplars, and the formal way of planting them, so that my eye was not offended by them. Many of the families about Amiens are said to be legitimists; but they have spent so much money on Spain, that they are cramped in their movements in France: and yet Charles V. has been compelled to abandon even his Pyrenean fastnesses, and is now (there may perhaps be a politer phrase in diplomatic language to describe his position) a French prisoner. It is really difficult to interest one's self in the royal families of Spain and France, there is so little about them to which any rightly-directed sympathies can cling. They are not like the exiled Stuarts, and yet allowance enough must be demanded even for that destiny-hunted family, whose restoration seems, in more than

one instance, to have been prevented by occurrences so trivial, and so little likely to be fraught with great consequences, that they must seem, to a thoughtful man, to have been providential, a mercy or a chastisement, as the case may be.

Paris has surpassed all our expectations in magnificence. It is, indeed, a most wonderful city. The view from the Pont des Arts is, perhaps, taken altogether, the finest in the place. The public buildings in Paris have, many of them, a history peculiarly their own. The Madeleine, for example, was begun twice by the Bourbons for a church. It was commenced again by Napoleon for a Temple of Fame or Glory, I forget which; and it was afterwards continued by the Bourbons for a church, at the Restoration. It is certainly an exquisite building; but nothing has yet reconciled me to the adaptation of the clear, definite, intelligible unity of Greek or Italian architecture, to the uses of a religion of light and shade, such as the Gospel is. I wait to see St. Peter's before I declare myself irrevocably Gothic, yet it is not difficult now to find persons whom St. Peter's has failed to surprise, delight, or overawe. The Pantheon, as well as the Madeleine, has a very Parisian history. It was begun by Louis XV. or XVI. for a church of St. Genevieve. It was made heathen at the Revolution. It was consecrated by the Bourbons at the Restoration; and finally, the clergy were driven from it after the "glorious" Three Days. The magnificence of the Pantheon is miserably depressing.

It has been remarked in some recent sermons on Antichrist, that the worship of Reason in the French revolution, curiously illustrates the apparent contradiction in prophecy, that Antichrist was to have no god, and yet to have a new worship. Now we were struck at the Pantheon, with the use of the word "translation." Its ecclesiastical sense, as applied to the removal of the bodies of Saints from their original graves to churches built in memory of them, and through their memory to God's glory, was familiar enough; but one starts as if one had been stung, on hearing it applied to Voltaire, Rousseau, and Napoleon. We were taken to the tombs of those "enemies of the Most High," Voltaire and Rousseau; and the Alpha and Omega, and ☧ carved all over the vaults, only made the darkness visible, and rendered the heathen character of the building more obvious and hateful. Of the crowds who daily see these tombs, how few remember that those two men are still alive, and in a place, a waiting-place, where, perchance, they now see—Merciful Heavens! the very thought is horrible—the continual generation of sin and misery and unchaste disbelief by their own works. What a retinue of foul deeds is gathering round to accompany them to judgment, for "some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after!" I was compelled to turn my thoughts away to the Place Louis Quinze, and think of Marie Antoinette, and the last end of a Christian queen; over light-

hearted in youth, mayhap, like Charles the Martyr when the companion of Buckingham, but conformed, both of them, by suffering, to the image of their Lord.

The view of Paris from the top of the Pantheon is superb. We had the very best sort of day for it, a succession of black hail-storms with intervenings of whitest, wannest sunshine. We saw the whole city, with the bleached towers of Vincennes, the Sorbonne at our feet, with the college Henri Quatre; and, in short, the finest city view I have almost ever seen. It were easy, from the dome of the Pantheon, to describe the topography of Paris, but it has been done by a Frenchman himself, with so much picturesque erudition, that I shall borrow his account, the length of which will not weary the reader [3].

"The infant Paris was born, as everybody knows, in that ancient island in the shape of a cradle, which is now called the city. The banks of that island were its first enclosure; the Seine was its first ditch. For several centuries Paris was confined to the island, having two bridges, the one on the north, the other on the south, and two têtes-de-ponts, which were at once its gates and its fortresses—the Grand Châtelet on the right bank, and the Petit Châtelet on the left. In process of time, under the kings of the first dynasty, finding herself straitened in her island, and unable to turn herself about, she

[3] Victor Hugo's Hunchback, book iii.—Shoberl's Translation.

crossed the water. A first enclosure of walls and towers then began to encroach upon either bank of the Seine beyond the two Châtelets. Of this ancient enclosure some vestiges were still remaining in the past century; nothing is now left of it but the memory, and here and there a tradition. By degrees, the flood of houses, always propelled from the heart to the extremities, wore away and overflowed this enclosure. Philip Augustus surrounded Paris with new ramparts. He imprisoned the city within a circular chain of large, lofty, and massive towers. For more than a century, the houses, crowding closer and closer, raised their level in this basin, like water in a reservoir. They began to grow higher; story was piled upon story; they shot up like any compressed liquid, and each tried to lift its head above its neighbour's, in order to obtain a little fresh air. The streets became deeper and deeper, and narrower and narrower; every vacant place was covered, and disappeared. The houses at length overleaped the wall of Philip Augustus, and merrily scattered themselves at random over the plain, like prisoners who had made their escape. There they sat themselves down at their ease, and carved themselves gardens out of the fields. So early as 1367, the suburbs of the city had spread so far as to need a fresh enclosure, especially on the right bank: this was built for it by Charles V. But a place like Paris is perpetually increasing. It is such cities alone that become

capitals of countries. They are reservoirs, into which all the geographical, political, moral, and intellectual channels of a country, all the natural inclined planes of its population discharge themselves; wells of civilization, if we may be allowed the expression, and drains also, where all that constitutes the sap, the life, the soul of a nation, is incessantly collecting and filtering, drop by drop, age by age. The enclosure of Charles V. consequently shared the same fate as that of Philip Augustus. So early as the conclusion of the fifteenth century it was overtaken, passed, and the suburbs kept travelling onward. In the sixteenth, it seemed to be visibly receding more and more into the ancient city, so rapidly did the new town thicken on the other side of it. Thus, so far back as the fifteenth century, to come down no further, Paris had already worn out the three concentric circles of walls, which, from the time of Julian the Apostate, lay in embryo, if I may be allowed the expression, in the Grand and Petit Châtelet. The mighty city had successively burst its four mural belts, like a growing boy bursting the garments made for him a year ago. Under Louis XI. there were still to be seen ruined towers of the ancient enclosures, rising at intervals abovet his sea of houses, like the tops of hills from amidst an inundation, like the archipelagoes of old Paris submerged beneath the new. Since that time Paris has, unluckily for us, undergone further transformation, but it has overleaped

only one more enclosure, that of Louis XV., a miserable wall of mud and dirt, worthy of the king who constructed it.

"What then was the aspect of the three towns, the city, the university, and the ville, viewed from the summit of the towers of Notre Dame in 1482? The spectator, on arriving breathless at that elevation, was dazzled by the chaos of roofs, chimneys, streets, bridges, belfries, towers, and steeples. All burst at once upon the eye—the carved gable, the sharp roof, the turret perched upon the angles of the walls, the stone pyramid of the eleventh century, the slated obelisk of the fifteenth, the round and naked keep of the castle, the square and embroidered tower of the church, the great and the small, the massive and the light. The eye was long bewildered amidst this labyrinth of heights and depths, in which there was nothing but had its originality, its reason, its genius, its beauty, nothing but issued from the hand of art, from the humblest dwelling, with its painted and carved wooden front, elliptical doorway, and overhanging stories, to the royal Louvre, which then had a colonnade of towers. But when the eye began to reduce this tumult of edifices to some kind of order, the principal masses that stood out from among them were these.

"To begin with the city. 'The island of the city,' says Sauval, who, amidst his frivolous gossip, has occasionally some good ideas, 'is shaped like a great ship, which hath taken ground, and is stuck fast in

the mud, nearly in the middle of the channel of the Seine.' We have already stated, that in the fifteenth century this ship was moored to the two banks of the river by five bridges; for it is to this circumstance that the ship blazoned in the ancient arms of Paris owes its origin. To those who can decipher it heraldry is an algebra, a language. The entire history of the second half of the Middle Ages is written in heraldry, as the history of the first half in the imagery of the Roman churches: 'tis but the hieroglyphics of the feudal system succeeding those of theocracy."

After describing the city, the writer proceeds: "the university brought the eye to a full stop. From one end to the other, it was an homogeneous, compact whole. Those thousand roofs, close, angular, adhering together, almost all composed of the same geometrical element, seen from above, presented the appearance of a crystallization of one and the same substance. The capricious ravines of the streets did not cut this pie of houses into too disproportionate slices. The forty-two colleges were distributed among them in a sufficiently equal manner. The curious and varied summits of these beautiful buildings were the production of the same art as the simple roofs which they overtopped; in fact, they were but a multiplication, by the square or the cube, of the same geometrical figure. They diversified the whole, therefore, without confusing it; they completed without overloading it. Geometry is a harmony. Some superb mansions too, made here and

there magnificent inroads among the picturesque garrets of the left bank; the logis de Nevers, the logis de Rome, the logis de Rheims, which have been swept away; the hôtel de Cluny, which still subsists for the consolation of the artist, and the tower of which was so stupidly uncrowned some years ago. That Roman palace with beautiful circular arches, near Cluny, was the baths of Julian. There were likewise many abbeys, of a more severe beauty than the hôtels, but neither less handsome, nor less spacious. The colleges, which are in fact the intermediate link between the cloister and the world, formed the mean, in the series of buildings, between the mansions and the abbeys, with an austerity full of elegance, a sculpture less gaudy than that of the palaces, an architecture less serious than that of the convents. Unfortunately, scarcely any vestiges are left of these edifices in which Gothic art steered with such precision a middle course between luxury and economy. The churches, and they were both numerous and splendid, in the university, and of every age of architecture, from the circular arches of St. Julian, to the pointed ones of St. Severin,—the churches overtopped all; and like an additional harmony in this mass of harmonies, they shot up every instant above the slashed gables, the open-work pinnacles and belfries, and the airy spires, the line of which also was but a magnificent exaggeration of the acute angle of the roofs."

The description of the Ville then follows, after

which the topographer sums up the whole, somewhat lengthily, yet admitting of abbreviation with difficulty. "The Paris of that time was not merely a handsome city; it was an homogeneous city, an architectural and historical production of the Middle Ages; a chronicle of stone. It was a city formed of two strata only, the bastard Roman and the Gothic, for the pure Roman had long before disappeared, excepting at the baths of Julian, where it still peered above the thick crust of the Middle Ages. As for the Celtic stratum, no specimens of that were now to be found even in digging wells.

"Fifty years later, when the revival came to blend with this unity, so severe and yet so diversified, the dazzling luxury of its fantasies and its systems; its extravagancies of Roman arches, Greek columns, and Gothic ellipses; its sculpture so delicate and so ideal; its particular style of arabesques and acanthi; its architectural paganism, contemporaneous with Luther; Paris was perhaps still more beautiful, though less harmonious to the eye and the mind. But this splendid moment was of short duration; the revival was not impartial; it was not content with building up, it wanted to throw down: it is true enough that it needed room. Thus Gothic Paris was complete but for a minute. Scarcely was St. Jacques de la Boucherie finished when the demolition of the old Louvre was begun.

"Since that time the great city has been daily increasing in deformity. The Gothic Paris, which

swept away the bastard Roman, has been, in its turn, swept away; but can any one tell what Paris has succeeded it?

"There is the Paris of Catherine de Medici, at the Tuilleries; the Paris of Henri II., at the Hotel de Ville; two edifices still in a grand style; the Paris of Henri IV., at the Place Royale—fronts of brick with stone quoins, and slated roofs — tri-colored houses; the Paris of Louis XIII., at Val de Grace, a squat, clumsy style, something paunch-bellied in the column, and hunch-backed in the dome; the Paris of Louis XIV., at the Invalides, grand, rich, gilded and cold; the Paris of Louis XV., at St. Sulpice—volutes, knots of ribands, clouds, vermicellis, chicories, and nobody knows what, all in stone; the Paris of Louis XVI., at the Pantheon, a wretched copy of St. Peter's at Rome; the Paris of the Republic, at the School of Medicine, a poor Greek and Roman style, resembling the Coliseum or the Parthenon, as the constitution of the Year Three does the laws of Minos—it is called in architecture, the *Messidor Style;* the Paris of Napoleon, at the Place Vendôme, this is sublime, a column of bronze, made of cannon; the Paris of the Restoration, at the Exchange, a very white colonnade, supporting a very smooth frieze; the whole is square, and cost twenty millions.

"Admirable, however, as the Paris of the present day appears to you, build up and put together again, in imagination, the Paris of the fifteenth century;

look at the light through that surprising host of steeples, towers and belfries; pour forth amidst the immense city, break against the points of its islands, compress within the arches of the bridges the current of the Seine, with its large patches of green and yellow, more changeable than a serpent's skin; define clearly the Gothic profile of this old Paris upon an horizon of azure; make its contour float in a wintry fog which clings to its innumerable chimneys; drown it in deep night, and observe the extraordinary play of darkness and light in this sombre labyrinth of buildings; throw into it a ray of moonlight, which shall show its faint outline and cause the huge heads of the towers to stand forth from amid the mist; or revert to that dark picture, touch up with shade the thousand acute angles of the spires and gables, and make them stand out more jagged than a shark's jaw, upon the copper-colored sky of evening. Now compare the two."

We enjoyed the panorama of Paris from the dome of the Pantheon for a long time, each mass of building forming the centre of a groupe of historical recollections. When we had descended, we repaired to the tomb of St. Genevieve in St. Etienne; and it must be confessed, that the memory of the pious dark ages was very soothing after the glare of enlightened sin which hangs about the capitals of the Pantheon.

We spent the greater part of a day in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. In summer it must be a

beautiful *lounge*, and a lounge is exactly what most make of it. It may very well be questioned whether the effect of interesting cemeteries is not bad. There is a kind of sentimental way of thinking of death, which is anything but solemn; and there is also a voluptuous way of thinking of it, which is equally uncatholic, and it is not unfrequently observed among the earliest symptoms of mental derangement. The grave is regarded as a pillow to rest on, instead of a passage onward; death as an end instead of a beginning. There is great temptation to this. We like to play with edge-tools, or deal familiarly with agents more powerful than ourselves, as boys, for instance, with gunpowder: and so it is, in a moral way, with death and its adjuncts. We like to have thoughts about them, which realize them familiarly, and take off the awe of them. It is not uncommon to meet with poems on the kind of death a person would like to die, and the death-bed apparatus he would choose. Surely this is sinful. The writer knows an instance of a lady who would never join in the petition of the Litany against sudden death, as she thought sudden death a blessing rather than otherwise. It pleased Providence, in mercy possibly, rather than in chastisement, to loosen her from life by many years of lingering and singularly distressing disease. We may surely pray to die in the Catholic faith, and in outward communion, and, as the Church puts the words in our mouths, not suddenly; a petition which most likely means, that we may have

time to receive the holy Eucharist, and the Absolution of the Church. But it is not a subject on which the exercise of the imagination is either safe or allowable. It is true that burying grounds exercise a very hallowing influence upon a meditative mind, a double influence, to cheer, and to restrain our cheerfulness; and the painful feeling which rises to us when we behold those disconsolate enclosures abroad, for the interment of persons not in communion with the Church of Rome, may, it is hoped, be both wise and pardonable. A churchyard seldom fails to enrich the hearts of those who visit it with deep and sober suggestions; but in order to that, it must be taken as it comes. It is very questionable, whether an elegant retreat, resorted to of set purpose to feed melancholy, and indulge sentiment, can be at all beneficial. "The sensations of pious cheerfulness," says the poet, "which attend the celebration of the sabbath-day in rural places, are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spectators themselves are journeying." Yet it is most probable, that if the peasants were accustomed to seek this sort of feeling by systematic visits, the profitable chastisement would first become a luxury, and then cease altogether. Its power and sanctity are kept fresh by being one of the influences of Sunday, and part of what meets us when a baptism, a marriage, or a death brings us with softened and peculiar feelings

within the consecrated precinct. The whole air and fashion of Père la Chaise is certainly not solemn, or favorable to reverential sadness.

However, Paris is not the place in which we should look for earnestness or reverence. It may be perfectly true, that there is at present a strong religious movement in France; especially, and in a more hopeful way, among the Roman Catholics. Yet the general tone among the people, particularly the Parisians, is more shocking than can well be imagined. It is no long time since an actor was introduced upon the stage, personating (one almost trembles to write the words) God Almighty in the Burning Bush, *speaking* to Moses, and also our blessed Lord *struck* on the Face by the Jew. While we were at Paris, the favourite ballet at the French opera was called, "The Infernal Gallopade of the Last Judgment," all the attitudes of which are taken from Michael Angelo's famous picture. Surely we should fear to trust ourselves within the edifice when it was going on, lest Providence should avenge Itself by some open act of judgment, forestalling that last one which these people are so blasphemously mimicking. Unfortunately, there is some ground for thinking that the Church in these parts, by the horrid grotesque representations of purgatory, which it has allowed, has rendered the minds of the people less alive to this present impiety.

By the help of a railway, Versailles may now be considered part of Paris. We spent some time there.

It is an interesting place, though the town is, like the old French monarchy, something bygone. We saw the room wherein Louis XIV. died, and what a strange death-bed it was! After all that long reign of noisy glory, the kingly favorite of fortune died utterly deserted. Not even Madame de Maintenon remained with him. In ignorance of Louis' last will, the crowd of courtiers hastened to the palace of Orleans to flatter and fawn upon the new divinity. The old monarch rallied his energies once more. Alas! what spectacles does the history of humanity force upon us! Once more the salons of the Palais Royal were left empty, the tide of flatterers flowed back impetuously to Versailles. But no! the monarch is really dying, and what less precious than a dying king? Again the portals of the Palais Royal are beset with gay crowds of abject nobility; and after a reign of seventy-seven years, Louis passed away in this very centre room, alone, without a sympathy. The chamber of death, at least, is free from flattery. From the window too, in this same room, Marie Antoinette showed herself to the mob: the greatest scene of that great lady's life, except its noble termination on the scaffold. It was on the fifth of October, 1789, that the Parisian rabble made its famous march to Versailles. All night they had been round their watch fires, and it was not till after five on the morning of the sixth, that the desperate attack was made upon the palace. When the assailants had been repelled from within, and the mob in the

quadrangle demanded that the king should go to Paris, he appeared in the balcony. A furious cry was raised, "The Queen! the Queen!" The intrepid Marie Antoinette instantaneously appeared with the Dauphin in her arms. "No child! no child!" burst unanimously from the savages. The queen saw the dreadful meaning of that cry. But the daughters of the House of Austria were not given to quail. She stood alone before that raging sea of maddened people. A murderer raised his musket, and pointed it at her, but as the beast shrinks before his natural lord, so the base heart of the assassin could not summon up courage to kill a queen. He was awed by the majestic calmness of a being of a superior order to himself. That room is the most interesting of all the sights which are to be seen at Versailles.

But it is scarcely possible, within any rational compass, to touch, even slightly, on all the objects of deep historical interest in and about Paris. The mind is overwhelmed with an almost turbulent flood of associations. The Tuilleries, Notre Dame, the Conciergerie, the Place Grève, Montmartre, St. Cloud, St. Germain, Versailles, the Orangery, Great and Little Trianon,—what hosts of recollections each one of these names calls up! It is to be regretted that French wickedness has almost always been picturesque. The wars of the League, the Fronde, and the Revolution, all of them, carry our feelings away with too much of interest to allow the sense of sin to be sufficiently or uniformly distinct. The wars

of the Fronde are the most interesting intestine tumults modern history has on record.

Strange and horrible scenes, indeed, have the streets of Paris witnessed. They can tell more tales and unfold more history than even the Tower of London and the banks of the Thames, so populous in regal associations. A Street Chronicle of Paris would be a voluminous work, worthy of such a quaint moralist as Froissart. From the rude tumults of the Armagnacs and Burgundians, to the night of St. Bartholomew, when the tocsin sounded from the steeple of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and the instantaneous illumination burst from the windows of the Louvre and the Tuilleries, when Catherine's dark spirit stirred Paris from one end to the other, and Tavannes rode up and down the streets, crying, "Bleed, bleed,—bleeding is as good in the month of August as in the month of May:" and from that accursed night, to the nights of the great Revolution, there would be a roll of horrors such as, perhaps, no other European city has to show. The very catalogue of the Te Deums in Notre Dame would be a document of surpassing variety and interest.

To-day Paris looked white and fair and tranquil in the sunshine. The long tall streets, the brilliant shops, the magnificent quays of the Seine, the Triumphal Arch, the dusky twin-towers of Notre Dame, made up, indeed, a glorious prospect. But for all it looked so beautiful, we felt that it was

stained and steeped in blood, which neither the winds nor rains of Heaven will wash away. Fearful and bewildering as is the dramatic interest thrown around Paris, there is no pleasure in "begetting the time again" out of our recollections of history. There is but one association on which we feel we can linger securely, though mournfully, and that is on Marie Antoinette; and the very writing of her name at this moment, brings a cloud between the sun and Paris, thicker than the clouds of a common sky. As to the Bourbons, they were a poor sterile race, whose virtues, latterly at least, seldom rose above a very foolish good-nature; and the only higher thought I have ever had of them, has been created by our valet de place hoping that, whatever changes take place, the Bourbons will not return; "for," said he, "Napoleon and Louis Philippe have built places *useful* to the people, but the Bourbons built nothing but convents and churches." After that, I must think more leniently of Bourbon faults. Another sign of Parisian feeling, which has struck me as characteristic in its way, is the existence of the tower of St. Jaques. The convent of which it was part, is of course destroyed, it not being "useful to the people;" the tower stands, partly because it is architecturally beautiful, partly because it is the highest in Paris. We went to the vespers at Notre Dame. There were not above twelve persons present. However, there are other countries besides France, whose cathedrals seldom muster more at week-day evening

service. Churches, as well as individuals, have need, in controversial times, to remember the mote and the beam.

It is strange, or at any rate worth remarking, when we remember the numerous scenes of anti-christian enormity of which Paris has been the theatre, to consider also the historical connection it has had with two of the three great types of Antichrist himself, the apostate emperor Julian and Napoleon. Julian may almost be considered the father of Paris, and Napoleon the so-called beautifier. The early French kings were, for a succession, singularly religious men, and very different from our wretched Norman lords. But Francis I., Henry IV., and Louis XIV., destroyed the old French character. The chance there may be of the city of Paris being prophetically connected with Antichrist, invests it with a still more awful interest to the eyes; and yet how little awe there is in its salons at present among its own inhabitants. All is unquiet. The populace is seething and seething; no one knows why or wherefore, unless it be, that it is disappointed of war with England. Monstrous crime and prolifically ingenious levity are moored along-side of each other by the banks of the Seine: an incongruity not badly typified in the waving of the hateful tricolor upon the old towers of Notre Dame. And in the midst of it all, by the crater of his own volcano, sits the potent and extraordinary magician himself, the great political genius of Europe, a voluntary prisoner within the

right wing of the Tuilleries, for fear of assassination. The demagogue, cardinal De Retz, did not manage the Parisians better, with a far easier game to play. Poor Paris! as is the tricolor to the oriflamme, so art thou to the city of St. Louis! If it be true that, when tastes are parodied they go out of fashion, Paris will, perhaps, not have another revolution at present, especially while the Belgian travestie is so near them. But French sin, like Queen Elizabeth's swearing, is of an inventive character.

There is nothing now in Paris to keep us from bending our way towards the old papal capital of Avignon, except Notre Dame, with its wise gloom and ancient grandeur and frowning towers, islanded amid the light and elegance and showy pomp of modern Paris. I confess I was much disappointed in it at first, though I went there full of reverence, and almost knowing what I should find. But the longer I looked, and the oftener I went, the more I came to admire, and at last to love, the beautiful old pile, the scene of so much French history. It is in a sad mutilated condition, and the wreck of the archiepiscopal palace close by, another monument of the Three Days, I believe, increases the desolate aspect of the place. But at the risk of seeming a transcriber rather than an author, I shall again borrow a very long extract from the French writer already quoted, not only because it is so perfect a description of Notre Dame, and written with native enthusiasm, but also for the remarks on ecclesiastical

art, which are most excellent, and will save future repetition.

"The church of Notre Dame at Paris is, no doubt, still a sublime and majestic edifice; but, notwithstanding the beauty which it has retained, even in its old age, one cannot help feeling grief and indignation at the numberless injuries and mutilations which time and man have inflicted on the venerable structure, regardless of Charlemagne, who laid the first stone of it, and of Philip Augustus, who laid the last.

"On the face of this aged queen of our cathedrals we always find a scar beside a wrinkle. *Tempus edax, homo edacior*,—which I should translate thus:—Time is blind, man stupid.

"If we had leisure to examine with the reader, one by one, the different traces of destruction left upon the ancient church, we should find that time had had much less hand in them than man, and especially professional men.

"In the first place, to adduce only some capital examples. There are, assuredly, few more beautiful specimens of architecture than that façade, where the three porches, with their pointed arches; the plinth, embroidered and fretted with twenty-eight royal niches; the immense central mullioned window, flanked by its two lateral windows, like the priest by the deacon and the sub-deacon; the lofty and light gallery of open work; arcades supporting a heavy platform upon its slender pillars; lastly, the

two dark and massive towers, with their slated pent-houses, harmonious parts of a gigantic whole, placed one above another in five gigantic stages, present themselves to the eye in a crowd, yet without confusion, with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture, and carving, powerfully contributing to the tranquil grandeur of the whole,—a vast symphony of stone, if we may be allowed the expression; the colossal product of the combination of all the force of the age, in which the fancy of the workman, chastened by the genius of the artist, is seen starting forth in a hundred forms upon every stone: in short, a sort of human creation, mighty and fertile like the divine creation, from which it seems to have borrowed the two-fold character of variety and eternity.

"What we here say of the façade must be said of the whole church; and what we say of the cathedral of Paris, must be said of all the churches of Christendom in the Middle Ages.

"Notre Dame is not what may be called a complete building, nor does it belong to any definite class. It is not a Roman church, neither is it a Gothic church. Notre Dame has not, like the abbey of Journus, the heavy massive squareness, the cold nakedness, the majestic simplicity, of edifices which have the circular arch for their generative principle. It is not, like the cathedral of Bourges, the magnificent, light, multiform, efflorescent, highly decorated production of the pointed arch. It cannot be classed

among that ancient family of churches, gloomy, mysterious, low, and crushed as it were by the circular arch; quite hieroglyphic, sacerdotal, symbolical; exhibiting in their decorations more lozenges and zigzags than flowers, more flowers than animals, more animals than human figures: the work not so much of the architect as of the bishop; the first transformation of the art, impressed all over with theocratic and military discipline, commencing in the Lower Empire and terminating with William the Conqueror. Neither can our cathedral be placed in that other family of churches, light, lofty, rich in painted glass and sculptures; sharp in form, bold in attitude; free, capricious, unruly, as works of art; the second transformation of architecture, no longer hieroglyphic, unchangeable and sacerdotal, but artistical, progressive, and popular, beginning with the return from the Crusades, and ending with Louis XI. Notre Dame is not of pure Roman extraction, like the former; neither is it of pure Arab extraction, like the latter.

"It is a transition edifice. The Saxon architect had set up the first pillars of the nave, when the pointed style, brought back from the Crusades, seated itself, like a conqueror, upon those broad Roman capitals designed to support circular arches only. The pointed style, thenceforward mistress, constructed the rest of the church; but unpractised and timid at its outset, it displays a breadth, a flatness, and dares not yet shoot up into steeples and pinnacles.

You would say that it is affected by the vicinity of the heavy Roman pillars.

" For the rest, those edifices of the transition from the Roman to the Gothic style are not less valuable as studies than the pure types of either; they express a shade of the art which would be lost but for them, the engrafting of the pointed upon the circular style.

" Notre Dame at Paris is a particularly curious specimen of this variety. Every face, every stone, of the venerable structure is a page, not only of the history of the country, but also of the history of art and science. Thus, to glance merely at the principal details, while the little Porte Rouge attains almost to the limits of the Gothic delicacy of the fifteenth century, the pillars of the nave, by their bulk and heaviness, carry you back to the date of the Carlovingian abbey of St. Germain des Prés. You would imagine that there were six centuries between the door-way and those pillars. There are none, down to the alchymists themselves, but find in the symbols of the grand porch, a satisfactory compendium of their science, of which the church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie was so complete an hieroglyphic. Thus the Roman abbey, and the philosophical church, Gothic art and Saxon art, the heavy round pillar, which reminds you of Gregory VII., papal unity and schism, St. Germain des Prés, and St. Jacques de la Boucherie, are all blended, combined, amalgamated, in Notre Dame. This central mother church is a

sort of chimæra among the ancient churches of Paris; it has the head of one, the limbs of another, the trunk of a third, and something of them all.

"Christian European architecture, that younger sister of the grand style of the east, appears to us like an immense formation divided into three totally distinct zones, laid one upon another; the Roman zone [4], the Gothic zone, and the zone of the revival, which we would fain call the Græco-Roman. The Roman stratum, which is the most ancient and the lowest, is occupied by the circular arch, which again appears, supported by the Greek column, in the modern and uppermost stratum of the revival. The pointed style is between both. The edifices belonging exclusively to one of these three strata are absolutely complete, one and distinct. Such are the abbey of Jumièges, the cathedral of Rheims, the Holy Cross at Orleans. But the three zones blend and amalgamate at their borders, like the colours in the solar spectrum. Hence the complex structures, the transition edifices. The one is Roman at the foot, Gothic in the middle, Græco-Roman at the top. The reason is, that it was six centuries in building. This variety is rare; the castle of Etampes is a specimen of it. But the edifices composed of two formations

[4] This is the same that is likewise called, according to countries, climates, and species, Lombard, Saxon, and Byzantine. These four are parallel and kindred varieties, each having its peculiar character, but all derived from the same principle,—the circular arch.

are frequent. Such is Notre Dame at Paris, a building in the pointed style, the first pillars of which belong to the Roman zone, like the porch of St. Denis, and the nave of St.Germain des Prés.

"For the rest, all these shades, all these differences, affect only the surface of edifices; it is but art which has changed its skin. The constitution itself of the Christian Church is not affected by them. There is always the same internal arrangement, the same logical disposition of parts. Be the sculptured and embroidered outside of a cathedral what it may, we invariably find underneath, at least, the germ and rudiment of the Roman basilica. It uniformly expands itself upon the ground according to the same law. There are, without deviation, two naves, intersecting each other in the form of a Cross, and the upper extremity of which, rounded into an apsis, forms the chancel; and two aisles for processions, and for chapels, a sort of lateral walking-places, into which the principal nave disgorges itself by the intercolumniations. These points being settled, the number of the chapels, porches, towers, pinnacles, is varied to infinity, according to the caprice of the age, the nation, and the art. Accommodation for the exercises of religion once provided and secured, architecture does just what it pleases. As for statues, painted windows, mullions, arabesques, open-works, capitals, basso-relievos, it combines all these devices agreeably to the system which best suits itself. Hence the prodigious external variety

in those edifices within which reside such order and unity. The trunk of the tree is unchangeable, the foliage capricious."

There is little of natural beauty in most of the northern departments of France, to keep us from passing at once from one cathedral to another. The reader must now, therefore, be transported to Chartres, with Avignon, however, closing the vista of his distant prospect. The north spire of Chartres' cathedral is very wonderful indeed, although not attaining the elegance or lightness of Antwerp. It is 412 feet high, and most minutely and delicately ornamented. The other steeple, of a pyramidal shape, is very inferior, and, indeed, the whole west front is heavy without being grand. The building has not yet recovered from the fire of 1836; and, besides that, is much disfigured as to its exterior, by edifices of the shabbiest and dirtiest description clinging to it, what Coleridge called "plaisters on the great toes of cathedrals." The inside, also, is not well kept, and the men who fitted up the choirs of Gothic cathedrals with marble cut in square wainscot patterns, must have had very little sympathy with old ecclesiastical art. It has been excellently said, that whatever injuries time and revolutions, "from Luther to Mirabeau," or "the architectural paganism contemporaneous with Luther," may have inflicted upon our old cathedrals, they have all been surpassed in barbarity and presumption, by the more recent restorers, who "impudently clapped upon the wounds of Gothic

architecture, ribands of marble, pompoons of metal, a downright leprosy of eggs, volutes, spirals, draperies, garlands, fringes, flames of stone, clouds of bronze, plethoric cupids, chubby cherubs, which began to eat into the face of art in the oratory of Catherine de Medicis, and put it to death two centuries later, writhing and grinning in the boudoir of Dubarry." Having seen most of the cathedrals of Europe, I cannot refrain from saying, that, *taken altogether*, the English seem superior as works of art, and certainly much less deformed by restoration than any others. The Spanish cathedrals are however said to be superb, especially those of Burgos, Toledo, Cordova and Seville. The painted windows at Chartres are very fine, and apparently ancient. The colors are unusually gorgeous. It is remarked by Dubois, in his book on the painted glass of Normandy, that the obviously prevailing color all over Normandy is blue, whereas, in Burgundy, it is as invariably yellow. It is all well enough to set it down to the whim of some particular artist, *affectée* is the word; but when the Middle Ages are in question, I have such complete faith in the depth of those meaning times, that I suspect some local feeling or prevailing ecclesiastical taste must be significantly typified by this use of blue and yellow: especially when we know that a regular system of the mystical meaning of colors was in vogue at that time, and the windows, as well as every other part of the churches, were made to tell a tale, or convey a truth

in the symbolical language of Christian art. The deeper a person carries his researches into the history and genius of Christian art, the more firmly will he be convinced of this. Notions, which startle at first sight, and seem far-fetched or unworthy, will be found to have been real, and if absurd, (which is not the question) at any rate historical facts. One should not forget, when in Chartres cathedral, that two famous historical scenes have taken place within its walls. In it St. Bernard preached the second crusade, in the middle of the twelfth century, and somewhat more than four hundred years later, Henri Quatre was crowned there.

The road from Chartres to Orleans by Chateaudun, is a most flat and uninteresting route, being a succession of straight apple-tree avenues. Chateaudun, however, is well situated, and its immediate vicinity, and the banks of the Loire, form an exception to the general tameness. We entered Orleans by moonlight, and visited the cathedral immediately; and, as is usual on going to a river-town, we made for the bridge. The bend of the misty Loire, and the cathedral looming above, made our first impressions, which are generally our last impressions also, of Orleans very pleasant. Orleans is a town of great antiquity and considerable historical interest, having stood two famous sieges, one against Attila, and one against the English, from which last the town was delivered by Joan of Arc, whose end is a fearful blot upon the memory of those who were the actors in it.

Daylight is not so favourable to Orleans cathedral as moonlight. The building is one of impure magnificence, especially at the west end. The towers were built by Louis XIV., and the style of his day suits nothing except houshold furniture, and in that it is wonderfully appropriate. Mr. Hope, by his sumptuous book, and no less sumptuous example, brought in the classical style in furniture, which is most unfit for modern houses. But upholsterers seem reverting now to the taste and fashion of Louis XIV.; still it is a taste and fashion which will not do for cathedrals. However, the inside of Orleans cathedral is superior to the outside, and less disfigured by cheap, dirty, and tawdry finery than most foreign cathedrals, although those of Austria and Bavaria, in general, deserve great praise upon that score.

The road from Orleans to Lyons ascends with the Loire. The banks are very pretty here and there, and Gien and one or two other towns are nicely situated. But there was nothing at all which would justify any epithets rising above *pretty* and *nice*. Indeed, the great prevalence of vineyards wars successfully against sylvan beauty; for a vineyard, in France and Germany at least, is never an interesting object, except to persons learned in wines, or English children, who think it fine to see grapes growing out of doors. From Neuvy-sur-Loire we still followed the river as far as Nevers. At Nevers we crossed the Loire, and followed the Allier to Moulins. The river below should certainly never have

been called the Loire, just as the Thame should never have influenced the name of Isis; but study maps, and you will see that there is even less justice among rivers than among men. The scenery was now beginning to improve, always interesting, and not unfrequently rising into beauty. La Charité is almost as picturesque as a Rhenish village. We were also delighted at the sight of some hills, modest ones it is true, yet indubitably hills, and a great relief after so many leagues of tillage land with fruit-tree avenues. Looking back upon Nevers, it reminded me strongly of Carlisle. True it is the tower of Carlisle is of red stone, that of Nevers of grey and white; still the shape is the same, and the way the town stands, and the flat around, and the blue haze on the uplands. All this brought Carlisle, and the flat from the Solway to Crossfell, irresistibly to mind. Why the ballad should say, "The sun shines bright on Carlisle wall," it is difficult to tell, but certainly the sun does seem always to be shining there, and shining too as it shone on Nevers. Of all the sunshiny towns of misty England, after Oxford, Carlisle comes oftenest to my mind. Yet possibly a fit of home-sickness may have helped me in making out the resemblance between Carlisle and Nevers. The imagination seized so readily on the likeness, that it did not even require a kind-hearted bank of clouds wherewith to create Skiddaw, and set it down in its proper place, and at its proper distance. Altogether the laughing flats, the woody swells, the broad hazy

rivers, the high-roofed houses, and the picturesque costume of the Bourbonnais, have left a very pleasant impression.

Moulins is a town of olden-time appearance, but without any particular objects of interest. At Roanne we again found the Loire. The scenery there is really beautiful. The sun was sloping westward, and the range of low mountains behind Roanne was covered with that blue downy light, which is often the afternoon dress of mountains, as though they were steaming with incense from their hundred springs, in acknowledgment of the power of noon. The view from the quay is equal to some things on the Rhine. We were benighted at St. Symphorien de Lay.

There are some places, especially in a long journey, upon which we think so often and dream so much, that they become a kind of home in our thoughts, and we look forward to them as places of repose. Such had we made Lyons, and at last we reached it. We descended the mountain of Tarare, and the scenery was, for the most part, interesting. The domestic architecture of the villages was now completely changed. There were no longer high roofs and round pepper-boxes, as in the old French towns; but overhanging eaves, small windows, square towers, and every thing as it is represented in Italian pictures. Through the hot mist we discerned the mighty Alps in the distance. Their base and middle were hidden by the haze, but where the snow was, the sun made them emit sufficient glare to be distinctly

traceable. We were bitterly disappointed in Lyons, the choice city of the emperor Claudius. There is a regular routine of sight-seeing, it is true, but the upshot is, that it is a fine, handsome, active, thriving town, with streets and buildings suiting its opulence and importance, and somewhat imposing on the Saône side.

The Rhone from Lyons to Avignon is very beautiful, and the continually changing outline of the mountains is singularly pleasing. We stayed for a short time at Vienne, and were interested with the sight of its old church, remembering how dearly it had earned its place there, through the constancy of its primitive Martyrs, whose Acts, addressed by their brethren to the Eastern Churches, are among the most instructive documents saved from the wreck of ecclesiastical antiquity. The ravage of the late floods is, on both sides of the river, truly awful; whole tracts of land are covered with up-rooted mulberry trees and torn vines, and the ruined heaps of dwelling-houses and farm buildings. But I presume, that the fertile hand of summer in this genial climate will soon mask the desolation with her various greens. Our passage to Avignon, at the extraordinary speed of the Rhone steamer, was like a magical plunge into spring. The fruit-trees at Avignon were all in bloom, as if covered with flakes of snow, and the acacia trees were dressed in light green shoots. It would not be easy to compare the scenery of the Rhine and the Rhone; nor, indeed, does a genuine lover of natural objects relish

such comparisons. Of the various *kinds* of scenery, perhaps a mountainous region, abundantly mixed with woodland, is the most attractive, but all kinds are beautiful, from the valleys of Perthshire and the sea-coves of Argylleshire, down to the straight water-courses and willow avenues of an English midland county. Indeed, even two scenes of the same *kind* can rarely be compared; for there is a peculiarity and distinctive character in each, preventing the one from interfering with the other. This, if true, is important to travellers. There is a dangerous facility in comparisons; and they are mostly used for the depreciation of what is present, marring the pleasure we should otherwise feel in what is before us. When comparisons do come into the mind, it should be for wholly other purposes, and mainly as hand-maids to memory.

To a churchman, Avignon is of course a city of deep and most melancholy interest, as Trent might be. It represents a period of history when the Latin Church took one of its longest steps towards the present miserable divisions of Christendom. Perhaps it typifies the actual condition of the Holy See. Decrepid grandeur is written all over it, within and without. We saw many shops and magazins open, which had evidently been at some time the hotels of cardinals and princes. The streets are built very narrow, and the eaves of the houses beetle over, and almost touch, a style of building most agreeable in hot weather, as the sun is almost entirely excluded.

Every here and there, in some filthy corner, a Gothic window or doorway is to be seen; and not even the interesting collection of Roman antiquities in the museum, can turn away the thoughts one moment from the Middle Ages. The size of the old palace of the popes would be almost incredible to one who had not seen it. Part of it is a caserne, part a fortress, part a prison, part ruins. We saw the tomb of John XXII, and the pope's seat in the cathedral. We then mounted the tower to see the view. The panorama is extremely good. The windings of the Rhone and the Durance, the mountains beyond Vaucluse, and the plain of the Rhone planted with mulberry trees, made up a pleasing scene. But Avignon itself was the most interesting. It appeared a crowd of narrow, winding, poor streets, shattered towers, broken gables of churches, piles of white ruined houses; and one might see almost with the eye, that the French Revolution had passed like a flood, more angry than the desolating Rhone, over this seat of past ages. The nauseous tricolor, and the din of drums from before the Hotel de Ville, and the French guards filing through the gateway of the pope's palace, were an allegory of the Church and the world, mournfully significant.

We were compelled to descend far sooner than we wished, the glare created such pain in our eyes. We repaired to Laura's tomb. There was something in the mien of the priest who showed it to us very pleasing. He pointed out different shattered churches

and convents, which had suffered, he said, in the Revolution. He spoke low and mournfully, and, though his feelings came through his words in a way not to be mistaken, he used no word of bitterness, no word of condemnation. He seemed to regard the sufferings of the Church in France as a providential humbling of her, and did not choose to dwell on the other side of the question, the sins of those who were God's instruments in so humbling her. He seemed penetrated by that truly Christian temper in a churchman, which it is so difficult to realize.

"*Thou* to wax fierce
In the cause of the Lord,
To threat and to pierce
With the heavenly sword!
Anger and zeal
And the joy of the brave,
Who bade *thee* to feel,
Sin's slave.

The Altar's pure flame
Consumes as it soars;
Faith meetly may blame,
For it serves and adores.
Thou warnest and smitest!
Yet Christ must atone
For a soul that thou slightest—
Thine own[5].

It struck twelve, and there was a ringing, tolling, and chiming of many deep bells. When the hour

[5] Lyra Apostolica, p. 83.

of noon struck on those same bells some centuries ago, how differently this aged city looked. The halls and waiting-rooms of the palace were thronged with ambassadors; the inns and hostelries were crowded with grooms, and squires, and noble trains; splendid ecclesiastical dresses were to be seen in the streets: old cardinal Colonna, and the saintly young bishop of Lombes, and Petrarch, and the famous Englishman, Richard de Bury, and, the hot-tempered Greek, Borlaam, who quarrelled with the monks of Athos because they believed the light at the Transfiguration to have been uncreated; and Philip de Cabassole, and Laura in her green gown, the knot of jewels in her hair, her silk gloves brocaded with gold, and the jealous veil execrated by Petrarch; all these perhaps were there, and somewhat later on, the wonderful Rienzi, last but one of the Roman citizens[6], whose great soul the pontiff respected, and spared his life, was in his prison conning hour by hour his Bible and his Livy, his reality and his dream; and the world feeling here and there a stir, from Edward's island realm to the nobles of Hungary, or the court of the wise Robert at Naples, the movement of which began in the chateau of Avignon. And now the clocks strike over a noisy city of ruined houses, French gensdarmes, convents full of mutilated soldiers; troops of boys clamorously setting forth the claim of

[6] Rienzi is often called the last of the Romans; but should Stephen Porcaro, the eloquent and spotless, be forgotten, and not share the mournful celebrity of Crescentius and Rienzi?

contending diligences to Marseilles, Toulon, Nismes; voituriers persecuting travellers along the streets to hire a caleche to Vaucluse. What is there that is not changed? Mount Ventoux and the Rhone. The mountain lifts still his 8,000 feet of heavy rock, and there is the same quick hurrying sound of rushing water below the walls of Avignon, as when Clement VI. and the Countess of Turenne might have looked from their new palace, and seen the Durance coming down from Piedmont to meet and swell the Rhone.

The episode of Avignon is a strange chapter in church history, and full of consequences[7]. The bad character which St. Bernard gives the Romans of the twelfth century, seems, in spite of Petrarch's anger and Gibbon's sneer, to be well borne out by their actual conduct to the popes. Paschal II. was stoned on Holy Thursday, and escaped with some difficulty. Gelasius II. was imprisoned and savagely treated by the baron Frangipani. Lucius II. was killed by a stone in front of the capitol, and Lucius III. met with rudeness and violence. It was not, therefore, very surprising that the supreme pontiffs, who in rescuing Rome from the Byzantine thrall had so recently conferred an incalculable blessing upon its inhabitants, should prefer Anagni,

[7] In this historical account of Avignon, much use has been made of Gibbon's 69th chapter, but more of the English abridgment of De Sade's Memoires pour la vie de Petrarque, a valuable but stiff and frigid compilation.—*See Campbell's Pref. to Life of Petrarch.*

Perugia, and Viterbo, to the Eternal City itself; and it is a curious illustration of the inherent vitality, (one might almost rise to higher words) of the papacy, that while the successors of St. Peter were thus despised, brow-beaten, ridiculed, assaulted, and even murdered in Rome, the allegiance and reverence of distant nations seem never to have been shaken. But the popes lingered long in Italy, and it was not till the election of Clement V, in 1309, that the Holy See was removed from Italy. The papal court, after touching at several towns of Poitou and Gascony, whither the cardinals were summoned, fixed itself at Avignon, which thus became the head of the Christian world in the West. The second Avignon pope was John XXII. He was a man of great ability, and equal constancy. He devoted the eighteen years of his pontificate to four grand objects, but succeeded in none of them. His crusade failed; he was equally unsuccesful in his attempt to depose Lewis of Bavaria, who created a shadowy and short-lived antipope; and he failed in accomplishing the ruin of the Ghibelines in Italy. His fourth object was the patronage of a doctrine, whose history, considering it was backed by the authority of a pope, and that in the fourteenth century, is somewhat curious. The pope publicly preached, and very earnestly propagated the doctrine, that the saints would not enjoy the Beatific Vision till after the resurrection and the judgment; but would "wait for judgment under the Altar and protection of the

humanity of Jesus Christ," or, as it is more fully stated in his discourses, "the souls of the faithful, in their intermediate state, see not, nor will they see, the Divine Essence, or God face to face, till the day of the general resurrection; and none are or will be admitted till that day to the Beatific Vision, but will only see the Human Nature of Christ." Petrarch seems to have gone along with pope John in this matter, for he says, "Beatitude is a state to which nothing can be added; it is conformable to nature, that the spirit should be always in motion, till there remains nothing for it to desire. How then can the dead enjoy the Vision of God, in which consists the blessedness of man, while they are desiring with ardor the reunion of their bodies?" However, violent opposition was raised to this doctrine. Pope John was inflexible. He threw into prison a Dominican who ventured to deny it; and cited Durand de St. Portain, a famous theologian, before him, as of questionable orthodoxy. Philip VI. of France convened a council at Vincennes, by which the pope's doctrine was condemned, it is said, unanimously. On his death-bed, John seems to have modified his doctrine somewhat, in a speech made to the cardinals at Avignon. He asserted that, "the unembodied souls of the righteous beheld the Divine Essence, *as far as their separate state and condition would admit*, and that he submitted to the judgment of the Church whatever he had said, preached, or written on the subject, that he might not be deemed

a heretic after his decease." Certainly there are passages in St. Bernard's Sermons for All Saints' Day, which seem to teach the same doctrine in like words. But, probably, the authority of Durandus and the council of Vincennes must be regarded as fatal to the doctrine. We may confess with Petrarch, in his letter to cardinal Colonna, "Permit me to speak freely of a pope of whom you were fond, though not of his errors. His doctrine concerning the Vision of God, *however probable at the bottom*, was condemned by the greatest number, and those of the best judgment, and lies buried with its author."

The third Avignon pope was Benedict XII., and Petrarch has so aspersed him in every way, that it is impossible to get at his real character. He seems to have done several good things, and the speech he made to the cardinals who elected him, "Your choice has fallen upon an ass," does not appear to be so fully exhibited in his actions as Petrarch would have us believe. But Clement VI., the fourth Avignon pope, was a very different character. Gay, gallant, luxurious, magnificent, and devoted to female society, there has seldom been a court so brilliant and licentious as the court of Avignon under Clement VI. It was even headed by a lady, Cicily de Commenges, the famous Viscountess of Turenne. Clement was not a favorite with Petrarch, because he finished the palace at Avignon, and did not retranslate the Holy See to Rome. Petrarch's

description of Clement's court at Avignon, a bishop's court, is very shocking indeed.

"All that they say of Assyrian and Egyptian Babylon, of the four Labyrinths, of the Avernian and Tartarean lakes, are nothing in comparison with this hell. We have here a Nimrod, powerful on the earth, and a mighty hunter before the Lord, who attempts to scale heaven with raising his superb towers; a Semiramis with her quiver; a Cambyses more extravagant than the Cambyses of old. All that is vile and execrable is assembled in this place. There is no clue to lead you out of this labyrinth, neither that of Dædalus nor Ariadne: the only means of escaping is by the influence of gold; for to say all in one word, even Jesus Christ is here bought with gold.

"In this place reign the successors of poor fishermen, who have forgotten their origin. Instead of those little boats in which they gained their living on the lake of Genesareth, they inhabit superb palaces. They have likewise their parchments, to which are hung pieces of lead; and these they use as nets to catch the innocent and unwary, whom they fleece and burn to satisfy their gluttony. To the most simple repasts have succeeded the most sumptuous feasts; and where the Apostles went on foot, covered only with sandals, are now seen insolent satraps mounted on horses ornamented with gold, and champing golden bits. Poor old fishermen! For whom have you labored? For whom have you

cultivated the field of the Lord? For whom have you shed so much of your blood? Neither piety, charity, nor truth is here. God is despised, the laws trampled upon, and wickedness is esteemed wisdom. O times! O manners!"

It was during the pontificate of Clement VI. that the Canary Islands, the Fortunate Islands of the Romans, which had been rediscovered by the Genoese in the thirteenth century, were bestowed by the pope upon Lewis of Spain. He was crowned king of them at Avignon, and walked about the streets with a crown upon his head, a sceptre in his hand, in costly robes, and with a resplendent train following him. Unluckily, a thunder-shower came on, much to the amusement of the spectators. The king was deserted by all his retinue in the middle of the streets, and reached his palace completely drenched. Petrarch says, that "The English, hearing the pope was giving away the Fortunate Islands, and looking upon the islands that formed their kingdom as the most *fortunate* of all others, were alarmed when they heard that the pope had given them away. Nothing can better paint," adds the Italian, "the ridiculous fear of a proud and barbarous people, who were persuaded that nature had treated them better than all others, and that their superiority in all things was never to be called in question."

The fifth Avignon pope was Innocent VI., of whom Petrarch makes Clement speak in an eclogue; "There shall come after me a dull and gloomy man,

who, by his sour refusals, shall repair the wrongs I did the Church by my over-abundant facility." The sixth, and who, strange to say, was not of the sacred college, was Urban V., and he, in part, fulfilled the earnest wish of Petrarch, and returned to Rome. When Petrarch had quarrelled with the physicians of Benedict XII., they tried afterwards to get him into trouble about his theological sentiments. They attempted to extract from his importunate language to the pope about returning to Rome some opinion contrary to the papal authority. This called forth from Petrarch the following avowal: "With respect to the Holy See, I know that Peter's chair was every where with him, and that it is at present wherever his successor is found; though there are places more holy and convenient than others: the master of the house chooses that which pleases him, and honors that which he prefers. I never presume to prescribe the seat where the master of all places should be fixed. I have not drawn my opinion from the slender fountain of the Decretals, but from the source of St. Jerome; who says, if we seek for authority, the world is greater than a city. Whenever the bishop shall be at Rome, Constantinople, or Alexandria, it is always the same power, and the same priesthood. What I say, and what I have said, is this: in whatever place the chair of St. Peter is fixed, it is honorable to be seated in it." But Urban V., probably from the importunity of the cardinals, and dislike of the Roman populace con-

joined, returned to Avignon after a residence of three years at Rome. He probably found the Guelphic Orsini and the Ghibelline Colonna, with their frequent towers and daily street-tumults, equally distasteful. It is an irksome lot for a sovereign to dwell amid misrule, without the power of correcting it.

The seventh Avignon pope was Gregory XI. In his day the feeling in the Church seemed to set strongly towards Rome; and it began to be obviously the wish of Christians, that the holy father should again sit upon the chair of Rome. The legends of St. Bridget of Sweden, and St. Catherine, appear only to betoken the ways in which this universal wish found utterance; and, the attacks of armed freebooters having intimated that even the pleasurable tranquillity of Avignon was not inviolate, Gregory XI. retranslated the Holy See to Rome, and died fourteen months afterwards. The removal of Gregory XI. to Rome terminated what may be considered as the first epoch of the papal greatness of Avignon. There was a second epoch yet to come, of trouble, shame, infamy, and most disastrous consequences.

The French were, as may be imagined, masters in the conclave. On the death of Gregory XI. they elected Urban VI., who was not of the sacred college. The intrigues which followed are difficult to unravel. In the summer, however, they retired to Anagni, or Fundi, and declared their recent

election null. It seems that, however anxious they were to return to Avignon, the menaces of the Romans and the stormy cries of "Death, or an Italian pope," destroyed the freedom of the election. They now elected Robert of Geneva, who took the title of Clement VII., and returned to Avignon, This was the commencement of the great schism in 1379. Germany, England, most of Italy, the Netherlands, North Europe, and Portugal, were Urbanists, and adhered to Rome. France, Scotland, Austria, Savoy, Geneva, Aragon, Castile, and the king of Cyprus, were Clementists, and adhered to Avignon. Urban VI. died, and was succeeded by Boniface IX., Innocent VII., and Gregory XII.; but, without troubling ourselves with the Roman popes, let us at present keep to France and Avignon, and Clement VII. When the Roman cardinals had elected Boniface IX., the university of Paris, then the most eminent theological school in Europe, was afraid of the continuance of the schism. Charles VI. of France had just recovered from his first insanity, and he regarded the healing of the wounds of the Church as a proper thank-offering to God. The College of the Sorbonne proposed three methods by which the rent might be repaired,—a compromise, a mutual cession, and a general council. The avaricious Duke of Berri seems, however, to have been liberally paid by the court of Avignon, and his influence impeded the progress both of the king and the university. Meanwhile Clement VII. died, and

Charles entreated the Avignon conclave to wait till his negociations with Rome had come to an issue. The Avignon conclave knew, that whichever church was without a pope at the moment of unity must give way. They therefore elected Benedict XIII. without opening the king's letters. Benedict was, however, bound by oath to agree to a mutual cession, if his adversary would. From this oath he freed himself by his own dispensation. In other words, he perjured himself. A Gallican synod was called forthwith, in which the famous John Gerson, one of Archbishop Laud's favorite authors, had the chief influence. By this synod, the Gallican prelates declared that they "subtracted" their obedience from both popes; thereby asserting their belief, that there resides, even in a single branch of the Church Catholic, a power superior to that of the pope out of General Council. For four years the French, in possession of the town, besieged Benedict in his palace, and he was compelled to destroy several rooms to keep his kitchen in fuel. At the end of this period he escaped down the Rhone to Chateau Renard, till, by the influence of the dukes of Berri and Orleans, and through the king's imbecility, his authority was restored in France. Benedict XIII. was the ninth Avignon pope, Clement VII. having been the eighth.

The university of Paris, still unwearied in its good work, at last made its wishes felt in the colleges both of Rome and of Avignon, which were somewhat

ashamed of the worthless pontiffs whom they had raised to the chair of St. Peter. Both colleges united in one at Leghorn, denounced the popes, and summoned the council of Pisa. The council deposed both popes as schismatics, perjurers, and heretics, and Alexander V., having been elected by the cardinals, pledged himself to call another council to reform the Church. To Alexander V. succeeded the atrocious John XXIII., who fled from the council of Constance for fear of the accusations preparing against him by the Emperor Sigismund. Of the three popes, John XXIII. was imprisoned in Heidelberg castle, from whence he was afterwards released, and restored to his cardinalatè; Gregory XII. the Roman pontiff abdicated, and died of vexation; and Benedict XIII., of Avignon, died at Paniscola, a fortress on the mouth of the Ebro, which he called Noah's Ark, as containing in it the true Church and vicar of Christ, while the rest of the world lay beneath a deluge of schism and apostacy. The council of Constance marks an important era in European history, in a striking and apparently minute circumstance. It was the first ecclesiastical council in which the votes were given, not by individuals, but by nations. This is a symptom of a very altered state of feeling from what prevailed in the preceding centuries. The feeling of the unity of the Church was then so strong, that all national distinctions and barriers of geography or language were lost sight of, overworn and merged in the magnificent

idea of the papacy which then prevailed, and was not inadequately realized in Europe. However at variance countries might be, yet, in ecclesiastical feelings, the Church

"Helped to render indistinct the lines."

But, in the fifteenth century, the feeling of political individuality was beginning to arise, and betraying a consciousness of its existence in an altered way of dealing with the Church, the lines, which the Church had smoothed down and kept out of sight, rose clearer and more hard every day, forming barriers against her quite as much as against the contiguous states. The papacy from this moment ceased to be the standing-point of European progression, or the mould of European civilization. The alteration of the manner of voting in the council of Constance is undoubtedly symbolical of this.

Neither was this question of the *nations* by any means regarded as unimportant at the time. The French maintained Western Christendom to be comprised of four ecclesiastical nations, Italy, Germany, France, and Spain, and that all the other states fell under some one of these denominations. The English asserted and obtained the dignity of a fifth and co-ordinate nation[8]. With the cardinals were associated six deputies from each of

[8] Gibbon's note, chap. lxx.

these nations. Otho Colonna was their choice, and, under the name of Martin V., he reunited the Church, and retranslated the Holy See to the banks of the Tiber. Thus terminated the second epoch of the papal greatness of Avignon.

The consequences of this great schism were deplorable, and are still at work untired. These consequences were two-fold, one the effect of the other, and both the effects of the schism. The Church was cast into such a state of helpless disease and scandalous infirmity, that the temporal powers were, so to speak, constrained to come forward and act a prominent part in her restoration; and this too at the very moment when the feeling of political individuality was waxing so strong in the European nations. What would come of this was easily to be seen. Henceforward the attitude which the Catholic kingdoms assumed towards Rome, the language they held, the lengths of obedience to which they were willing to go, were materially altered. They did hot deny the blessings which the Church, and the papacy in particular, had conferred upon them, "by the short calms of the truces (well named) of God; by the glimpses of a brighter heaven beyond, in the lives of Christian Saints; by the softening and ennobling influence of Christian art; by the voice of Christian reformers lifted up against ordeals, duels, and slavery; by the gradual erection of a new Christian literature out of the corrupt dregs of Byzantium and Rome, and the jarring chaos of

barbarian invaders[9]," which literature was in its fresh prime and strong beginnings when Martin V. brought back unity, and the chair of St. Peter to the Vatican. But now Europe weaned herself of the papacy, and took her own course, daily assuming more and more the shape and consistency which she is now once again slowly and precariously relinquishing; substituting a centralization round opinion, and a faith in the necessity of parties, for the old monarchical centralization out of which she was pushed by the events of 1789 and the subsequent twenty-six years.

The second consequence of the great schism was equally unfortunate for the Roman Church; and it was a child of the former. Spiritual influence no longer bore the high value it had hitherto done; the current set towards temporal influence. The popes, fretting at their altered position, imitated with an infelicitous worldly wisdom what they saw around them. The sagacity of the papacy has rarely failed in any object which it has pursued with honest or dishonest constancy. It succeeded now. It made itself a more important temporal state; and by changing its own political standing, it won back some part of its estimation. It had its reward, such as it was. The three pontificates of Sixtus IV., Alexander VI., and Julius II., wore into the very essence and constitution of the papacy a base and secular spirit, from which it has never yet worked

[9] Stanley's Prize Essay, p. 45.

itself clear, and which we may see applied in our own times to the spiritual policy of Rome. They who sat in the seat of Hildebrand strove to imitate his work, yet not like him with clean hands and a high mind; and the papacy came out from those pontificates, like a man preternaturally aged, as he emerges from the shadows of sorrow or the clouds of mental conflict.

It has been a very general supposition, that the ambitious and quarrelsome pontificate of Boniface VIII., was the cause of the transfer of the papal chair to Avignon. But this, like most of the charges against Boniface, is not justified by the real state of the case[1]; neither would I concur with other

[1] It would be improper in a work like this to enter into a long detail of facts and examination of passages: but I have studied the pontificate of Boniface VIII. as a crisis in the Church; and the authorities adduced by Gibbon and Sismondi, the latter especially, for Gibbon is very brief, lead me to a different view of that stern pontiff's character, both as a man and a ruler. Hallam, though following the above writers, in his opinion, in many points, does not entirely agree with them, as, indeed, Gibbon and Sismondi do not agree with each other. For the sketch in the text, see the three writers already named, and Crowe's France, i. 85; Dunham's Middle Ages, ii. 76; and Cary's Dante. There was an article in the Dublin Review, No. xxii., on Boniface VIII., but it merely concerned the literary question, more particularly examining the authorities of Sismondi; neither does it touch upon the pope's quarrel with Philippe le Bel. It was able, but some of the links in its chain of evidence required additional fortifying. Considerable use has been made in the text of the Processus of Boniface, laid up in the Vatican, and quoted by the reviewer.

historians who have assigned other causes for this disastrous step. I would suggest, that the seed-plot of all the mischief was in the college of cardinals, created by Celestine V. This is an interesting page of church history, and it may be worth while, with reference to the Avignon captivity, to give a sketch of it, premising that it has been matter of bitter controversy, and that the following view of it is widely different from the one given by Protestant and Anglican historians in general. It is, however, the result of an impartial study of an interesting epoch, which an English churchman can have no temptation to represent this way or that, as no conclusions in which he can feel concerned are involved in it, either directly or indirectly. The epoch of papal history, which intervenes between Gregory VII. and Innocent III., will be introduced on some other occasion. Innocent III., seems to have filled every vein of the ancient body with new life, more healthy order, and a quickened circulation. But from the time of his pontificate, this accession of life appears to have grown more and more feeble, and the papacy to have relapsed into a condition more and more unhealthy. This might easily be illustrated in the events of the sixteen pontificates which come between that of Innocent III. and that of Boniface VIII., especially that of the French pontiff, Martin IV.; though, in some instances, the word pontificate is a little too grandiloquent, for we find three popes (Innocent V., Adrian V., and John XX. or XXI.)

in the year 1276, and then a new one, Nicolas III., in the ensuing year. The emperor Rudolph seems indeed to have placed the papacy in a condition somewhat more resembling the state in which Innocent III. left it, and Rudolph's grant dates from the latter half of the thirteenth century. At present, however, we take our stand at the close of this epoch.

In 1294, Nicolas IV. died, and the sainted recluse, Pietro da Morrone, was elected to the papal chair, and assumed the name of Celestine V. He was a man of great and unfeigned piety, spent a life of almost continual prayer, and when the peace of the Church required that he should, after his abdication, be kept a prisoner in the fortress of Fumone, that the enemies of Rome might not make a tool of him, he declined the conveniences offered to him and pressed upon him by Boniface, preferring to close his life in the ascetic severity which had before distinguished him. The imbecility of this pious hermit is acknowledged on all hands, and was most disastrous in its consequences to the Church. He was profuse in grants and indulgences; he was a mere tool in the hands of Charles of Naples, at whose instigation he fixed his court at Naples rather than at Rome. In one day he created twelve cardinals, and most of them were supposed to be creatures of Charles: at any rate, seven of the twelve were French, and of the remaining five, not one was from the Papal States. It was, according to my view, this

college of Celestine's, so constituted as almost to subject the papacy to French influence, which was the fountain whence flowed the subsequent miseries. Celestine's boorish disregard of decorum and papal precedents, which has been represented, for no other reason, apparently, than that it differed from the conduct of his predecessors, as an attempt to reform the papal court, at last proceeded to such an extent, that it was felt, and by himself most strongly, that he ought to resign. This he did of his own free will, and without any wicked knavery being fairly attributable either to Cardinal Benedetto Gaietani, or any one else.

Cardinal Benedetto was canonically elected to fill the vacant chair. I say *canonically*, but it must be remembered I am giving in a quiet manner my own view, every step in which is fiercely contested. The cardinal assumed the title of Boniface VIII. He was a man of stern, almost rude, manners, of a violent temper, of extraordinary talents, of a genius for business almost rivalling that of Hildebrand, and of unimpeachable moral character. Indeed, his pontificate, in many respects, resembles that of Gregory VII., but it led to different results, not merely because he was on the whole far from equalling Gregory, either in the magnificence of his projects, or the consistent energy with which they were pursued, but also because the relative positions of the Church and the European states were materially changed, and there was far less high feeling in Europe, and

Boniface was not seconded in the same way that Gregory was by the general sense and ardent sympathy of Christendom. There are few things more to be regretted than that the pontificate of Boniface VIII. was so abruptly and sacrilegiously shortened. His pontificate may be divided into three main chapters; his quarrel with the Colonnas, his strife with the house of Aragon, and his difference with Philippe le Bel. The first two are foreign to the present purpose.

The temper and theory in the French Church, usually denominated Gallicanism, and of which, unreality, narrowness, and an uncatholic spirit, may very fairly be predicated, can be traced to very remote antiquity. We not unfrequently see men whose minds and dispositions have been warped by something in very early childhood, who then by the circumstances of manhood take an opposite turn and exhibit opposite qualities, while yet, as life goes on, the old warp once more comes uppermost, and gives that final impress to the character by which their neighbors and intimates will judge them. Something of this kind is perceptible in the history of Gallicanism. Under the Merovingian monarchs, the character of the French Church was that of base timidity and shameful compromise. No church has ever been so utterly the fawning adulator at the foot of a throne as was the Merovingian Church of France; and, as seems invariably the case, by some secret sympathy, erastian principles were fruitful of

parties and internal factions. From this the Carlovingian Church was emancipated, and an epoch ensued in which the noble, learned, and holy Church of France knew not the mean and ungenerous disposition of Gallicanism. When this epoch passed away, and it was a very long one, the old taint reappeared, strengthened doubtless by the long slavery of the Avignon popes to the French throne, and re-invigorated by the vain, ignoble, literary temper of the Sorbonne.

The French monarch contemporary with Boniface VIII. was Philippe le Bel, than whom a more wicked king has rarely ever existed; and who is known in general histories as the base enemy of the Templars, and among his own subjects, as the Faux Monnoyeur, who coined debased coin, and compelled the people to bring in their gold and silver plate to the mint, where he paid for it with his bad coin, and, having discharged his debts, denied his own coinage. Such was the antagonist of Boniface VIII. Their quarrel arose from Philippe imposing a tenth on his clergy without the pope's consent, and Philippe's reign came at the close of the epoch during which France was eminently papal. Philippe also refused to abide by the arbitration of Boniface, in the rupture between Edward I. of England and himself about Guienne. Boniface sent a French bishop as legate to expostulate with the king respecting the taxation of the clergy; and the behavior of the legate, rather it would seem for

reasons of his own than so instructed by the pope, was most extremely insolent. Philippe very unwarrantably, considering his legatine character and the usages of those times, ordered him to be prosecuted, and he was arrested on a charge of sorcery and atheism, which shows that, whatever the legate's conduct had been, it was not treasonable nor a legal offence. Boniface was naturally exasperated at this treatment of his legate, and threatened to excommunicate the king. Philippe ordered his obsequious lawyers to accuse the pontiff himself of heresy and atheism. The difficulty was how to bring a foreign potentate, and that potentate the acknowledged head of Christendom, to any French tribunal to be judged on this atrocious and wicked charge. He therefore engaged a lawyer to raise a conspiracy against Boniface.

A troop was levied, Philippe allied himself with the ungrateful Sciarra Colonna, one of the pope's domestic enemies, and disobedient subjects. William of Nogaret was put at the head of the troop, and Boniface was treacherously surprised at Anagni. The pope heard the shouts, "Long live the King of France, and death to Boniface!" ringing through the streets of Avignon; and a transient gleam of satisfaction obliterates, for a moment, even the sneer of Gibbon, while he contemplates the heroic intrepidity of the high-souled pontiff. In full pontifical costume, the old man seated himself on his throne, bending over a Crucifix which he clasped in his

hands. Sciarra Colonna rushed into his presence with his drawn sword. He would have been less than a man, if the memory of the pope's pardoning his family at Rieti had not wrought in him. William of Nogaret was less abashed, and threatened to carry him off to Lyons to be deposed by a council. Boniface with calm majesty replied, "Here is my head, here is my neck! I desire to die for Christ's faith, and His Church." Even the bitter Ghibelline Dante, who hated the great Guelphic pope, bitterly upbraids, through the mouth of Hugh Capet, this sin of Philippe's, as well as his attack upon the Templars.

> To hide with direr guilt
> Past ill and future, lo! the flower-de-luce
> Enters Alagna; in His vicar, Christ
> Himself a captive, and His mockery
> Acted again. Lo! to His holy lip
> The vinegar and gall once more applied;
> And He 'twixt living robbers doomed to bleed.
> Lo! the new Pilate, of whose cruelty
> Such violence cannot fill the measure up,
> With no decree to sanction, pushes on
> Into the temple his yet eager sails.

After an imprisonment of three days, and the endurance of harsh indignities, the old pontiff, now in his eighty-seventh year, was rescued by the people; but died soon after in consequence, as seems acknowledged on both sides, of the treatment which he had received. It was said he dashed his

head against the wall till his white hair was dabbled with blood, and then strangled himself with his bed-clothes. But the reviewer referred to in the note demonstrates the falsehood of this unlikely tale by the most sufficient evidence. Sismondi, after telling the story as if true, and yet in a garbled way, puts a reference to Muratori at the foot of the page; Muratori quotes the story, and dismisses it as an "indignum mendacium," which comment Sismondi conceals. A curious refutation of this scandalous lie is also related, which is very interesting. When Boniface had been dead a century, it was necessary to take down his chapel in the Vatican, and remove his body. According to the procès verbal, the body was found undecayed, all the veins traceable, the expression placid, the skin upon his head unwounded and entire, the hands which he was represented to have gnawed, were also so perfect and beautiful, "as to fill with admiration all who saw them." How wonderful are God's ways! For a century of obloquy, the very dead body of His servant is kept incorrupt to testify against Satan's wiles by a most unforeseen discovery!

The execrable Philippe felt now that crime was impolitic as well as wicked. He strove to the utmost of his power to have one of his own creatures in the sacred college elected to the vacant chair. But the feeling of abhorrence was so strong in Italy, that he failed. Benedict XI. succeeded, whom even Gibbon calls the "mildest of mankind." Yet with

all his mildness he prepared to excommunicate every one concerned in the outrage at Anagni; and it is still believed that the precincts of Anagni are blighted by a curse, and the earth's fertility repressed by the weight of sin resting thereon. While Benedict, however, was taking his measures, Philippe, of whose guilt there is no doubt, even on the showing of English historians, had the pope murdered by a plate of poisoned figs. Now was shown the evil effects of the preponderating influence of France in the college of Celestine. For nine months the conclave was shut up, and at length the two parties agreed that the Anti-French party should nominate three candidates, and that the French party should select one of the three. Three of Philippe's bitterest enemies were named; among whom was Bertrand de Goth, Archbishop of Bourdeaux. The crafty Philippe sent for him, and proved to him that he was now master of the election, and engaged to raise the archbishop to the papal chair, if he would become his adherent, and fulfil five conditions, which the king named, and a sixth which was to be afterwards divulged. The offer was too much for Bertrand, and on those awful terms he became Clement V., who after keeping his court some time at Poictiers removed to Avignon.

One of Philippe's conditions was, that the pope should condemn the memory of Boniface, and excuse his murderers. Clement V., it is probable, found the sense of the times too strong for him in this

respect. At any rate he made a bargain as detestable as any other step in the matter, that he would consent to the condemnation of the Templars, if Philippe would forego the charge of heresy against Boniface. The council of Vienne, which refused to be made the tool of Philippe and Clement against the Templars, examined likewise the charges against Boniface. The only proof that he was an idolater was that in some presents made to churches his own portrait was engraved; and that he disbelieved in the Real Presence was plain, said they, because he was seen to turn his back on an Altar while Mass was celebrating. It was proved on the other hand, that he always shed "abundance of tears when he celebrated the Divine Mysteries;" and it is shown from his *processus* in the Vatican, that while on his death-bed, "he, according to the usage of the Roman pontiffs, recited and made profession of all the articles of faith in the presence of eight cardinals, concerning which the letters of our brother, Cardinal Gentili are extant;" and again, that "he professed in the presence of many cardinals, and other honorable persons, that he had ever held the Catholic faith, and wished to die in it."

Such is a brief view of papal history immediately preceding the removal of the Holy See to Avignon, and in the preponderating influence given to France in the sacred college, by the creations of the infirm-minded Celestine, we may detect the root of that Gallican slavery from whose baleful effects the

papacy is scarcely yet recovered. Had Boniface been vouchsafed to the Church for a sufficient number of years to let the French leaven wear itself out of the college, his stern reforms and lofty principles of conduct would have added the name of Boniface to those of the justly venerated Gregory and Innocent.

Truly they are dark penates which guard that ruined palace of the popes!

A cloud of sadness rises up within the spirit, as we tread the streets of such cities as Avignon; and the tide of recollections troubles us the more, because it is multitudinous, and distracts our sympathies instead of collecting them upon a single object. What would be the feelings of the traveller of the Middle Ages, whom we have taken for our guide, if he could now look upon this uncrowned city, and muse upon the history of which it is the representative? How would he mourn over the breaking in pieces of that magnificent idea of the papacy, which filled, nay more than filled, raised, expanded and assimilated to its own magnificence, his reason, imagination, and sympathies! How would he, perhaps examining too slightly the intervening centuries, find in the destruction of that idea the cause of all that he might dislike now! A famous writer, speaking of the transition of Europe from the papal unity to the individuality of states, calls the latter "a nobler" individuality. It is a bold epithet; and surely not true. Yet it would also be bold, in Church history it is always bold, to regret the past; much as some

great changes seem legitimate subjects of regret. In all the diversions of the Church's course, as she has been invisibly steered from east to west, God's intentions and man's sin have been so intermingled, that it is dangerous to look for other causes of distress and depression than our own particular individual unworthiness for any higher or better state. Only let us disbelieve in our worthiness to take any steps, and God will send us men holy enough to have a right to take great steps.

We cannot free ourselves of these uneasy thoughts, except by walking from under the mournful shadow of the tall ramparts of Avignon. Let us go to the Rhone bank opposite to the city, and think of Petrarch. He was a great man, though they who put him above Dante know not what they are about. How peculiar is that ruddy or moon-light color of the stone of Avignon, set in such a blue sky, a blue that could be felt and handled! See the stems and boughs of the fruit-trees, how muffled they are and cumbered with white and pink blossoms; and look at the distant hills, and the olive-yards, with their strange sulphur-looking foliage! Is it not a scene of character and peculiarity very unlike anything you have beheld elsewhere? Is it not very beautiful, and is not its beauty received into your heart more tenderly and seriously after the dark heavy masses of historical shadows which you have been contemplating? O forget not soon this old Avignon, this Rhone-bank view!

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness: but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits [2]."

Let us find an olive on this hill of Villeneuve thick enough to afford us shade, where, from beneath its covert, we can look out upon the river, the city, and the hills. We will gaze upon the bulky form of Mount Ventoux, and, tranquil beneath our olive-shade, leave popes and conclaves behind, and ascend Ventoux with no less agreeable a companion than Petrarch himself. The description of his ascent is in a letter to Father Dennis, his ghostly adviser in his strange passion for Laura [3]. "Having passed my youth in the province of Venaisson, I have always had a desire to visit a mountain which is descried from all parts, and which is so properly called the 'Mountain of the Winds.' I sought a companion for this expedition; and, what will appear singular, among the number of friends that I had, I

[2] Keats. [3] Engl. Trans. of the Mémoires pour la Vie, &c.

met with no one quite suited to my mind; so true is it, that it is rare to find, even among persons who love one another the best, a perfect conformity in taste, inclination, and manner of thinking. One appeared to me too quick, another too slow; I found this man too lively, the other too dull. There is one, said I to myself, too tender and too delicate to sustain the fatigue; there is another too fat and too heavy, he can never get up so high; this is too petulant and noisy, the other too silent and melancholy. All these defects, which friendship can support in a town and in a house, would be intolerable on a journey. I weighed this matter, and, finding that those whose society would have pleased me, either had affairs which prevented them, or had not the same curiosity as myself, I would not put their complaisance to the proof. I determined to take with me my brother Gerrard, whom you know. He was very glad to accompany me, and felt a sensible joy in supplying the place of a friend as well as a brother.

"We went from Avignon to Malaucene, which is at the foot of the mountain, on the north side, where we slept at night, and reposed ourselves the whole of the next day. The day after, my brother and myself, followed by two domestics, ascended the mountain with much trouble and fatigue, though the weather was mild, and the day very fine. We had agility, strength, and courage; nothing was wanting; but this mass of rocks is of a steepness almost inaccessible. Towards the middle of the

mountain we found an old shepherd, who did all he could to divert us from our project. 'It is about fifty years ago,' said he, 'that I had the same humor with yourselves; I climbed to the top of the mountain, and what did I get by it? My body and my clothes torn to pieces by the briars, much fatigue and repentance, with a firm resolution never to go thither again. Since that time I have not heard it said that any one has been guilty of the same folly.' Young people are not to be talked out of their schemes. The more the shepherd exaggerated the difficulties of the enterprise, the stronger desire we felt to conquer them. When he saw that what he said had no effect, he showed us a steep path along the rocks: 'That is the way you must go,' said he.

"After leaving our clothes and all that could embarrass us, we began to climb with inconceivable ardor. Our first efforts, which is not uncommon, were followed by extreme weakness. We found a rock on which we rested some time; after which we resumed our march, but it was not with the same agility; mine slackened very much. While my brother followed a very steep path which appeared to lead to the top, I took another which was more upon the declivity. 'Where are you going?' cried my brother with all his might; 'that is not the way, follow me.' 'Let me alone,' said I, 'I prefer the path that is longest and easiest.' This was an excuse for my weakness. I wandered for some time

at the bottom; at last shame took hold of me, and I rejoined my brother, who had sat down to wait for me. We marched one before another some time, but I became weary again, and sought an easier path; and at last, overwhelmed with shame and fatigue, I stopped again to take breath. Then, abandoning myself to reflection, I compared the state of my soul, which desires to gain heaven, but walks not in the way to it, to that of my body, which had so much difficulty in attaining the top of Mount Ventoux, notwithstanding the curiosity which caused me to attempt it. These reflections inspired me with more strength and courage.

"Mount Ventoux is divided into several hills, which rise one above the other; on the top of the highest is a little plain, where we seated ourselves on our arrival. Struck with the clearness of the air, and the immense space I had before my eyes, I remained for some time motionless and astonished. At last, waking from my reverie, my eyes were insensibly directed toward that fine country to which my inclination always drew me. I saw those mountains covered with snow, where the proud enemy of the Romans opened himself a passage with vinegar, if we may believe the voice of fame. Though they are at a great distance from Mount Ventoux, they seemed so near that one might touch them. I felt instantly a vehement desire to behold again this dear country, which I saw rather with the eyes of the soul than those of the body; some sighs escaped me,

which I could not prevent, and I reproached myself for a weakness which I could have justified by many great examples. Returning to myself again, and examining more closely the state of my soul, I said, 'It is near ten years, Petrarch, since thou hast quitted Bologna: what a change in thy manners since that time!' Not yet safe in port, I dare not view those tempests of the mind with which I feel myself continually agitated. The time will perhaps come, when I may be able to say with St. Augustine, 'If I retrace my past errors, those unhappy passions that overwhelmed me, it is not because they are still dear; it is because I will devote myself to none but Thee, my God.' But I have yet much to do. I love, but it is a melancholy love. My state is desperate. It is that which Ovid paints so strongly in that well-known line,

'I cannot hate and I am forced to love!'

'If,' said I, 'thou shouldst live ten years longer, and in that time make as much progress in virtue, wouldst thou not be able to die with a more assured hope?' Abandoned to these reflections, I deplored the imperfection of my conduct, and the instability of all things human.

"The sun was now going to rest, and I perceived that it would soon be time for me to descend the mountain. I then turned towards the west, where I sought in vain that long chain of mountains which separates France and Spain. Nothing, that I knew

of, hid them from my sight; but nature has not given us organs capable of such extensive views. To the right I discovered the mountains of the Lyonnoise, and to the left the surges of the Mediterranean, which bathe Marseilles on one side, and on the other dash themselves in pieces against the rocky shore. I saw them very distinctly, though at the distance of several days' journey. The Rhone glided under my eyes; the clouds were at my feet. Never was there a more extensive, variegated, and enchanting prospect! What I saw rendered me less incredulous of the accounts of Olympus and Mount Athos, which they assert to be higher than the region of the clouds, from whence descend the showers of rain.

"After having satisfied my eyes for some time with those delightful objects, which elevated my mind, and inspired it with pious reflections, I took the book of St. Augustin's Confessions, which I had from you, and which I always carry about me. It is dear to me from its own value, and the hands from whence I received it render it dearer still. On opening it, I accidentally fell on this passage in the tenth book: 'Men go far to observe the summits of mountains, the waters of the sea, the beginnings and the courses of rivers, the immensity of the ocean; *but they neglect themselves.*' I take God and my brother to witness, that what I say is true. I was struck with the singularity of an accident, the application of which it was so easy for me to make.

"After having shut the book, I recollected what happened to St. Augustine and St. Antony on the like occasion, and, believing I could not do better than imitate these great Saints, I left off reading, and gave myself up to the crowd of ideas which presented themselves, on the folly of mortals, who, neglecting their most noble part, confuse themselves with vain objects, and go to seek that with difficulty abroad, which they might easily meet with at home. 'If,' said I, 'I have undergone so much labor and fatigue, that my body may be nearer heaven; what ought I not to do and to suffer, that my soul may come there also!' In the midst of these contemplations, I had got, without perceiving it, to the bottom of the hill, with the same safety, and less fatigue than I went up. A fine clear moon favored our return. While they were preparing our supper, I shut myself up in a corner of the house to give you this account, and the reflections it produced in my mind. You see, my father, that I hide nothing from you. I wish I were always able to tell you, not only what I do, but even what I think. Pray to God that my thoughts, now, alas! vain and wandering, may be immoveably fixed on the only true and solid good."

Having now ascended Mount Ventoux with a poet of the fourteenth century, we may leave our olives at Villeneuve, and cross over to Avignon.

But we have not yet done with the localities of Petrarch. Vaucluse is still unvisited. Pilgrimages

to places which genius has made interesting do not spring from a very high order of feeling; for idolatry of genius itself springs from want of largeness of mind. Such sentimental visits are a poor substitute for pilgrimages to localities hallowed by suffering and sanctity, or the theatres of some past Providence, or the supposed present residence of some miraculous influence. Yet there would be a degree of affectation in leaving Avignon without visiting Vaucluse; and Petrarch is a man who now belongs rather to history than to literature. Round his name collects an epoch of extreme interest and difficult meaning. The poet himself shall be mainly our guide, and our descriptions shall be drawn from his own letters.

The scenery of Vaucluse would probably disappoint most persons, especially if they came to it from the Pyrenees or Italy; but after flat France it is by no means disappointing. The scenery, however, did not please us so much as the singular vernal coloring of Provence, whose strange richness increases daily, yet is wholly without grass. There was the yellow or white earth newly turned up for the vines, and then the lightest of all light greens, except larch, in the young willow shoots, the gray motionless stains which marked the rows of innumerable olives, and the Sorgue with water of the deepest aqua-marine tint, and, where it broke in blue foam, of a vivid shooting brilliance quite indescribable. Mixing everywhere with this were hundreds of almond-trees, with not a leaf on, but lost in blossom, white, or blush-color, or rose-red,

and, as the stems were mostly hidden, the mass of bloom seemed almost floating like clouds above the earth. At a distance, the mountains appeared, towards their bases, to be covered with snow; but, as we came nearer, it proved to be a wavering, wind-stirred region of almond-blossom. I never saw such colors in nature before. In real beauty, the blending of an English woodland scene is far beyond it. It was the strangeness which made the impression. There was something of a fairy-land bewilderment about it.

The rocky mountain cove is fine, and the double-arched cavern with the fountain of the Sorgue. This translucent river breaks from the earth, at once a copious brook. There is neither jet nor bubble, not a foam-bell on the surface of the basin to tell of subterranean conflicts, not even a faint pleased gurgle to greet the realms of upper air, and soothe the mountain solitude. When we were there, the basin was so full that the river broke over the rocks in a copious and sparkling waterfall, and yet the basin itself kept its unrippled stillness. Petrarch says, "Seneca observes that the sources of great rivers inspire us with a kind of veneration, and that where a river bursts out at once, altars should be erected; and it is my firm resolution to dedicate one to the fountain of Vaucluse. This altar shall be raised in the garden which hangs over the fountain. It shall not, however, be dedicated, like those of Seneca, to the gods of the rivers, or the nymphs

of the fountains, but to the Virgin Mother of that God Who has destroyed the altars and demolished the temples of all other gods." The poet's house was on the stream, a few hundred yards below the cove. It is a small and not very picturesque building. He thus describes his manner of life in this retirement. "Here I make war upon my senses, and treat them as my enemies. My eyes, which have drawn me into a thousand difficulties, see no longer either gold or precious stones, or ivory, or purple; they behold nothing, save the firmament, the water, and the rocks. The only female, who comes within their sight, is a swarthy old woman, dry and parched as the Libyan deserts. My ears are no longer courted by those harmonies of instruments or voices which have often transported my soul. They hear nothing but the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the warbling of birds, and the murmurs of the stream. I keep silence from morn to night. There is no one to converse with; for people constantly employed, either in spreading their nets, or taking care of their vines and orchards, have no knowledge of the intercourses of the world, or the conversations of society. I often content myself with the brown bread of my old fisherman, and even eat it with pleasure.

"This old fisherman, who is as hard as iron, earnestly remonstrates against my manner of life, says it is too hardy, and assures me I cannot long hold out. I am, on the contrary, convinced that it

is more easy to accustom one's self to a plain diet, than to the luxuries of a feast. Figs, raisins, nuts, and almonds, these are my delicacies. I am fond of the fish with which this river abounds. It is an entertainment to see them caught, and I sometimes employ myself in spreading the nets. As to my dress, here is an entire change. You would take me for a laborer or a shepherd. My mansion resembles that of Cato or Fabricius. My whole houshold consists of a dog, and my old fisherman. His cottage is contiguous to mine. When I want him I call. When I no longer stand in need of him he returns to his cottage. I have made myself two gardens which please me marvellously. I do not think they are to be equalled in all the world. And must I confess to you a more than female weakness, with which I am haunted? I am positively angry that there is anything so beautiful out of Italy. They are my Transalpine Parnassus.

"One of these gardens is shady, formed for contemplation, and sacred to Apollo. It hangs over the source of the river, and is terminated by rocks, or places accessible only to birds. The other is nearer my cottage, of an aspect less severe, and devoted to Bacchus; and, what is extremely singular, it is in the middle of a rapid river. The approach to it is over a ridge of rocks which communicates with the garden; and there is a natural grotto under the rock, which gives it the appearance of a rustic bridge. Into this grotto the rays of the sun

never penetrate. I am confident it much resembles the place where Cicero sometimes went to declaim. It invites to study. Hither I retreat during the noontide hours. My mornings are engaged upon the hills, and my evenings either in the meadows, or in the garden sacred to Apollo. It is small, but most happily suited to rouse the most sluggish spirit and elevate it to the skies. Here would I most willingly pass my days, was I not too near Avignon, and too far from Italy. For why should I conceal this weakness of my soul? I love Italy, and I hate Avignon. The pestilential influence of this horrid place empoisons the pure air of Vaucluse, and will compel me to quit my retirement.

"Oft in the midst of summer, when I had ended my midnight prayers, and the moon shone brightly, have I been irresistibly impelled to wander over the fields, or to ascend the hills. Oft, at this silent hour, have I walked alone into the cavern, where no one, even in the day, and in company, can enter without emotion. I feel a kind of pleasure in doing this; but it is a pleasure mixed with dread."

Interesting as this relation is, one cannot help reflecting with what a singular irregularity history is directed or permitted to touch here and there with her illuminating finger the secret corners of the earth. How many a monk there must have been, some perhaps of genius as vast and extraordinary as that of Petrarch, who have sought cloistral retirement amid some frowning solitude. They may have

been out in the starlight, or among the storms and fogs of the hills, or the evening stillness of the umbrageous forest. From their capacious and meditative intellect may have emanated some of the marvellous adornments of old Gothic edifices, some Latin hymn now catholic, some old austere chaunt of surpassing beauty, or some arrangement in the liturgy of Western Christendom, the births of a great mind, which, when their father, out of self-denial and through fear of fame, claimed them not, the Church took up and dignified by her adoption. Yet how rarely are even the moon-light beams of history shining softly on those unknown homes. And Petrarch has immortalized Vaucluse, though he retired there but to divert himself, or perhaps to feed, in ostentatious self-renouncement, a sterile passion, unhallowed in its first epoch, unreal in its second. There is a justice in this, a contemptuous justice. What belongs to the world is by history rendered back to the world, to be made much of there. For it has no abiding-place elsewhere, no reward behind a veil. It overpasses not the dark limits of things visible. Is this cynicism? If it be, impute it to our invisible attendant from the Middle Ages.

The loves of Petrarch and Laura are among love's common-places all the world over. Reader! Have you ever felt uneasy and perplexed at having to say cold words on tender or passionate subjects? Do you know the trouble of self-distrust which

assails you when you feel driven by some higher principle, real or imaginary, to contradict the sympathies of the majority, and turn iconoclast? With such feelings must we draw near the loves of Petrarch and Laura, for we come to condemn; and, where we pass a moral condemnation, there our feelings are no longer interested. Let us first put together an uncommented history of the affair. Petrarch was going to church at six in the morning, on Sunday in the Holy Week, when he first saw Laura, in her green gown, embroidered with violets. It was the church of the monastery of St. Clair. From that moment began his violent passion. It grew till it rapidly became a burden and uneasiness to him. Laura, who appears to have been strictly virtuous, was vain of her influence over Petrarch, and managed with true feminine skill, and scientific caprice, so to mingle coldness and blandishment, as to deepen continually her empire over his affections. The poet went to travel, in order to get rid of his passion. A love-sick man could scarcely have hit upon a more injudicious expedient. This was the first epoch in his love, which, while he utterly exculpates Laura, he confesses to have been accompanied in himself by turbulent and unhallowed feelings. It was after returning from this journey that he first began to feel remorse, and to apprehend the really criminal nature of his conduct. He expresses sorrow for having ever ascribed so much perfection to any created object, and acknowledged

that he could never find real happiness till his affections were fixed on God. It was about this time that he made father Dennis his spiritual adviser in the matter. But he seems never to have really set about the work of extirpating his passion in earnest. He beholds a country girl washing Laura's veil. He is immediately seized with shivering fits, though in the heats of summer. "Ten years," he says, "has grief preyed upon me. A slow poison consumes my body; hardly have I strength to drag along my weakened limbs. I must get out of this dreadful situation; I must recover my liberty." Again he leaves Avignon, and goes to Italy. His passion still remains equally ardent, though, he says, divested of the lawless feelings which first attended it. This is the second chapter of his love. He lands at Civita Vecchia, and sees a laurel, the emblem of Laura, growing by a brook. "On those shores," says he, "washed by the Tyrrhene sea, I beheld that stately laurel which always warms my imagination. Love impelled me towards it. I flew, and through my impatience fell breathless in the intervening stream. I was alone, and in the woods, yet I blushed at my heedlessness; for, to the reflecting mind, no witness is requisite to excite the emotions of shame." Absence, at last, seemed to have wrought his cure. His sleep became sound, and his nightly fits of weeping ceased. He himself tells us that "the idea of Laura less frequently presents itself; and, when it does, it has less power."

All this is a false appearance. On his return to Avignon, and at first sight of Laura, he is again maddened with love. "I desired death," such is his unsober language: "I was even tempted to seek it in the violence of my anguish. As a pilot at sea dreads the rock on which he has been cast, so did I dread the meeting with Laura. She was sick; but the near approach of death had not diminished the lustre of her eyes. I trembled at her shadow. The sound of her voice deprived me of motion." It was at this stage of his passion that he retired to Vaucluse; a spot for which he had conceived his first affection while he was a school-boy at Carpentras. His manner of life there has been already described. It did not contribute to the healing of his mind. He acknowledges this. "I may hide myself among the rocks, and in the woods; but there are no places so wild or solitary, whither the torments of love do not pursue me. Thrice, in that dark and lonely hour, when nothing but ghastly shades is seen or heard, Laura with stedfast look approached my bed, and claimed her slave. My limbs were frozen with fear. My blood fled from my veins, and rushed upon my heart. Trembling I rose ere morn, and left a house where all I saw alarmed me. I climbed the rocks, I ran into the woods, watching with fearful eyes this dreadful vision. I may not be believed, but still it followed. Here I perceived it starting from a tree, there rising from a fountain: now it descended from the rocks, or floated on the clouds. Surrounded thus

I stood transfixed with horror." To Laura again he ascribes the whole inspiration of his genius. "Yes, charming Laura! I discover in your eyes a light which points out the path, and guides me in the road to heaven. By a long and delightful study, I read in them all that passes in your soul. It is this view that excites me to virtue, raises me above the joys of sense, and leads me to true glory. It spreads over my heart that inexpressible repose which fills it with delight, and renders it insensible to every other object. In this state of enjoyment, my thoughts, my words, and my actions, bear the stamp of immortality."

Petrarch's life had more than one extraordinary dream and prophetic presage. With one of these was Laura's death connected. He was at Verona, on his way to Parma, when it happened. She died of the plague in Avignon, on the same day, and at the same hour when Petrarch dreamed the dream at Verona, which he thus describes:—"Aurora had dispersed that thick darkness which renders the visions of night confused, and a blush of the softest crimson began to enlighten the east, when I saw a beautiful female advancing towards me. Her appearance was like that of the spring, and her head was crowned with oriental pearls. She had quitted a group of females crowned like herself; and, as she drew near to me, she sighed, and gave me a hand which had long been the object of my tenderest wishes. Her presence, and such an extraordinary

mark of kindness, diffused through my soul an inexpressible pleasure. 'Do you recollect her,' she said, 'who, by engaging the affections of your youth, led you from the common road of life?' While she spoke these words, which were accompanied with an air of modesty and earnestness, she sat down under a laurel and a beech on the side of a brook, and commanded me to place myself by her. I obeyed.

"'Not know you, my good angel!' I said, the tears flowing from my eyes. 'But tell me quickly, I beseech you, whether you are in life, or in death?' 'In life,' she replied. ''Tis you who are in death; and in death you must remain till the time shall come when you must quit this world. But we have much to say, and little time for our interview. The day is at hand. Be brief, then, and collected.'

"On my expressing the most acute grief to hear that she was no more, she said, 'Petrarch! you will never be happy so long as you continue to be governed by the prejudices of the world. My death, which is the cause of so much affliction, would be a source of happiness to you, could you but know the smallest part of my bliss.' As she spoke these words, her eyes were lifted towards Heaven, and filled with the tenderest emotions of gratitude. 'To the spotless soul,' continued she, 'death is the deliverance from a darksome prison. It is an evil only to those who are wallowing in the mire of the world.'

"'But the tortures,' I replied, 'which barbarous tyrants, such as Nero, Caligula, Mezentius, have

inflicted, these exhibit death clothed with terrors.' 'It is not to be denied,' she said, 'that death is sometimes accompanied with severe pains. But remember, that the severest pains that can surround a death-bed, are the fears of an eternal punishment. For if the soul can cast itself upon God, and place an entire confidence in Him, death is no more than a sigh, or a short passage from one life to another.'

"I was overwhelmed with sorrow, and ready almost to sink under my distress, when I heard a low and mournful voice utter these words: 'This poor mortal is attached to the present life. Yet he lives not, neither is he at peace within himself. He is devoted to the world; and shall for ever remain the slave of this devotion. The world is the sole object of his thoughts, his words, and his writings.' I immediately recollected a voice which had so often been my consolation; and on turning my eyes towards the place whence it came, I discovered our well-known friend. She was wont to appear sprightly and gay, now she was serious and grave.

"'In the flower of my youth,' pursued Laura, 'when you loved me most, and when life was dressed out in all her charms, then was it bitter, compared with the sweetness of my death. I felt more joy at this moment than an exile returning to his wished-for country. There was but one thing which afflicted me; I was to leave you: I was moved with compassion.' 'Ah!' replied I, 'in the name of that truth by which you were governed while on earth, and which you

now more clearly distinguish in the bosom of Him to Whom all things are present, tell me, I conjure you, whether love gave birth to this compassion? Those rigors mixed with softness, those tender angers, and those delicious reconciliations which were written in your eyes, have for ever kept my heart in doubt and uncertainty.'

"Scarce had I finished, when I beheld those heavenly smiles, which have at all times been the messengers of peace. 'You have ever,' she said with a sigh, 'possessed my heart, and shall continue to possess it. But I was obliged to temper the violence of your passion by the movements of my countenance. It was necessary to keep you in ignorance. A good mother is never more solicitous about her child than when she appears to be most in anger with him. How often have I said, Petrarch does not love; he burns with a violent passion. I must endeavour to regulate it. But, alas! this was a difficult task for one whose fears and affections were likewise engaged. I said, he must not be acquainted with the state of my heart. He admires so much what he sees without, I must conceal from him what passes within. This has been the only artifice which I have used. Be not offended. It was a bridle which was necessary to keep you in the right road. There was no other method by which I could preserve our souls. A thousand times has my countenance been lighted up with anger, while my heart has glowed with love; but it was my perpetual

resolution, that reason, not love, should hold the sovereignty.

"'When I saw you cast down with sorrow and affliction, I gave you a look of consolation. When you were on the brink of despair, my looks were still more tender. I addressed you with a softer air, and soothed you with a kind word. My fears even altered the tone of my voice. You might see them marked on my countenance. When you looked pale, and your eyes were bathed in tears, I said, he is very ill. He will certainly die if I take not pity on him. Then it was that you had every succor which virtue could give, and then were you restored to yourself again. Sometimes you were like the fiery horse, fretted by the spur. It was then necessary that you should feel the rein, and be managed with the bit. Such has been the innocent artifice by which I led you on, without the least stain to my honor.'

"'Ah!' said I, with a faltering voice, and eyes bedewed with tears, 'such sentiments would be an ample recompence for all my sufferings, had I but courage to believe them.' 'Faithless man!' she said, a little angrily, 'what motive can I have for this declaration, had it not been the true cause of that distance and reserve of which you have so often complained? In every thing else we were agreed; and honor and virtue were the bonds of our affection. Our love was mutual, at least from the time I was convinced of your attachment. There

was only this difference, that one of us discovered, while the other concealed, the flame. You were hoarse with crying out, Mercy! Help! while I opened not my mouth. Fear and modesty permitted me not to reveal my emotions. The flame, however, which is confined, burns more fiercely than that which is at liberty. Recollect the day when we were alone, and when you presented to me your sonnets, singing at the same time, *This is all my love dares say.* I received them with kindness; and, after such a proof, could there be the least doubt of my affection? Was not this taking off the veil? My heart was yours, but I chose to be mistress of my eyes. This you thought unjust; and yet with what right could you complain? Were you not possessed of the nobler part? Those eyes, which have so often been withdrawn, because you merited this severity, have they not been restored to you a thousand times? Often have they looked upon you with tenderness, and would at all times have done so, had I not dreaded the extravagance of your passion.

"'But the morning is far advanced, the sun is emerging from the ocean, and it is with regret that I tell you we must now be separated. If you have any thing more to say, be expeditious, and regulate your words by the few moments which remain to us.' I had only time to add, 'My sufferings are fully recompensed; but I cannot live without you. I wish, therefore, to know whether I shall soon

follow you?' She was already in motion to depart, when she said. 'If I am not mistaken, you shall remain a long time upon the earth.'"

In Petrarch's MS. of Virgil, adorned with paintings by Simon of Sienna, the following memorandum is made. "Laura, illustrious by her own virtues, and long celebrated in my verses, appeared to my eyes for the first time, the 6th of April, 1327, at Avignon, in the church of St. Clair, at the first hour of the day. I was then in my youth. In the same city, on the same day, and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this luminary disappeared from our world. I was then at Verona, ignorant of my wretched situation. That chaste and beautiful body was buried the same day, after vespers, in the church of the Cordeliers. Her soul returned to its native mansion in heaven. To retrace the melancholy remembrance of this great loss, I have written it, with a pleasure mixed with bitterness, in a book I often refer to. This loss convinces me there is no longer anything worth living for. Since the strongest cord of my life is broken, with the grace of God, I shall easily renounce a world where my cares have been deceitful, and my hopes vain and perishing."

Such is the narrative; but some cynical comments from our companion of the Middle Ages are to follow. Laura herself was a wife and a mother, and yet she cherished both in herself and in Petrarch this unsafe excess of affection. The fact that Laura was unhappy both in her conjugal and in her ma-

ternal relations, should have made her the more wary in encouraging the addresses of another. Her receiving graciously the sonnets in which she was publicly eulogised, and which, as we read in Villani, were sung by the ballad-mongers of the day all over the south of Europe, may not have been so indelicate a procedure in her century as it would be in this. Yet of one other fault, and a sad one for a poet's idol, we may find repeated vestiges in her life, —an extravagant love of dress and finery. The object of Petrarch's love, then, is not after all so fair, when truth compels his radiant conceits to fall off like spangles from the image. Laura, to say the least, acted a selfish part, and exhibited a recklessness of other men's judgments, which, in a woman, is akin to dishonor. But the condemnation falls heavier still upon Petrarch. Allowance must of course be made for unreal language, which characterises Petrarch's works to an unhappy degree. Yet it must be confessed, that his method of speaking of Laura is for the most part irreligiously idolatrous. This passion dulled his energies, preyed upon the health of his mind, and gave his whole character a tone of querulousness and sickly dissatisfaction, which detracts materially from our admiration. Had he, for instance, emancipated himself from this effeminate phrenzy, it is probable he would never have been guilty of such childishnesses as laming his feet by tight shoes, because small hands and small feet were a sign of pure blood, forgetting the application

of that remark to the barbarians, whom he so much despised, rather than to the natives of Italy. The same sickliness is visible in his friendships. As he grew older he shewed himself singularly unable to realize the lesson of a later poet, who bids us all in our old age to note,

> —"From our safe recess
> Old friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air.
> Love them for what they *are*; nor love them less,
> Because to *thee* they are not what they *were*[4]."

Petrarch too was a canon of a cathedral, and this presses down the scale still more against him. It were easy indeed from the morbid anatomy of the literary character to account for and illustrate by anecdotes of dubious propriety that craving of a busy intellect, the chasm created by which this elegant idolatry filled up. But no character has so little worth or virtue in it as that of the man of letters, when the self-contemplation and fretfulness attending upon literary toil are not corrected by the simplicity of a devout heart. The brackish springs of literature, fringed by unhealthy nightshade and the lustrous leaves of poison-plants, require most especially the branch of the healing Tree to make their waters salubrious to the nations. Surely then a man is justified in saying that this famous love was in its first

[4] Coleridge.

epoch unhallowed, for Petrarch confesses it himself; and in its second unreal; by which is meant, that it was not anchored in any of those chartered harbors, known to God's ordinances or the customs of natural piety. The poet of beautiful but irregular mind may indeed say that—

—"The love from Petrarch's urn,
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
A quenchless lamp, by which the heart,
Sees things unearthly."

But a pious man will listen rather to the sage and high-souled bard, evoking from the depths of pagan legends that hidden wisdom, which seems to assimilate itself to the lessons of the Gospel, only because it is part of the original instincts of humanity.

"The gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.
By no weak pity might the gods be moved;
She, who thus perished not without the crime
Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime,
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet mid unfading bowers.[5]

But a man's guilt is half atoned for when he pronounces sentence against his own sin, if only he goes

[5] Wordsworth's Laodamia.

on in act to execute the sentence on himself. In his Imaginary Dialogue with St. Augustine, Petrarch puts the following words into the mouth of the Saint: with which the subject may be dismissed. "You say you owe to Laura what you are; that she has caused you to quit the world, and has elevated you to the contemplation of celestial things. But the truth is this: full of confidence, and a good opinion of yourself, entirely occupied with one person in whom your whole soul is absorbed, you despise the rest of the world, and the world in return despises you. It is true she has drawn you out of some vices; but she has also prevented the growth of many virtues. In tears and complaints you have spent that time which should have been devoted to God. The best effect of this affection is, perhaps, to have rendered you eager after glory. We shall presently examine how much you are indebted to her on this account. As to everything else, I venture to declare, that she has been your destruction, in nourishing a passion she ought to have suppressed. She has filled you with a love of the creature rather than the Creator, and this is the death of the soul.

"Of all the passions to which human nature is subject love is the most to be feared. It makes us forget ourselves, and it makes us forget our God. Everything serves to nourish and increase it; and those wretched mortals whom it holds in bondage carry a fire within them, which will finally consume both soul and body. 'Alas,' returned Petrarch: 'I

am not able to answer you, and I must give myself up to despair.' 'No,' was the Saint's reply, 'let your prayers be fervent and sincere that God may hear you, that He may strengthen your mind, and assist you with His grace.'"

But see—the sun is setting. Petrarch has kept us long at Vaucluse. And what a sun-set too—never to be forgotten! This is thy first gift of colors, enchanting South! the pale orange rim along the hills, as the sun went down, the dusky rose-colored vapor the instant the orb had passed! These were foretastes of southern sunsets.

Turning to the south-west of Avignon, the specimens of fair Provence and Provençal scenery are not very pleasing. There appears to be no soil, but polished shingle on which the sun shines most painfully. Olive-trees, lavender and box, were the only vegetable things apparent in the region across which our road lay towards Nismes. There must be nooks somewhere, whence the troubadours and melodious courtiers of Thoulouse drew their inspiration; though the eyes of solitude glistened[6] to them with fewer and less precious meanings than the eyes of high-born dames. How slow poetry has been in working itself out of all this!

But if in all Provence, no shady bowers, nor cool-rooted trees, nor tinkling waters could be found

[6] "Bright lakes, those glistening eyes of solitude."
The Gipsies.—By A. P. Stanley.

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sufficiently beautiful for fancy to people them with the musical courtiers of the good king Renè, the glory will not depart from the land of barren stones and withered lavender. We will rather solace ourselves with the belief, that nature has decayed through sympathy with the uncrowned Thoulouse, and the rude tarnishing of its golden violets. And truly if it were not for the faithful witness of antiquity, our present temper would soon impoverish the earth and spoil her of all her shady places of hid treasure; and even the witness of antiquity has been taken to pieces, and the clauses transposed by the wilful system-mongers of a utilitarian generation. Antiquity has been made to perjure herself. It is not daylight, but twilight, which these excavators have let in upon the caves of past ages, and the smoke of the torches has already marred the radiant stalactites of the wonderful roof. Poor imagination! whereto shall she cling at last, when she has been driven, like a hunted deer, from bush and brake? They would kill her, if they could, even though she had crossed the threshold of the sanctuary. The mysteries of the faith are as easily overleaped as the altar-rails. No—Provence shall be a type of our present temper, barren and blighted. It shall be an outward symbol of the inward devastation which unimaginative erudition has spread on all sides of us; a land once tenanted by spiritual associations, which have been expelled and reduced to be the serfs of criticism by an invasion of the barbarian wor-

shippers of the gross and palpable. Provence is to France what Sherwood Forest is to ourselves. Its lawns, and glades, and screened wells, and lairs of the deer, are emptied of their old inhabitants.

> "On the fairest time of June
> You may go, with sun or moon,
> Or the seven stars to light you,
> Or the polar ray to right you;
> But you never may behold
> Little John, or Robin bold;
> Never one, of all the clan,
> Thrumming on an empty can
> Some old hunting ditty, while
> He doth his green way beguile
> To fair hostess Merriment,
> Down beside the pasture Trent;
> For he left the merry tale,
> Messenger for spicy ale."

If the twenty-fourth century should submit us to the same freezing analysis, and congeal us into the same sort of rigid systems, into which we recompose the imaginative past, we shall surely look very unlike ourselves. They will pity our superstitions, but they will acknowledge, that however much we obscured science, our absurdities brought some things to light. They will deplore the darkness of protestantism, and its dangerous corruptions, but they will confess that some piety clings even to the worst form of Christianity. They will lament our clouded views of political rights, and notions of government, but they will check their harsh judgments, remembering that

the science of legislation was then in its infancy. They will be struck with our contracted views on many points, and will make them symbols whence to extract a curious and instructive exposition of the current of our feelings and the tone of our thoughts. They will be amused with our complacent self-praise, but they will admit that every age has indulged in it unwarrantably, except their own, whose vast improvements in every department of knowledge justly entitle them to an intelligent boastfulness. Yet there will be an indignant reaction in the minds of some few scholars amongst them. As the folds of blue mist gird themselves more securely through increasing antiquity on the far-seen heights and dales of the nineteenth century, these scholars will love the prospect, and will deplore in their utilitarian age the imaginative depth and softness of the nineteenth century. Beautiful are the discoveries they will make in that blue mist: why should not we make them now, and be happy and wise, by anticipating our own antiquity?

We thank you for your lesson, ye faded colors and pale tints of Provence!

We have entered the valley of the Gardon, and the stupendous aqueduct is spanning the broad ravine before us. No words can do justice to the magnificence of the Pont de Gard. It is a type of the Roman character, a symbol of that fearful straightforwardness, that reckless, undeviating temper, which marks the Rome, as well of prophecy as of history.

Never was art so symbolical, never so easy to be interpreted, never so replete with the character of the workmen as in Roman architecture. The meaning of a Greek temple, or a Gothic cathedral, is easy enough to be fathomed. Still it requires to be elicited from a contemplation of the building. The face of Roman architecture startles us, like the boldly faithful effigy of some dead man whom we knew. The valley of the Gardon is itself pleasant. The water is a clear, deep sea-green. The hills are covered with box trees, ever-green oak, gum-cistus, and wild thyme, with here and there a gray, awkward-branching olive. Where the principal foliage is ever-green, there is of course a sombreness, as in some choice corners of beautiful Surrey. Still this is a pleasant vale. The waters are quiet and yet merry. When we visited it, the sun's powerful heat drew a faint aromatic smell from the box-trees; and numberless brilliant and strange butterflies were sporting about. And, where the vale opened up to the barren hills, there was the yellow aqueduct with its giant gracefulness shutting in the gorge: a work, as it appeared, of more than human energies; but indeed the Pont de Gard is not to be described. In speaking of a grandeur which consists in vastness and simplicity, we may vary the expressions, but without accumulating new meaning.

The silent, and, as it chanced, gorgeous twilight, saw us walking amid the ruined masses which make

Nismes so interesting. But the Mediterranean sent no cooling breeze up that way, and the heat was still in deep evening extremely oppressive. Nismes is for France, what Treves is for Germany, a complete magazine of Roman antiquities; but I would at once give the preference to Nismes, were it not that affectionate memories of a pleasant sojourn and a dear friend make me cling to the ruddy cliffs which look across the Moselle upon the picturesque town of Treves, the abode of the exiled Athanasius.

The power of antiquity on the mind is a strange mystery. It must be that we have a dim instinct in us which speaks of our having wandered very far from our heavenly origin; and anything, sacred or profane, which leads us long back till things become misty and pale, and limits indiscernible, seems to have something of infinity about it, and excites, though without satisfying, our yearning after the infinite. The distance which the mind travels in antiquity is so great, that we cannot but think it must be leading us towards the holy spot whence humanity has departed: and, for some reason, the journey seems always an ascent, and therefore loses itself apparently in a divine region. In one day's journey we passed between two cities, whose great, if not sole, attraction, is the voice they bring up from antiquity. And how differently do they speak! Avignon is an epoch of Church history, sculptured in

a pile of ruins. It is one of the homes where the Middle Ages [7] still live on and linger, in outward forms as well as memory. It tells of popes, and cardinals, and councils, and chivalrous names, and a peculiar mould which the Gospel took, wherein to save the world. In a few hours we were at Nismes: a city where the huge tread of the old Roman empire has left many enormous footprints of itself; baths, towers, gateways, pavements, temples, theatres, and aqueducts. A totally different class of ideas rises to the mind; and, while the influence in both cases is from antiquity, it is wonderful that one cause should have such diverse operations. The diversity however is only in the form, not in the essence. Notwithstanding a passionate love of scenery, it may be questioned whether a journey in America, even were fine scenery commoner there than it really is, would not weary one through lack of the footprints of past ages. Grass soon grows where the fire of an Indian has burnt, and inclined planes of railway up the Alleghany hills would not indicate in ruin the magnitude of their cost. Unless a man could be interested in the new ways of new

[7] It may render many passages more perspicuous, to say that the expression "Middle Ages," is used throughout this work very loosely to signify the Christian centuries intervening between primitive antiquity and modern civilization: speaking of *art*, it designates the centuries anterior to the pagan revival of letters—speaking of *theology*, the centuries anterior to the invention of protestantism.

men, who will some day be great men, he would soon be overtaken by lassitude on the bosoms of rivers too broad to be picturesque, and in the dusky hearts of magnificent forest monotonies.

The amphitheatre, the exquisite Maison Carrée, and the temple of Diana, may be found accurately measured and described in guide-books. They need not detain us from Arles; only all travellers should be admonished to enjoy late in the evening the delightful city gardens, where the old Roman baths are, and the front of the temple. Few cities can compete with Nismes in the beauty and interest of its public garden.

Arles, like Nismes, is full of the foot-prints of old Rome. But, except the amphitheatre, they are less obvious, and require antiquarian sagacity to detect as well as to appreciate them. The interest of Arles is not, however, exclusively heathen. The Cross is said to have been planted here by St. Trophimus, the disciple of St. Paul; and here it was too that an ecclesiastical council was held under Constantine, in 314, A.D., eleven years prior to the Council of Nice, concerning the appeal of the Donatists, the keeping of Easter, lay church-patronage, and other matters. It is interesting, because three British bishops sat in it, Eborius of York, Restitutus of London, and Adelphius, whose see was perhaps Chester[8], thereby

[8] See Collier's restitution of ex civit. col. Leg. ii., for ex civit. col. Londin: and for what follows.

betokening the regular orderly establishment of the Catholic Church in Britain in that age. The acts of this council throw some light upon the manner in which the See of Rome was regarded at the time. The fathers regret the absence of the pope; but inform him that they are called together by the emperor, that their authority is divine, that they have a rule of faith whereby to direct themselves, and a divine commission, when so convened and so directed, to give sentence. They end by saying—"What we have in common council decreed, that we signify to your friendliness, in order that all may know what they ought in future to observe." From this language we learn first, that an ante-nicene council did not think the pope what Romanists think him now: secondly, that yet they thought him something more than a common bishop: thirdly, that they *probably* regarded him in right of his Chair, as the voice and mouth-piece of the Church, in the West at least. These are the thoughts which cross one in the ancient, very small, but very interesting, cloisters of the cathedral of Arles. But now we must leave these old cities with their many thoughts

> "Of Gregory and John, and men divine,
> Who rose like shadows between man and God;
> Till that eclipse, still hanging over heaven,
> Was worshipped by the world o'er which they strode."

The breezes of the Mediterranean are beginning to woo us. We have passed Salon without delay,

for our companion of the Middle Ages was so puzzled with our recent quotation, that he forgot to look for the tomb of Nostradamus. We are now foot-travellers in Provençe, wending our way to Aix. The darkness is falling from the "awakened" earth.

> "The smokeless altars of the mountain snows,
> Flame above crimson clouds—
> All flowers in field and forest do unclose
> Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,
> Swinging their censers in the element."

The country around Salon was the most pleasing of any we had yet seen in Provence. The distant hills were bold, and dappled with blue shadows. The mass of red almond blossom, the quantity of ever-green oak which relieved the white stony crags of the nearer hills, and the smell of abundant marjoram cheered us on. One long ever-green wood which we passed through, with a large chateau at the end of it, shooting up its irregular towers from a platform where scarce any one would dream of building, was such a scene as Mrs. Radcliffe loved to pourtray. At last a spire rose before us, Aix cathedral as we deemed. It was only St. Cannat. Three long leagues took us into the night, before we arrived at Aix.

There is little in Aix to interest the traveller, except the dull handsomeness of a frequented watering place. The carved door of the cathedral, however, must not be forgotten, nor the old columns round

the font. There is also a picture there by King Renè, for such as are sentimental about the troubadours. Provence seems to be made up of two sorts of nakedness; flat nakedness, and hilly nakedness. The transition from Aix to Marseilles is over a tract of hilly nakedness, whose copious dust and sharp gravel furiously agitated by the vent de bise were sufficiently miserable. But the view from the hill above Marseilles is as splendid as fame reports it to be. We had been traversing some very barren country, when one turn of the road shifted the whole scene. We saw a large circle of undulating ground, covered with shining villas. This was hemmed in towards the east and north by a fine range of craggy mountains, behind which, yet not so as to veil the summits, heavy storm-clouds were hanging in enormous folds of deep black and unclear crimson interwreathed. The city crowded the little heights down to the water's edge; and there too was the silver Mediterranean, whose waves the mistral was lashing into foam; and one bay, one only, which fell beneath the shadow of the cloud, was of an inky purple. The sun set, and left the eye resting where

> "The mirror of the sea
> Re-images the eastern gloom,
> Mingling convulsively its purple hues
> With sunset's burnished gold."

It was quite a scene to make a date of in one's own mind.

There are sometimes ideas which can occupy the imagination for hours with a vague delight, which scarcely resolves itself into separate or tangible thoughts. So I felt with a childish weakness when my dream was realized. I was looking upon the Mediterranean: it was the first time those haunted waters had met my gaze. I pondered on the name —the Mediterranean—as if the very letters had folded in their little characters the secret of my joy. My inner eye roved in and out along the coasts of religious Spain, the land of an eternal crusade, where alone, and for that reason, the true religiousness of knighthood was ever realized; it overleaped the Straits, and followed the outline of St. Augustine's land, where Carthage was and rich Cyrene, and where now, by God's blessings, which are truly renewed every morning, a solitary Christian bishop sits upon the chair of Algiers, the germ, let us pray earnestly, of a second Catholic Africa; onward it went to "old hushed Egypt," the symbol of spiritual darkness, and the mystical house of bondage; from thence to Jaffa, from Jaffa to Beirout; the birthplace of the Morning, the land of the world's pilgrimage, where the Tomb is, lay stretched out like a line of light, and the nets were drying on the rocks of Tyre; onward still, along that large projection of Asia, the field ploughed and sown by apostolic husbandmen—there is corn growing still, but detached and feeble; then came a rapid glance upon the little Ægean islands, and upwards through the

Hellespont, and over the sea of Marmara. St. Sophia's minaret sparkled like a star; the sea-surges were faint in the myriad bays of Greece, and that other peninsula, twice the throne of the world's masters, was beautiful in her peculiar twilight; and the eye rested again upon the stormy bay of Marseilles. It was a dream. Has history been much more?

Of the old Phocæan colony little need be said. Marseilles belongs to statistical books. But what would bales of merchandise do to our companion of the Middle Ages? He would imagine himself at Nuremberg. Which way shall we go? To the right or to the left? There is a peninsula on both sides: Spain or Italy? It must be eastward. But we cannot bid France farewell just yet.

We cannot have come across the country without some opportunities of making theological notes, although those opportunities have been both fewer and poorer than were to be expected. It is to be feared, there is little religion at all among the bulk of the people, especially in the northern departments. Among the clergy themselves the old Gallicanism seems to have declined very much indeed; and the most abiding result of all that the Abbé de la Mennais and his friends have done has been the increase of strong Ultra-montane views and feelings. The Abbé seems to have been a kind of theological O'Connell; and was, if honest, anxious to help the Church by grafting her system upon democracy; or,

if dishonest, to help democracy by making it popular among the priests. Of course it was easy by a perverted representation of the many high and noble ways, in which the Church was the friend of the people in the Middle Ages, to make it appear that she was also the friend of the people in the modern and French sense of the expression; especially when Guizot had vindicated, and was vindicating with no chary justice, the claims of the Church to the endless gratitude of modern civilization. It was clear that Gallicanism was far too scholastic a system,—it may be added, too monarchical also, and had historically been too little realized, too little impersonated, save by fits and starts and in peculiar pressures, to serve his purpose. Besides, after all, what high-hearted man can sympathize with Gallicanism, or indeed any other *national* Church system? Consequently he took up with Ultra-montane views; and it certainly says much for him, that Montalembert and Chateaubriand were his co-operators. There are now a considerable body of Gallican clergy, of great earnestness and real self-devotion, but, I think, strong Ultra-montanes, who are trying to create anew ecclesiastical feeling in France. Montalembert's famous Preface to his Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary is turning many minds; and the Lives of St. Dominick and St. François d'Assises are being much looked to. St. Dominick! What a rush of feelings comes with that word! The name of a single monk sounding up from the thirteenth cen-

tury, what horror and almost disgust does it breed on one side; and on the other, what love and veneration! What words, then, can one use, which shall unite the feelings of both parties[5]? We may say, and truly, that the life of St. Dominick, from the influence his order has had upon the Church, is very interesting and good to be studied. The good hopes with which the twelfth century had so auspiciously opened for the Church had all been clouded over before that same century came to a conclusion; and the magnificent idea of a real living unity and actual external communion of all Christendom, east and west, to a very splendid monarchical form of which the mind of Gregory VII. had given birth, was made impossible, perhaps for ever. This was sad enough. But further, the corruption of the western clergy was extreme. We know from St. Bernard that it was scarcely capable of being exaggerated: and the reform which St. Bernard failed to effect in and for the Church, Peter Waldo, a citizen of Lyons, attempted in the latter half of this century, out of and apart from the Church. The south of France and the plains of Lombardy were alike deeply infected

[5] Many things, because of their being useful in controversy, are taken for granted in history. If men would go to contemporary writings, and not to modern books shaped to a modern end, they would find that St. Dominick not only was not connected with De Montfort's persecution, but even that he bitterly lamented it, strongly condemned it, and retired into Italy partly on that account.

with heresy. Nor were the schools, universities, and professorial chairs in a very healthy state. The Aristotelian philosophy, however singularly it falls in with the rationale of Christian practice, does not seem, so far as the Church has had experience of it, to be favourable to theology, or the temper of faith proper to the study of the Christian mysteries: and that philosophy was then dangerously predominant. There were three ways of thinking in the universities at that day. Either men sacrificed Aristotle to the faith, or they sacrificed the faith to Aristotle; or, which was, perhaps, the least respectable line of thought, they imagined two sorts of truth, the truth of reason and the truth of faith, in such a way as that what was true in the one might be false in the other, and the reverse. Thus between schism, heresy, the corruption of the clergy, and the excessive taste for the heathen sciences, the Church found herself at the close of the twelfth century in a very infelicitous condition. In this state of things the eye of the student of Church history rests on those two extraordinary men, St. Dominick and St. François d'Assises, and the curious revival of religion which took place in the thirteenth century. An excited attention, therefore, to the lives and characters of these two Saints among religious persons in France may certainly be put down as a symptom of earnestness.

There has been a recent life of St. Dominick by M. Lacordaire, which is very interesting. There is

nothing new in it: but it is an honest affectionate apology by a Dominican, and a fair specimen of a way of thinking now beginning to be common among Churchmen in France. His account of himself in the Introduction, his going to Rome, the constancy of his affections towards France, and so forth, are very pleasing and instructive. A great effort is being made towards a practical revival of the Preaching Friars. It must not, however, be withheld that some of the helpers in this work of reviving Church feeling have exhibited that sad moral obliquity, which was the old stain upon Roman controversialists, and, it is to be feared, still continues to be so, for it cleaves even to persons who deserve our love. Such have been the translators of Voichts' Hildebrand, Hürter's Innocent III., and Ranke's Popes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The latter I read first in the French translation, and nothing but the witness of my own eyes could make me believe the iniquitous manner in which they have dealt with the facts as well as the words of the protestant author.

Another fault has characterized the Catholic movement in France, especially in the parts through which we have been travelling, and towards the Pyrenees. Every one knows that there are a mass of floating beliefs and customs, which move about with the Church of Rome wherever she moves, and yet are not received into the essence of her authoritative teaching. She is not committed to them

synodically. These have perplexed and irritated her controversial champions, and they have not unfrequently declined the responsibility of being sponsors for them; but it is not her genius to go back. Now one would have thought that where the Church had fallen into decay and was being renewed, her missionaries would have rejoiced at not finding, and therefore not having to continue, sundry of these loose opinions and practices, whose defence they have obviously felt so irksome heretofore, and whose propriety whole schools among them have more than doubted. Yet, perceiving education backward in parts of France, and being on that account emboldened to take their own line, they are throwing the revival of religious feeling into devotion to St. Mary, without even refining any of its grossness and dishonorable excess. Has the Church of Rome really borrowed from the Jesuits for ever the principle of stooping to the people, in lieu of raising the people to herself, and through herself to the Lord? It should be remembered that the weight upon the conscience which produced so much infidelity in the priests of Spain was far more from this cumbrous doctrinal and ritual accompaniment, from which, at least, the Church might free herself without sacrificing Trent, than from the Tridentine teaching itself, to which she is really committed.

Another book which was brought before me was an Exposition de Dogme Catholique by M. de Genoude. It is, however, a poor, diffuse, untheolo-

gical volume. There are many things in it which are common in the conversations of Roman priests, and even in most of the modern Roman theologians whose works I have read, excepting Möhler's Symbolik, and Döllinger, and others of the Munich school. May such things be fairly taken as symptoms and indices of the effects of their system? One of the least pardonable is the way in which they treat Holy Baptism. Probably, if they were catechized on the point, their answers might come out full and orthodox; but in their books it appears very insignificantly, and that would seem to indicate, that it was not practically uppermost in their minds, that practically it was swallowed up by the Sacrament of the Eucharist. Take M. de Genoude's book as an illustration. M. de Genoude, casting about to see what would be the best means for repairing the shattered edifice of Catholicity in France, hits upon the revival of the Fathers of the Oratory, bound by no vow, and whose office is to be teachers of theology. Full of this scheme, he first obtains the consent of the ecclesiastical authorities to his plan, and then presents a memorial to the minister, M. Teste, at that time garde de sceaux. By the minister he is favorably answered. M. de Genoude now hastens to Rome, addresses a letter to the Pope, and finally has a personal interview with him. Meanwhile he suspects jealousy and dislike from some influential quarters, as to the teaching of these revived Fathers of the Oratory, its soundness, its exclusively religious

character, and some other points. He prepares, therefore, an exposition of Catholic doctrine, which is to be at once the complement and corollary of all his former writings, and is to present a full epitome both of Church doctrine and of the proposed teaching of the new Fathers of the Oratory. Feeling that such a work as this ought to come before the public with something like the sanction of authority, he carries it with him to Rome, where it is formally examined and approved by Father Perone, who seems to have authority in these matters. Now this book, be it remembered, prefaced by all this long story, and being a code for *teaching*, is to be a "faithful exposition of the sublime doctrines of the Church." We find in it a long rambling chapter on the Blessed Virgin; and there is room also, it seems, for one on the rationale of a penal purgatory, and the evidence of God's mercy resulting from such a provision, and yet there is none on Holy Baptism. Nay more, the very mention of Baptism is rarer than one could have conceived it possible in any octavo theological volume, whatever might be its immediate subject; and where the word occurs, it is only some common Christian fashion of speech. This is one of the many points in which the lines of Roman and Puritanical teaching touch. Further, M. de Genoude continually uses the word *regenerate* to designate the office of the Holy Communion. This surely is defective work. One Sacrament is made to obscure, if not eclipse, the other. The

infinity of ecclesiastical Sacraments, to use old phraseology, is not by them, practically at least, divided into three classes: two which justify; five which have to do with our natural life, as Confirmation sealing Baptism, Penance clearing us of youthful or other sin, Marriage supplying children to the Church, Unction an apostolic rite for the restoration of the sick (now disused throughout the Church), and Orders the source of power to confer all other Sacraments; and a third class, into which are thrown all other symbolical rites, mystical acts in Scripture, and typical uses of material objects in liturgical services. A Roman divine acknowledges these three classes, but, as in the case of the Commandments, divides them differently. The Eucharist alone occupies the first class, Baptism being lowered into the other five. This is a method of theologizing strikingly different from that of English divinity. One might almost fancy, in this divided state of Christendom, that the entire faith was preserved to future and more favored generations, part by one Church, and part by another; each Church having somewhat of a different office to fulfil, and each, as it were, responsible for some particular part of Evangelical Tradition, which is in jeopardy elsewhere from neglect. And, if this be so, perhaps the dignity of Holy Baptism may be one of the charges given to the English Church, just as the respect for Antiquity seems, quite providentially, to have been confided to her.

It is an awe-inspiring privilege, if a man would

only intelligently use it, to wander up and down the broad Continent, whose very countenance is seamed and furrowed by the lines of God's past Providences and the potent action of His already accomplished decrees, to take up here and there the links of some tremendous chain of mysterious arrangements, to gaze on the fair faces of old cities, whose character and fortunes have been distinct, peculiar, and each subserving, in this or that age, and in this or that manner, the cause of the Catholic Church of Christ. Is there not, to a Christian mind, something very solemn and subduing in such spots as Paris, Avignon, Trent, Nice, Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, and Jerusalem? Are they not all places where steps were taken which gave a peculiar shape and form to the Church? And not only is it a solemn thing to read the face of Christendom, whose cities are each words to be spelled out, telling secrets of the past, and having the foot-marks of the Invisible not yet worn out of their streets, when He passed there with His Church, to guard her and see her through; but it is a solemn thing from books, conversation with strangers, the kindling of thought in stirring localities, which we may hope is sometimes overruled to the discovery of truth, and from other sources of observation, to watch and take the shape and bearings of those huge masses of cloud which are casting here and there such ponderous prophetic shadows upon the Church, in motion here, and there at rest, dipping earthwards here because of sin, and

there drawn awhile upwards, because of local prayer and holiness. It is a sight to make such a hush within one's soul, as though a little thought, or a restless thought, or an impure thought, might never inhabit there again, but be for evermore dislodged. Judgment has been done upon Asia: it seems still pausing over Europe. Only at a few epochs has the Church been so awfully, so deeply, with such vivid contrasts, chequered with light and shade as it is now; and, oh! how painfully one longs to know what may be the fortunes of our little, separated, tempest-tossed Island-Mother!

Yet if our impatience be not disciplined, haply she may break in pieces and go down. The wreckers are waiting on the shore; a sudden turn of the helm either way, and she is amid the white water of the breakers. Her rudder is spiritual. A divine and inseparable instinct will animate her in narrow straits and troubled seas, even though the inhuman nations have taken down the light-houses.

As I mused on these things, turning my thoughts to the low, monotonous splashing of the sea, and comparing the Catholic movements in France and England, my companion from the Middle Ages drew nigh, and said, "Strike not the balance hastily against France. These men have a spot outside the world, outside its cares and treacherous affections, whence they can apply their lever, and set the inert mass in motion." He regarded me, half doubting whether to go on. "That spot," said he, "is the

celibacy of the clergy." I did not betray any want of calmness, but I urged upon him the blessings we had derived from a married clergy, the fact that a great body of our clergy did remain unmarried during the most vigorous years of their life, the reported immorality of some sections of the foreign clergy, with other very similar arguments. I ended by saying, "Clerical celibacy is not a Divine command." "What Church or Doctor ever said it was?" replied he imperturbably. "It is, when imposed upon the clergy, imposed out of Christian prudence by ecclesiastical authority. Would you so prune the powers of the Church as to deny her right to impose this rule upon her ministry? Would it not rather be a question, whether two particular Churches, those of England and America, have done well, in these latter days, in assuming to themselves a liberty not taken by the other Churches of the West?" I made a gesture as if eager to answer him; but he said: "Be silent:—I know what you would say, that particular Churches have such a right, else your Church would not have done it, and that you are countenanced by primitive times; but remember, when the Church imposed celibacy upon her clergy, it may have been from a feeling of degeneracy, and an idea of its being useful in arresting that degeneracy; for degeneracy must always narrow the room of Christian liberty." "On the contrary," exclaimed I.—"Nay, I sought no battle," said he. "Well, then," I replied; "if I grant that it was lawful to the Church

of Rome to impose celibacy, you must grant it would not be expedient for the English Church to do it." "Expedient includes more, now-a-days, than it did of old," was his answer; "but if I grant, it would be inexpedient for your Church to order your clergy to live single lives now, what hinders that your clergy should live single lives without being ordered?" "What hinders?" said I:—"extreme inexpediency." "If," said he, "all you have told me of your Church, while we were at Avignon, be true, I think some little might be said to show that this were expedient. Are you content to listen?" "Certainly," replied I, "if your reasons are short; for I am tired." "I will put my case as shortly as I can. I will give you nineteen reasons why I think it would be expedient for a clergyman to live a single life. Mind—what I say is not meant as a burden to your conscience, but partly to make you a little less positive about Romish practices, and partly as helps to reflection, and partly as aids towards propelling a wavering state of mind into a decision." "You may spare yourself the trouble, my good friend," said I, very gravely; "for my mind is already made up; but, so far as your reasons may make me less positive in talking largely against Romish practices, I am ready to hear them." "Very well," said he, "I will begin then." "But mark you," interrupted I; "travelling is a weary business; I will not be bound to give you nineteen opposing reasons on behalf of a married clergy." "I do not wish it," he replied.

"I would rather you should not answer me; for people think little of any thing they have either contradicted or affirmed. The trouble of thinking is supposed to terminate with the judgment they give. But listen:—

Quite independent of the practice and temper of the Early Church, celibacy is undeniably put forward in Holy Scripture as a higher state of life than that of holy matrimony: and yet, if the latter be sacramental, and adumbrate the mystery of the marriage of the Lamb, what must celibacy be, and what internal economy in the Heaven of heavens may it not peradventure adumbrate?

If for all Christians, laymen and women inclusive, celibacy be *preferable* to holy matrimony, does not that *preference* rise perchance into something higher for those who hold the Keys of Absolution, and make the Lord's Holy Body in the "tremendous, unbloody Sacrifice[6]?"

If continence be a spiritual *gift*, (and is it not so spoken of in Holy Scripture?) is it not, according to the apostolic rule, to be "coveted earnestly," even though charity may be a yet more excellent way? and where we have an honest will toward a good thing, does not a way generally open out before us, by some direct or indirect Providence?

Does not the present exigency of the Church seem

[6] *Φρικτὸν, ἀναίμακτον θυσίαν.* Patristic language, occurring repeatedly, and in Liturgies.

to lay celibacy at your doors with a gesture not to be mistaken?

May not (to such as will receive it) celibacy be desirable, as enabling a priest to dedicate himself in a certain more inward way to some special office towards the body of Christ, such, *e. g.* as besieging Heaven to restore the *Sacramentum Unitatis* to the Catholic Church; which will come home to such tempers as cannot realize the bristling attitude assumed by many of your countrymen hitherto towards the Roman Church:—or again, such an office, *e. g.* as setting yourself aside, so to speak, as a beadsman for the dead; which will come home to such as are orphans and have lost friends whose religious state was distressingly uncertain, or to such as feel sick at heart from your Church's having been wrenched somewhat rudely from the invisible Church, and her face turned westward from the Altar beneath which the dead are, and are crying?

What from its very nature is of more force than celibacy to enable one to realize things unseen, at a time when not the world only, but, if so be, your own kinsfolk are on their knees day and night before things seen?

What is more needed now-a-days than alms, as well for what they do for the Church on earth by feeding the poor, preaching the Gospel, spreading the Sacraments, and building visible shrines of wood and stone, as for the power which they may be allowed to exercise in the invisible world on the Church's

behalf? And does not celibacy put much in your power by cutting off houshold expenses?

Supposing the waters which we hear gathering with angry sound be that *preliminary* apostacy which betokens Antichrist, or some fierce type of Antichrist at hand, does not celibacy rise to your mind a bulwark to your own soul, a coming out from among the apostate cities and being separate, a leaving yourself unbound with the green withs of marriage, so as that you may fight your way and witness in the streets with a masculine calmness, as having none to care for but yourselves?

Is it unlikely that the temper of large towns may be the temper of Apostacy; and is not the temper of celibacy, (*e. g.* as disregarding money, comfort, rich meats, much talking, physical beauty, intellectual power; while it makes much, as ascetics ever do of sacramental ordinances, and sound *words*, such as liturgies and creeds) the *exact* opposite and denial of the temper of large towns? If so, may not the Holy Ghost vouchsafe to use celibacy in some *special* way in combating this apostacy?

Does not your modern notion of clerical duties run too exclusively on parochial engagements, the office of archdeacons and so forth, leaving few by hard reading and absence of visible out-door duties to become scribes thoroughly instructed for the kingdom of Heaven in things old, such as the Councils and Fathers, and things new, such as the heretical figments of protestant men of letters? And is not

the once wide extent of an unreal system, by a sort of verbal contradiction termed evangelical, (for it sets the epistles over above and over against the gospels) to be attributed in some measure to good men's ignorance of theology in the eighteenth century? And are there not symptoms among you that the duration of that system will be limited according to the continuance of that ignorance? And does not celibacy, above all things, enable you to become servientes ad theologiam, while you neither slight nor overlook what you owe to married theologians; *e. g.* Bishop Bull's Defence of the Nicene Faith?

Will not celibacy, as enabling you to devote yourselves more largely to intercession for all estates of men, do something towards making up to the Church what she is suffering through the suppression of canonries and prebendal stalls in the cathedrals of your bishops?

To persons of much affectionate feeling, and intense love of children, does not celibacy afford an opportunity, in the way of sacrificing such feelings, of giving "as a king" unto the King of kings, the best things which He hath given you?

If a person in this age of such general impurity, has been, at school and college, by God's *seemingly* accidental mercy, kept clear of overt sins, specially condemned in Holy Scripture, does not celibacy seem hinted to him in such a Providence?

If a person's love has been crossed in any way,

does not this likewise seem a providential hint to him, in favor of celibacy?

Without blaming others who "do well," may it not be doing "better," for priests to live that state of life which the Church, after her first love was gone, thought almost, if not quite, binding upon the clergy; the British and American Churches being the only branches of Western Christendom whose clergy use their liberty in this respect? And to English priests may it not be added, that if any of my other considerations come home to them, they are bound by the XXXIInd Article to marry or live virgins, not according to their own desire, but "as they shall judge the same to serve better to godliness?"

Does not celibacy give you the means of making a *great* "venture for Christ's sake," in an age (and this is where I most pity you) when, from the world's being superficially christianized, great ventures are not easily come at?

To such of you Englishmen as feel the want of it, does not celibacy afford to a priest one of the underhand (by which, not to be misunderstood, is meant unoffending inwardly realized) ways in which meek hearts may attain to a stronger feeling of communion with the rest of Western Christendom?

May not celibacy be to many a special cure for certain special defects of character; *e. g.* soft living, extravagant expenditure, idolatry of comfort, over-

talking, pride of intellect, a feeling of solitude irksome, an unhealthy appetite for sympathy?

Last and greatest consideration, may not celibacy not only prevent future sin by remedying defects of character, but also be, to use the forcible language of the Apocrypha, an atonement (through Christ as all such atonements are, whether they be honoring of parents, giving of alms, or any other we hear of in the public lections of the Church, and dignified with that high name simply as being shadows of the one great and true Atonement) for past sin? And were not most of you brought up unconscious of the regenerating waters that were within you, and had passed upon you, and have you not sinned in this ignorance very grievously towards the Body of Christ, whose members, when boys, you did not know you were?"

He concluded, and we were both silent for some time. At last I said: "Are these the strongest reasons you have to urge? You have wandered from the point. Many of your reasons are equally cogent for lay-people. Besides, they are not adapted for our modern habits of thought, or the contexture of the social world in modern times. You will convince nobody." "The world! Do you speak of the world?" said he. "But," I continued, "your reasons are strongly tinged with the spirit of suspicious ages. Believe me, you will convince nobody." "The words which I have used I have pondered," was his reply, and he returned into the city. I repeated the

expression after him, "The words which I have used I have pondered." I remained sitting on the beach with a very vacant mind, and amused myself, almost unconsciously, with throwing pebbles into the Mediterranean.

END OF BOOK I.

BOOK II.

CISALPINE GAUL.

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CISALPINE GAUL.

"THE gentleman at Marseilles," says Bishop Jeremy Taylor, "cursed his stars, that he was absent when the ship set sail to sea, having long waited for a wind and missed it; but he gave thanks to the Providence that blessed him with the cross, when he knew that the ship perished in the voyage, and all the men were drowned." We had not to wait upon the winds; the new powers of science waited upon us, the elements only did not thwart. It may be that the extreme diminution of danger and hazard, which is now run by land or sea, causes that the temper of travellers should be less religious than it was. The adventures of modern voyagers are adventures of sentiment, not of rough, rude peril. We do not, therefore, feel ourselves leaning so sensibly on the Invisible Arm, by which we are in reality just as much sustained. Improvements, which appear to augment the independent power of man, do often weaken him morally, by thickening the mist which intervenes between his eyes and the agency of Pro-

vidence, with its multitudinous angelical workmen. Have we not watched for a sight of the mountain-peak on struggling mornings, while the mists were writhing and clinging about the rocky projections, and, ever when they threw themselves upon an upward current of air, and rose gaily, and grew towards a solid cloud, and the green bosom of the hill began to shine through the transparent vapor, where the sun crept in behind it, and the peak would in a few moments be clear and disengaged, behold! the heavy white volumes of mist have fallen down again, and hang as a curtain before the ravines, and the pine-tops appear above the surface, and we are more weary of our watching, and less near to our desire? So has it been with science and its enlightenment, with regard to our better insight into Providence. Light seemed to precede each great discovery, but the self-standing power, which the discovery conferred upon us, clouded once more our moral vision. But we *did* see light. Of that we are sure. It is faith's food.

Yet, if the facile rapidity of travel does tend to diminish our sense of the close presence and present help of God, it, like the other creations of the busy world, may mightily subserve the interests of the Church, and will in fact so subserve them. If the legions of great Rome were for some centuries toiling with the pickaxe and spade to construct mighty roads, by which Apostles might compass the ends of the earth, if those huge arteries were the uncon-

scious preparation which poor, blind paganism was making for the more rapid circulation of the fresh blood that should spring up and stir that monstrous empire, and be an element at once of health and of destruction, may not the wings of modern power be intended for the wings of the weary dove to rest upon as she speeds from one recess of the Church towards the other? When there is an emotion in Christendom, when all at once, and in many places, and in disconnected circles, and with unconscious similarity of design the parts of the Church shall edge forward towards each other, and be fain to piece themselves together once more, and begin to dream again of one spiritual unity, typifying by outward communion that mystically compacted life which it has never lost within, then perchance the Church will gain by the world being in wonderful, unheard-of communication, one country with another. A movement here will be backed up and urged forward and answered by a movement there; the sympathies of nearer circles will cease to be indispensable to success; partial persecution will not be able to put down what a voice from each of the four winds declares to be neither partial nor local; and the earthy sediment, which the rough mixing of man's art produces, will be rapidly and innocuously precipitated by some antagonist purity in another of the moving circles of the Catholic population of the world. When those times come, tendencies, which a hasty dislike, armed with the weapon of accidental authority, may prune

away, shall sprout, as in a healthy spring-tide, lustily and many-headed. When those times come, the elements of a better revolution may be crushed, but when crushed they will explode, as things in nature do, and each atom be a new element complete in itself, separate, energetic. When indifference ceases, when men will no longer bear to stand calmly by and look upon active opinions, new emotions, and high-hearted changes, when persecution becomes the lot of an ancient-featured novelty, and, as of old, multiplies the objects of persecution, then, it may be, are better times at hand. For "these are the beginnings of sorrows," sorrows which are in travail of the End.

O vain world, the cheat of your own activity! you are toiling for your enemy. The days may come when these new powers and yet inadequately explored means shall be the weapons of the Church to subdue you back unto herself. The communication of nations is fast growing up into a miracle: but the mechanical unity is only levelling the barriers, wearing down the partitions and carving out the heritage of a spiritual unity. The world's most independent toil is that of a dishonest and blind trustee, ever over-reaching himself, and the fruit of whose speculations flows at last into the coffers of his ward.

The morning broke beautifully over Mentone; and our voyage was most lovely. We kept close in land a considerable part of the distance. It was like the passing of a scene in a play. The color of

the sea was the true Mediterranean blue, and the mountains were bright in the early dawn, and studded half-way up with white villas, which the sun kept touching and bringing out as it rose higher. Vintimiglia, St. Remo, Oneglia, Langueglia, Alassio, Albenza, Loano, Finale, Noli, Savona, Cogareto, all passed before us in the most enchanting panorama, as we kept shifting our place along the smooth sea. We entered the harbor of Genoa, delighted and amazed. But Genoa from the sea cannot be described. It depends upon light and shade. We had them perfectly mingled, and the view was superb. And now we set foot upon the shore of Italy, after Palestine, the great land of pilgrimage for the world.

It was now in Italy that we began to experience painfully on Sundays the feeling of being what Lord John Manners calls "an outward infidel." In France, Sunday wore a common, dusty work-day appearance. Here it is far otherwise. The very steamers are arrested by the holy day in their voyage from Marseilles to Leghorn, to the amusing mortification of some impatient English. Too true indeed it is that we only know the value of common blessings by being deprived of them. Each Sunday which follows seems to us now more and more forlorn. It is, at times when no excitement is upon us, a sorry thing to be exiled from all we love and know best; but it is worse a hundred times to be exiled from consecrated places. The very psalms seem tame and com-

fortless on Sundays, when read alone, or in a consul's room. Their music is gone out of them. Sunday abroad is really an unhappy, restless day, and one almost rejoices when it is past. One yearns for a home-Sunday, for the Church privileges and domestic joyousness of an English Sunday houshold. The very bells, with which Genoa was alive, seemed to sound reproachfully in our ears. There are churches enough to enter, where we can say our secret prayers; for it is an evil thing to gaze and peep while others around you are kneeling and believing.

Forlorn as our Sundays are, let us put our own case alongside that of a missionary. We are absent for a short while only, and wandering where Christian or historical interest shall make it seem most profitable. It is almost always easy to find countrymen with whom we can read portions of Holy Scriptures, and those national Church services to which we are restricted abroad by the present state of Christendom. We are without any external hindrance to private religious offices, or the observation of holy times, and we have a speedy prospect of returning, if God permit, once more into the bosom of our own branch of the Church Catholic. The missionary, on the contrary, in many cases at least, is absent for an indefinite number of years, fixed in one region, where mostly there is not only no historical interest to afford subjects of thought to an ecclesiastical scholar, but not even civilization. He is often quite alone,

except invisibly. He has frequently daily external hindrances, even insults and vexatious persecutions, to his common prayers or marking of holydays; and he is worn down by harassing perils, undignified, probably, by any remote prospect of martyrdom. His Sundays must indeed, without special grace, be forlorn,—so like each other all the year round, even from Advent to Whit-Sunday; yet, doubtless, endured, as the rest of his trials are, only by mighty, simple faith, as it is, not *imposed* upon him, but "*given* him in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him," which is a high privilege, "but also to suffer for His sake," which is higher still. A good missionary is, indeed, a character of great religious dignity, and deservedly of much esteem in the Church. Yet is his loneliness less irksome, from the very necessity of action; and it is a harder task, more difficult to flesh and blood, to ride tranquilly at anchor in a monastery, than to be an isolated missionary. The monk and the missionary have two very different offices, except where the monk foregoes his monastery, as many have done, and received the crown of martyrdom. But, for the most part, the missionary has to extend the frontier of the Church, or to recover its lost possessions; whereas the monk's office is to keep the heart of the Church pure, to inform it with intelligence, to detain by intercession jealous blessings ready to withdraw themselves, because they are slighted or abused. People, who never tried them, say lives of monastic

penance are easy to be passed. No: amid the joys of marriage, and the pretty science of young children, and the friendly looks of a kind neighbourhood, it is easy to write off a life of penance in a few sentences; but who could, in calm reflection, expand the years of solitary weariness, of hardness, and mortification, of wakeful scholarship, of perpetual prayer, unvisited by a softness or a joy, beyond what a bird, or a tree, or an unusually blue sky may bring him, with a trust in Christ as pure, complete, and self-abandoning as theirs who so write, and a knowledge of his Christian liberty as clear and enlarged;—who could expand all this out of the few current phrases into which it is compressed, and not confess that it was harder to be a monk than a missionary? And, for the estimation of it, let people account whether monastic teachers of theology, such as the princely and erudite Benedictines, take not that "special" rank, St. Paul speaks of, as the "double honor" due to the presbyters who labor in the word and doctrine. O let us not, at least, condemn virtues as alloyed with impure doctrinal motives, when the truth is, that we have not the heart, the hardness, or the love, to prosecute such virtues ourselves!

A person may walk long in Genoa without being weary; there are, from almost all points, such continually changing views of the Mediterranean, the city, and the hills. The gardens, indeed, of several palaces, with loaded orange-trees hanging over the marble balustrades, made us remember and regret

the paucity of trees. Marble sadly spoils fine buildings, when it is used for exteriors. It is sure to be stained in time, and then it looks shabby. It is not venerable like stone, when time, or weather-stained; and, when new, marble glares and gives no relief. It would destroy the beauty even of Salisbury, Wells, or Amiens. Who can look at Milan cathedral without wishing for some architectural alchemy to transmute it into Stamford stone?

The cathedral at Genoa is not very fine. The remains of St. John the Baptist are said to be deposited beneath one of the Altars. Mass was being said there when we entered. Alas! in all objects of ecclesiastical interest in Roman Catholic countries, one can never yield one's faith without personal investigation of the legend. This mars one's pleasure many times, for it throws uncertainty over what may turn out true, and the freshness of feeling is dissipated in the inquiry.

Early in March the hot weather broke upon us in Genoa. There had been a continuance of rainy days, till a nocturnal thunder-storm brought with it the change. It was beautiful, yet a beauty which awed the beholder, to see the ships, the Fanale, and the hills lighted up every other minute by long-abiding sheets of deep-blue lightning. And such a day dawned upon the sea, tranquillizing and brightening its angry purple. We climbed the "olive-sandalled" Apennines at midday by the steep Via Crucis, notwithstanding the heat. The views amply

repaid us. The Mediterranean was a bewildering blue, a blue I had seen in dreams, but never elsewhere till now. Here the plain of the sea was covered with glossy wakes from grotesquely rigged fishing-boats; there a breeze from the hills was ruffling the blue into a purple; far out again it was a silvery green, with the hazy mountains of Corsica rising faintly out of its breast. To the left was a bay, guarded by brown rocks, beautifully shaped, and wherein was a steamy mist hanging over the sea, a noonday mist, blue as the water and the sky. To the right, headlands after headlands put themselves forth, fainter and more faint, guarding and concealing as many quiet bays, and above them rose a glorious range of higher mountains towards Piedmont, covered with snow, tinged, very slightly tinged, with a light orange hue. And at our feet, couched like a living creature, lay "Genoa the Superb," blazing with white houses, her crescent port, her domes and towers, her palaces, that are, each and all, old pages of history, torn from some illuminated manuscript of the Middle Ages, and whereon the illuminations are well nigh faded or effaced, by time and violence. Then, if on all this we turned our backs for a few moments, what a sudden change awaited us! We looked into the very inner windings of the Apennines, with here and there a quiet village, whose one white straggling street seemed in the very act of scaling the rugged tree-less steep; and such a brooding calm was there, a calm such as never comes

except at noonday. It seemed a marvel two such worlds should be so near. On this side, the blue pageant of the Mediterranean shrinking, as it were, in honorable homage from the beach, where Genoa still dreams over the past in her empty palaces: on the other side, so soft, so speechless, so green a desolation!

On that platform of the Apennines and threshold of Italy, its history may well rise before us; how Florence hated Pisa, and Venice Genoa; and how all alike were trodden underfoot of rough Transalpines, and all because the land was so beautiful, because Italy was so fatally dowered, that the German bridegrooms have sought her hand with arms.

"Italia! Italia! O tu cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza[1]!"

I had thought that all the feasts which fell in Lent were, by the Roman Church, postponed till afterwards. In Genoa this did not seem to hold with the feast of the Annunciation of our Lady: as it does not in the Greek Church. The city was plunged in one entire tumult of holyday. All the shops were shut; but booths of fruit and every kind of eatables crowded the streets. Lent seemed forgotten. The churches were thronged by men well dressed, and women almost gorgeously appareled. Bells ringing, chiming, and playing tunes without intermission all

[1] Filicaja.

day. Genoa was a chaos of bells. All sounds of labor were hushed; the steamboats were stopped in the middle of their voyages, and every street was filled with heaps, or rather stacks of flowers, wherewith to honor the images and Altars of the Blessed Virgin. We ourselves were quite possessed with the Sunday feeling of the day; and, not to be utterly without sympathy with the Genoese around us, we decorated our room with a bunch of crimson tulips, apparently the favorite flower, that we might not be without somewhat to remind us of her

> " Who so above
> All mothers shone,
> The mother of
> The Blessed One."

The splendid ceremonials of the day recalled strongly to my mind a very beautiful procession which I saw at Bruges, in 1839, on the Octave of the Assumption, when St. Mary's image was carried through the streets, preceded by the Host, to visit St. Mary Magdalen in her church. From the general chastity of arrangement, and strikingly graceful gestures of the little children, who generally form a portion of it, a procession is by far the most imposing of Roman ecclesiastical pageants. I see still before me the procession at Bruges, passing along the streets strewn with sweet flags and other herbs:

> " —two and two they marched, and loud bells tolled;
> One, from a sprinkle, holy water flung;

This bore the relics in a chest of gold,
On arm of that the swinging censer hung;
Another loud a tinkling hand-bell rung;
Four fathers went that ringing monk behind,
Who suited psalms of holy David sung;
Then o'er the Cross a stalking sire inclined,
And banners of the Church went waving in the wind[2]."

Genoa probably considers herself bound to allure her sons and daughters to devote themselves more exclusively to the invocation of St. Mary; for upon her gate, towards Nice, she inscribes herself "The City of the Most Holy Mary," and M. de Genoude, in his book, expatiates with delight upon her pre-eminency among the other cities of Europe in the Culte de la S^te^. Vierge.

It would be a subject of deep interest, though many ways distressing, to trace the estimation and honor in which the holy Mother has been held by Christians, since the time when the Council of Ephesus asserted her, in defence of Catholic doctrine, to be the Mother of God; as of course she was, if her Son was indeed, and at that time, very God and true Man. The *language* which occurs in St. Bernard certainly goes beyond that of most of the Fathers. But the same remark which has been made about the vague definitions and multiform doxologies of Antenicene times, regarding the consubstantiality of the Son—namely, that the authors wrote before heresy, and, like children, were uncramped in their

[2] Fosbroke's Economy of Monastic Life.

language, and enjoyed a freedom which heresy cut off from us, may, in its measure, be applied to glowing words about St. Mary, and the transcendent dignity which her relation to the Divinity confers upon her. The writers could not foresee, they would hardly have believed the possibility of, a system so gross, so degrading to the memory of the Lord's Mother, and so tending to steal hearts from Christ, as that which lives and is upheld in Italy, Belgium, and Spain at present. But it appears, on good authority, that this is not all. The lofty language about St. Mary has slid away from the place it occupied in the Fathers; it has slipped down into a context which would have shocked them as much as, perhaps from their greater affectionateness more than, it shocks us. This should be remembered, as high words about the Blessed Virgin have not unfrequently been imputed to the Fathers, as an objection to their weight as teachers. The difference between Patristic and Romish language, on this subject, is thus stated [3]. "It should be noticed, that there is an essential difference between the way in which men's salvation is in any passages of the Fathers said to be derived through St. Mary, and that in which it is attributed to her by these later writers. The object of St. Irenæus and other Fathers, in the first place, is not to magnify St. Mary,

[3] Pusey's Letter to Jelf. Appendix on Liguori's Glories of Mary, p. 215.

but to point out the reality of the Incarnation, which was denied by the Gnostic heretics; but then, further, (1) the benefits are said to be derived through her, in that, of her, according to the flesh, Christ was born; in the later writers, they are attributed to her by virtue of the dignity, *since* bestowed upon her: (2) in the Fathers, they are spoken of as coming from her indirectly; in later writers, directly: (3) in the Fathers, from her when on earth; in later writers, from her in heaven: (4) in the Fathers, from the Nativity of our Lord; later, from *her* sovereignty, rule, intercession, command, with which, for her merits, she is alleged to be invested." It appears, then, from this contrast, that the Fathers, however vivid their language might sometimes be, (and what was there to make them fear vivid language then?) never left the standing-point of the Council of Ephesus. They spoke of the Virgin of the Gospels, with their eyes fixed upon the mystery of the Incarnation; whereas Roman divines speak of the Virgin in heaven, with their eyes fixed upon her assumption thither.

Montalembert himself, in his introduction to the Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, includes among the blessings of the thirteenth century the systematizing, if not the rise, of the service of the Virgin. Certainly it occupies a very prominent place in the systems of St. Dominick and St. Francis, and in the whole of that revival of religion which distinguishes the thirteenth century; an age not unfrequently

misunderstood or misrepresented, and which Mr. Gladstone[4], whose sobriety of style and thought make it very unlikely that he should have any imaginative preference for a dark age, speaks of as a time when the soil of the Church had more vigor in throwing up great plants than at present. He instances Roger Bacon, Dante, and St. Thomas Aquinas. It has suited controversy to make De Montfort a type of this century,—a man whose conduct was as emphatically condemned by St. Dominick, and his religious contemporaries, as it can be now. This is unfortunate, for a study of the revival of religion in the thirteenth century would bring out singularly applicable lessons both for us and for our Roman brethren.

The tenet of the immaculate conception, which took such strong root in Spain that the common forms of polite intercourse still bear it upon them[5], and which is not, I believe, a doctrine of the Roman *Church*, was foremost in all Franciscan preaching[6]. St. Bonaventure, who wrote the famous life of St. Francis, twice paraphrased the Psalms, in honor of the Lord's Mother; a task certainly of no great difficulty, seeing how continually the Church appears there, and how easy it would be to twist that figure;

[4] Church Principles, p. 10.

[5] *E. G.* The frequent salutation, "Ave Maria purisima!"—responded to by "Sin pecado concebida!"

[6] This, and the facts which follow, are from Montalembert. Vie de St. Elizabeth.

yet of very questionable reverence. St. Philip Benizzi, who wrote the manual called the Seven Sorrows of the Virgin, was a servite or serf of Mary, a Florentine order, dating from the thirteenth century.

The effects of this adoration (surely it must be called so) of the Lord's Mother have been prodigious, both in and out of the Church. The Christian elevation of the female character, so notorious in the Middle Ages, cannot, with anything like historical accuracy, be linked to chivalry. It would not be hard to show that it was owing mainly to the growing reverence for the Blessed Mother of the Lord. It is very questionable, whether chivalry went nearly so deep down into the European mind as is often said, and many vestiges of picturesque good-feeling, which interest us in later centuries, may fairly be claimed by other causes, though mostly attributed to chivalry. Chivalry had three epochs; first, when it was real, and consequently had fruits,—secondly, when it grew unreal, and consequently had no fruits,—thirdly, when it was unreally revived, and was a mere folly or magnificent caprice, as under Francis I. In addition to the influence upon female character, which the reverence for St. Mary may have exercised, we must take into reckoning the amount of works of Christian art, churches, statues, pictures, and poetry, which have sprung from devotion to her. In this matter alone, we discover, in the honor paid to her, an overwhelming influence exerted over the

Church Catholic till the end of time. Greater still will that influence become, if, as with sad foreboding we apprehend, her service and invocation should be put foremost in the revival of religion now commencing in the Roman communion. This will be a miserable disappointment to all of us. It will blight some promise which now delights and, perchance, deludes the eye. It will put things back again, perhaps for centuries, which have, with so much difficulty, made their present slight advance. For we live in an age when tendencies ripen rapidly, and the effects of a quickened belief in, and service of, the Virgin of the Assumption, and all that is therewith connected, would speedily display themselves in a corruption of Catholic doctrine, perhaps worse than what has been hitherto. What those effects would be are thus set forth by the theologian recently quoted. "It is, of course, believed in the abstract, (i. e. by Romanists) that our Lord is the One Mediator with the Father, and the blessed Virgin a mediatrix only with our Lord; Rome is not charged with denying, but with overlaying the faith by her additions; but, practically, at the best, where is the inducement held out to a sinner to go further than the blessed Virgin, when it is taught that she has all power given her, that she obtains what she wills, that persons need only pray to her? Nor can this be paralleled with the Catholic doctrine of prayer to the Father through the Son; undoubtedly there may be a form of unconscious Unitarianism lurking under

exclusive prayer to our Lord (as it would also be un-scriptural and un-catholic); but at least in such prayers, prayer is offered to Him Who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, is one God; in these prayers to the Virgin, the creature is substituted for the Creator as the object of prayer. Such, it is much to be feared, must be the effect of this teaching on common minds; but, at the very best, her office, as thus set forth, practically takes the place of that which our Blessed Lord deigns to bear. The feelings of devout affection, trust, and hope, amid our sins, 'boldness in approaching to the throne of grace,' consciousness that we have One Who can have a feeling for our infirmities, which, in the Catholic system, are directed towards our Lord, as being Man although God, in the Romanist are turned aside to his Mother. Our Lord is contemplated as God, and our judge; the blessed Virgin has that office which, in the Catholic system, is occupied by the glorified Humanity of our Lord; justice and mercy are no longer met together, but justice is apportioned to our Lord. His other attribute of mercy is divided from Him and given to His Mother. The soul is invited, not to lift itself up to Him, but to rest in His Mother, as finding in her the very attributes, which Holy Scripture and the Catholic Church set forth to us in our Lord."

We saw nothing in Genoa of the irreverent demeanor, both of the clergy and people, which we had been told would meet our eyes on landing in

Italy. On the contrary there was much apparent devotion. The services were very magnificent and affecting, and had the appearance of being felt by the people as real. I was struck, as often before, with the stress, in the offices of the Virgin, laid upon "plena gratiæ," the Latin translation of κεχαριτωμένη, the "highly favored," "graciously accepted," or "much graced," of our translation. Neither has any of the priests yet explained satisfactorily to me, why Mary and her choosing the "better part" should constantly appear in Roman devotion books in honor of the blessed Virgin. Of course they cannot have confused the two Maries, and the Church might make any ecclesiastical application of Scripture in a mystical way, specially when the Roman Breviary is so rich in them; but how is such an application made in this instance to the case of the blessed Virgin?

Fuller gives this advice to travellers, in his buffooning style:—"Be well settled in thine own religion, lest, travelling out of England into Spain, thou goest out of God's blessing into the warm sun. They that go over maids for their religion will be ravished at the sight of the first popish church they enter into. But if first thou be well grounded, their fooleries shall rivet thy faith the faster, and travel shall give thee confirmation in that Baptism thou didst receive at home." I would say the reverse of much of this. So far is one from being "ravished at the sight of the first popish church" we enter,

that the service is, so far as I know, distasteful, and almost offensive. Nearly the whole of my second journey on the Continent, and that too amid the ecclesiastical magnificence of Belgium, had elapsed before I became at all reconciled to it. The danger, if danger there can really be to an intelligent or well-disciplined Anglican, is on further acquaintance and familiarity. The attraction increases in proportion to our study of the Roman service books. Much, well nigh all, in them is so beautiful, so solemn, so reverently bold, so full of Catholic teaching, so fitted to the deepest devotional cravings of which we are capable, and has, historically, been the road and training of such eminent Saints, that we return almost with a feeling of disappointment and sense of lowering to our own formularies, forgetting that we have deserved lowering much further, and that the Catholic richness of the Common Prayer is far above our actual condition and practice. The hold which the Breviary takes upon us is strengthened, while we allow its austere hymns to raise our affections higher than their wonted pitch, while we learn many things we knew not of, from the selection of the readings, and pause over the antiphons, where a word from one part of Scripture seems to meet another and make a key, and open up whole mines of mystical exposition, much of it, probably, belonging to very ancient traditional treasures in the Church. When this is done, and there is no feeling in the mind of the real, however

obscured, catholicity of our Church, and no sense that so much of the Breviary belongs to us, no less than to Rome, then it is that the Roman services are most likely to "ravish" those who join, and peril their allegiance to their own Church; if such a thing were possible to instructed or modest minds. He, who first taught us that the best part of the Breviary was our own, and separated it from later additions, and bid us boldly use it, and put words into our mouth to those who would make its beauty their claim to our submission, earned a truer gratitude from the English Church, and kept her sons better to her side than many a preceding generation of controversialists. But if, in any uncertain mood of mind, the hearing of the Roman services creates regrets in the heart, and those regrets commute themselves into immodest repinings, let the serious Englishman abroad bind, as an amulet, round his memory a note of native British melody, which will win his heart back to his humble Mother, while it interferes not with a nobler and patient aspiration after the fulness of Catholic teaching.

"Dear Church, our island's sacred sojourner,
A richer dress thy southern sisters own,
And some would deem too bright their flowing zone
For sacred walls. I love thee, nor would stir
Thy simple note, severe in character,
By use made lovelier, for the loftier tone
Of hymn, response, and touching antiphone,
Lest we lose homelier truth. The chorister

That sings the summer nights, so soft and strong,
To music modulating his sweet throat,
Labors with richness of his varied note,
Yet lifts not unto heaven a holier song,
Than our home bird that, on some leafless thorn,
Hymns his plain chaunt each wint'ry eve and morn[7]."

We advanced to Novi. The whole of our journey there consisted in threading our way through the belt of rough, woody, Apennines, which stand like green ramparts round about Genoa. Every turn brought us fresh views; every bank was covered with white and blue violets, primroses, snow-drops, and wood anemonies, and the weather was beautiful. Many of the hills reminded us of some Westmoreland mountains. If we are in the habit of looking at people's faces, we often detect likenesses of a peculiar sort, even in foreign lands,—likenesses of such a kind as to lead us to suppose, that if we could see and examine the race of mankind, we might divide off all manner of faces into a certain number of well-defined ones: likenesses, for instance, of this sort:—not only are the features alike, but the gait, the way of managing the limbs, the hair, the tone of voice, the whole moral impress are the same; oftentimes so much the same as to bewilder and astonish us, and confuse our recollections. There is something of the same sort about mountains; and even in the forms of those contorted masses, thrown up by

[7] Sonnet on Foreign Breviaries, in "The Cathedral," p. 21.

fire, or furrowed and featured by the tremendous pressure of a deluge, nature observes an order; for her treasure-house of shapes is limited, and there is a law in the empire of beautiful forms, so as that, were we in a position to make it, they are capable of classification. This might be made use of in teaching geography, to such as have an instinctive love of natural objects, and an eye for them, but who are unapt to learn that science, either in its principles, or in its enormous multitude of facts. We saw many Apennines to day, not only like Westmoreland mountains in mere outline, but in a hundred other things; the way they turned themselves to other mountains, —what shape those other mountains were of,—the course the torrents took,—where wood was present and where it was absent,—and a certain indescribable general character besides.

Occupied by this sapient and profitable speculation, we reached the little river Serrta, whose waters are almost as blue as those of the Sorgue at Vaucluse. Indeed, it would be a lovely river, if it did not make a broad gravel-bed in winter, in the midst of which its waters are almost lost in warmer weather. We followed the Serrta to Novi, the autumn retirement of the ancient Genoese.

Soon after leaving Novi, we skirted the edge of the plain of Marengo, once a royal Frank chase. The morning sun was just beginning to have power; and the juicy blades of the young corn were sucking nourishment from earth that had, hidden within it,

such fearful sources of fertility. Above, a number of larks were singing merrily and loudly,—singing as if there were no such things as battles. Who would not feel that there was a moral in their thrilling dithyrambs? The road was flat but the country rich and fertile, and many of the villages prettily situated on the lower knolls of a small range of hills, which lay upon our left. We crossed that classic "king of rivers," the Po. It, as well as its brother monarch in France, the impatient Rhone, seem to be tyrannical in their winter rule. There were vestiges of sad desolation all around. Indeed, father Eridanus seems to have a bad character in his own neighbourhood. For we saw a church, some little distance from his banks, consecrated, as the inscription bore, "to St. Laurence, the Deacon, our Patron, that he may ward off diseases and Eridanus." The Po is no good specimen of an inland river, although its waters wander through scenes of almost cumbrous luxuriance. Soon after, the bridge over the Tesino brought us into Pavia, the capital of Alboin. This is the frontier of the noble dominions of the Austrian Kaiser.

Pavia is an interesting city, though the university is a very plain building, and the churches are not picturesque. But it is interesting, because the bark of history has touched there, and brought away many recollections of it. It was the scene of the massacre which was preliminary to the fall of Stilicho, when Honorius wandered about the streets in an agony of fear, and without the imperial ornaments. Nay, it

was for some time the capital of Italy, for here Alboin, the Lombard conqueror, fixed his court, slighting, as Gibbon says, the ancient glories of Milan. Lanfranc of Canterbury, the English primate in the reign of William Rufus, was a native of Pavia. Indeed it is curious that Lombardy should have given us two of our greatest early English prelates, Lanfranc, and St. Anselm. Both were divines of considerable note, Lanfranc for his treatise against Berengarius, and St. Anselm for his logical method. The primacy of both was marked by a considerable deepening and widening of the papal power in the English Church. In modern history, the name of Pavia is famous from the battle of Pavia, where Francis I. was taken prisoner by the Constable de Bourbon, who, like Lord Brooke before Lichfield cathedral, was slain while sacrilegiously scaling the walls of the Eternal City.

It is curious there should have been three contemporary sovereigns in that generation, who were all historically *great*, yet for none of whom we can feel true respect, nor pay heartfelt honor to their memories. Henry VIII. was *great*, just as the man who burnt the temple of Ephesus might be great, that is to say, notorious for posthumous mischief. His lust and extravagant expenditure were, in the plans of Providence, the visible engines of the considerable ecclesiastical changes which date from his reign; but which he would have been the last person to bring about, if he might have had Anne Boleyn and church

lands on any other terms. Charles V. was *great*, because to considerable political acuteness he added heartlessness, which enabled him to go straight forward, like a Roman road, without any of those windings or delays which a hundred amiable feelings bring about to defeat political purposes. A poet, for instance, who feels no moral restraint over him either in his choice of subjects, or in his manner of treating them, can for the purposes of present popularity make a little power go further than a great deal will do in the hands of a reverent, cautious Christian. The contest between the reputations of the two modern English poets,[8] whose names come uppermost to our minds at present, is an exemplification of this. We have a foretaste of the judgment of posterity. So it is in politics, when a man has the gift of a hard heart. Francis I. was *great*, because he revived, at countless cost, expired chivalry in his own person. But all revivals of things which have no intrinsic life are but splendid falshoods. Now chivalry had at no period any life of its own, but only so far as it was moored alongside of the Church. It was when apart from the Church, like freemasonry and temperance societies, an attempt to improve the manners of the times and establish a code of morals upon a basis which never can be the foundation of so massive an edifice. The broad stone of honor sank into the earth when it ceased to rest itself against the corner-stone of the Church. Chi-

[8] Wordsworth and Byron.

valry banished brutal crime, and introduced refined vice, which ate into the very heart of Europe, and killed her old barbarian earnestness. It meant well, but the truth is, the Church is sufficient for all these things. Leave the burden upon her; for she has aid to bear it. But Francis I. did not seek to revive chivalry as connected with the Church. Nor could he have done so. Francis was the first modern Frenchman. He spoiled that fine nation. His main characteristic was the want of the calm moral restraint which we call good sense, or plain sense: the want of which seems to have been national during the revolution, as witnessed in the almost childish use of old classical history and names; and to have been prevalent in one large section of the French people lately, as witnessed in the ludicrous phrenzy of dislike exhibited towards us, and the sensible writhings of pain at our success in commerce and diplomacy. Francis I., as I have said before, shares with Henry IV. and Louis XIV. the disgrace of having much deteriorated the noble and virtuous character of the French nation; and his revival of chivalry, which seems the solitary note of his greatness, was only upon an immense scale what a modern tournament might be, and Charles V., the cool matter-of-fact sheriff, who would suggest the possible legal penalties, and take advantage of them. So much for reflections on the field of Pavia.

About five miles from Pavia, on one side of the road, stands the Certosa of Chiaravalle, beneath the

walls of which the battle of Pavia was fought. It certainly is a most gorgeous church; but it looked desolate and forlorn, and in want of worshippers. The suppression of the monastery in this particular spot is to be regretted. It was one of the wholesale reforms of Joseph II., the Austrian Henry VIII.; but a better and honester man, and a wiser sovereign. This house of Carthusian monks was begun by one of the Visconti, Dukes of Milan, in the fourteenth century, as an expiation for his sins, which were in truth many and onerous. The building of it occupied a hundred years. The whole of the interior, which is spacious and in the form of a Latin Cross, is one mingled mass of marble, precious stones, brass, bronze, fresco-painting and stained windows, most dazzling and costly. We observed much elaborate work in very precious materials, in more than one place where it could scarcely be seen by any human eye. This is always delightful. It is very contrary to our spirit. We would as soon throw ourselves from our own steeples as do anything elaborate or beautiful or costly, where it would never meet the eyes of men. How the spirit of the Middle Ages dwarfs this selfish, unventuresome meanness. What a refreshment it is, how grateful a reproof to wander up and down, within and without, the labyrinth of roofs in an old cathedral, as we did at Amiens, and see the toil and the cost of parts to which the eye can scarcely travel, so isolated are they in the air,—tracery, exquisitely-finished images, fretwork, and

the like; and all an offering of man's toil and intellect and cost to the Holy Trinity. The Certosa is a signal instance of this spirit. It is one heap of riches and of earth's most magnificent things, wrought by the deep and fertile spirit of Christian art into a wondrous symbolical offering to God, shaped after the Cross of His Son. Once indeed it had a continual voice, a voice of daily and nightly liturgies, which rose up from it before the Lord perpetually. But the fiat of an Austrian Emperor went forth, and from that hour there was so much less intercession upon the earth. The Certosa is now a silent sacrifice of Christian art. It is, as it were, a prayer for the dead, rising with full though speechless meaning up to Heaven.

I came out from the church, and loitered about the tranquil collegiate quadrangle in which it is situated. I remembered Petrarch's letter to some Carthusian monks with whom he had stayed [9]. "My desires are fulfilled. I have been in Paradise, and seen the Angels of Heaven in the form of men. Happy family of Jesus Christ! How was I ravished in the contemplation of that sacred hermitage, that pious temple, which resounded with celestial psalmody! In the midst of these transports, in the pleasure of embracing the dear deposit I confided to your care, (his brother, who had taken the habit) and in discoursing with him, and with you, time ran so

[9] Mémoires pour la Vie, &c.—Engl. Trans. p. 60.

rapidly that I scarcely perceived its progress. I never spent a shorter day or night. I came to seek one brother, and I found a hundred. You did not treat me as a common guest. The activity and the ardor with which you rendered me all sorts of services, the agreeable conversations I had with you in general and particular, made me fear I should interrupt the course of your devout exercises. I felt it was my duty to leave you, but it was with extreme pain I deprived myself of hearing those sacred oracles you deliver. I did purpose to have made you a short discourse; but I was so absorbed, I could not find a moment to think of it. In my solitude I ruminate over that precious balm which I gathered, like the bee, from the flowers of your holy retreat."

O kings and queens! how swiftly runs the pen through the letters of your signature, and what power is allotted by Heaven to the prince's written name to humble or elevate the world! Some tranquil morning at Schönbrunn, it may be, the Kaiser was detained one moment from the elm-tree walk beneath the windows, and, ere the sentinel would have time to change guard, that Carthusian world of peaceful sanctity, of king-protecting intercession, of penitence and benediction, of Heaven realized below, was signed away, swept from the earth by a written name. It was as though the Kaiser had stopped the fountains of one of the Lombard rivers. Yet are those royal pens in their swift movements guided invisibly, as a master diverts the fingers of the child,

to the well-being of the Church, a well-being attained one while by depression, another while by exaltation. Therefore let the king's name be reverenced and feared, and let churchmen uncover themselves before it.

Our fellow-traveller from the Middle Ages came near. He looked round the grass-grown quadrangle with a slow, searching gaze, till his eyes rested upon the west front of the church. The door was open, and I could see his look travel upwards to the cold and desolate and dusty Altar. The calm sadness of his countenance seemed to pass away, his eye lighted up, and his features were compressed as though he were keeping back a burst of indignation. I heard him say in a low voice, deep, yet troubled, and with his eyes closed and his face turned downwards, "Dreadful." No words can describe his aspect and demeanor when he uttered this. It did not seem like the judgment of a child of earth, with such collected severity was it spoken, with such undoubting confidence of rectitude pronounced, and still with a yearning sadness as though the heart were embracing in its capacious sympathies all the mortal affections which sacrilege had ever wronged. Yet was his mien so full of prayer, such a consciousness of some High Presence which he was adoring stood like a sweet, awful shade upon his face, that I could have deemed it was an Archangel who had been wont to minister at that Altar, who now stood before me in human shape, giving utterance to a judgment that

with a devout renunciation he made over to that Judgment of which all other judgments, angelical or saintly, are haply foretellings.

That word was not meant for me to hear; but he saw that I had heard it. He turned towards me, and pointed to the church, "Behold," said he, "a type!" He was silent again; and then I heard him say as though to himself, "God protect the earth from the wrath of kings."

"Yet," said he, raising his voice and turning from the church, as though it troubled his thoughts, "man's judgments may not imitate the simplicity and singleness of God's judgments. Those are attributes which belong to His judgments alone. So we must not wholly condemn this Austrian Kaiser. He shifted the position of the Church within his realms, and that a little roughly, but he did not rob her to feed his courtiers. What was first assigned remained assigned to spiritual uses." "Oh," replied I "how we could have forgiven the memory of Henry had he done as this Austrian Kaiser has done." "Yes," said he "it was of your Henry that I was thinking. But there has seldom been a family on a throne with so few respectable qualities as the English Tudors. The bitter and narrow-minded Mary deserves the most esteem; for she, through principles in which she had faith, gave up to the pope what was nearest and dearest to a Tudor's heart, unshared supremacy." "But," said I, "you forget the royal boy, Edward. He is still an idol of the

English." "Nay," replied he smiling, "I wish not to throw down your idol. Posthumous royalty is not often worshipped. Only stop short of canonizing him. There have been but two great kings commemorated by the Church in the two great realms of France and England, St. Louis, and Charles; and you would scarcely put young Edward on a level with the good crusader, or the gentle-mannered Martyr. Think you not that the real character of royal boys is hard to be come at? You must confess it was well for the young Tudor's memory that he died early, for his conscience was in evil keeping." "How mean you?" I asked. "Why," he answered, "when a young boy signed his royal name weeping, and to authorize an act which in his own conscience he deemed wicked, and signed it withal because an archbishop bade him do so, you may say he was a good boy and a modest, in that he thought an archbishop greater than his conscience, and yet from such tuition you would not augur well."

Anxious to turn the conversation, I said, "I know not whether it be a safe habit, that of detecting Providences, real or fancied, in history." "Surely," he replied, "it is a safe habit, if the Providences be feared, and suffered to stir prayer. Yet are they not to be urged as though they were truths; rather are they to be received as hints, and dwelt upon inwardly, for we may oft-times go astray in such discoveries." "It has seemed to me," said I, "that there are singularly frequent Providences both in the history of

our reformation, and also in the fortunes of the Stuarts." "And," interrupted he, "because they are both disagreeable parts of history to you, you would fain reconcile yourself to them by detecting therein a more than common richness of Providences." "Just so," I replied. "And surely," said he, "here is no cause for blame or for misgiving. In reviewing the history of the Church since my own times, little as I have found to like, I have discovered much to reverence, much which has the shape and look of being divine." "Has it not struck you," said I, "as providential, that the sagacity of the papacy, which has been well nigh unfailing, whether for good or for ill, should have given way so completely as it did in the management of Henry and Elizabeth. It would not have been so now. It was not so in other countries. Contrast its subsequent wisdom, its subtilty, wonderful without being culpable, under Henry IV. of France." "I have," he replied, "no such sympathies with the modern papacy as should interfere with my acquiescing in what you say. Doubtless the popes of those days, Pius V. especially, were blindfolded of Providence. A judicial fatuity seems to mark their doings." "Perchance," said I, "it was meant that an apostolically-ordered Church should exist outside the shade of Rome, as a standing-place for primitive doctrine, in order to the conversion of Rome herself, and that that country should be selected for it which was of old called the Land of Saints, and owes such mighty debts to papal Rome."

"This is too bold," said he, "and savors over much of the self-complacency of the last century and a-half of your Church." "And," continued I, not heeding his interruption, "if the day of Rome's penitence come not, then England is as it were the limit of the old continent, whence catholic teaching and catholic form may pass over to the last harvest-field of the Cross." "What" said he angrily, "does not the majesty of Rome, that awful Church, so overawe your spirit as to prevent your talking with such curious ingenuity of Rome's penitence? Do you not stand rebuked before the history of your own Church? What has that history been but an accumulation of matter for repentance to yourselves, and of wonder to others, that you are yet allowed to stand where you do stand? Be rebuked, I say, before the modest wisdom of your own saintly Herbert.

> 'The second temple could not reach the first;
> And the late reformation never durst
> Compare with ancient times and purer years;
> But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.
> Nay, it shall every year decrease and fade.'

"The very name of Lombardy should rebuke you. Do you not remember that, for a hundred years, while Rome was weak and dependent on the decrepid empire of the east, the name and thought of Rome seemed to strike such an awe into the Lombard conquerors that, without any reason visible to historians, they abstained from its desirable conquest for

a century? Surely Rome's majesty was permitted to be her own mysterious shield, till aid arose in the west; and no sooner had the Lombards dared to lift a hand against the pontifical city than the pious Carlovingian princes came, and destroyed the rude heretical kingdom, which had so long stood instinctively rebuked before Rome, as a strong beast before the shape and eye and voice of a weak but godlike man."

"You forget," said I, "that we are not brought up to reverence Rome." "That is not well," he answered. "Rome is not as other churches. She is not a common city: she has no common chair." "Alas!" said I, "I cannot grant"——"Who bade you grant any thing?" he interrupted; "Answer me not, I was speaking as it were out of the bosom of my own centuries, forgetting your hindrances. But when I do speak, answer me not. Yet believe me, Rome will be permitted to lie grievously on those who will not reverence her. She is marked, not by her own hand, for reverence.

"But I forget," he continued: "you mean not to go to Rome. I should not have spoken harshly to one who shrinks from visiting Rome in such guise as you must visit it. But my spirit is moved to see these Lombard cities thus suddenly emptied of travellers. Oh Rome! Rome! a blight be on all who have brought it about, that thou shouldst be but to open a theatre to Europe during the Holy Week! See how they throng thee,—how thy churches are crowded,—how they flock about the holy father!

Greeks from Russia, cold, high English, transatlantic republicans, Protestants from Germany, infidel artists from France! See what a concourse of the world is gathered in the capital of Christendom, to behold thee dramatize[1] the Passion of the Lord. And thou art avenged, yet, oh! what a vengeance! Thou breedest irreligion in those who come to look, and scorn, and be amused by holy things. Their nations have turned from thee, awful city! and thou, in fierce requital, turnest into its contrary thine office of a heart. The blood which thou receivest into thyself thou sendest out more impure than thou receivedst it. Oh, Rome! the city of my times, the place of our glad and lowly pilgrimages, how

[1] The word *dramatize* is not here used in any offensive sense, or as denying the touching beauty of the Roman services for Passion Week. The Church is, of course, free from fault; but too many of the spectators are not, and too many of the actors likewise. A modern Roman Bishop considers one of the most solemn representations of that Week "*worthy of ancient tragedy.*" This is the style of a patron, rather than a son,—of an artist, rather than a priest. Is it to be wondered at, that the characteristics of such a writer should be an unaffectionate, and, to his brethren, one would think, distressing, explaining away of doctrines which are best defended by being earnestly realized? It is difficult to study the writings of Dr. Wiseman without an unpleasant sensation coming across the mind, that he feels uncomfortable at the task which has devolved upon him, and impatient to pass off from clear statements, easily made if heartily believed, into a piece of fine writing, whenever the opportunity occurs. This is not said in an uncharitable spirit, or as judging; but merely stating a strong impression of mind not peculiar to myself.

changed thou art in many things, but still thou art Rome, and hast Rome's prerogative,—a tremendous power to ban or bless!"

A silence succeeded this outburst. He did not speak with his usual dignified tranquillity, but short and quick, with here and there a pause, as if his anger overcame him, and stayed his utterance. After a while he said, "Bear with what will seem to you but impassioned romance. We were speaking of the conduct of the papacy towards England. If its blindness was providential in the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth, then does that Providence seem to have been continuous. For, in every attempt made since upon your country, some of the baser helpmates have been permitted to mingle the polluting element of disloyalty and sedition with the work, and so turn God's countenance from it." "Yes," said I, "even in our own times the wicked political agitation of an immoral band, small in numbers, but strong in the unity of a vile purpose, may have corrupted other and better workings, which have been contemporary with it." "Beware, then," he answered, "of courting for catholic movements in your own Church an interested patronage which may gender a secular spirit. Men soon get tired of being discountenanced, and then there is a temptation to look out for patronage." "And yet," said I, "the only time when we seemed near to winning our English Roman brethren back again, was through politics. I allude to the attempt made by James I.,

when he and Archbishop Abbot kept so many Roman divines concealed in London [2], writing in favor of the king's supremacy, and against the temporal jurisdiction of the pope. Matters were nearly coming to a head then. Yet Archbishop Abbot, Laud's Puritan antagonist, was a strange primate for such doings to happen under." "He was not," replied he, "the first Puritan with a double conscience. Indeed, if I may say a word against your Stuart divines, they were all ever trembling on the edge of Erastianism, and not a few fell over. But I wonder you should speak well of this attempt of King James. Surely the discovery of it by the populace, the bringing to light of the Altars, chalices, vestments, and splendid decorations, and the suspicious dislike against the king, thence resulting, should be one of your Providences in the fortunes of the Stuarts. This attempt, mark you, was not to be an open, broad reconciliation of your Church with Rome, nor a bold and authoritative calling for the allegiance of your Roman brethren, on the ground of your being a true Church, but a mere cowardly conspiracy to inveigle a number of them into the Church, not for the Church's sake, but to cheat Pope Pius' excommunication, and to consolidate James's power. It would have been the filling up

[2] For this curious piece of secret history, see D'Israeli's "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I." Had Laud, and not Abbot, been the Primate, those who have tried to blacken Laud's character would have rescued it from its comparative neglect.

and completing of a schism which, for your own sakes, you ought to wish to find some ground for thinking incomplete, and so, hopeful."

"You think, then," I asked, "that our condition is hopeful, even on your principles." "Yes," replied he, "I do. Many obstacles have been overcome which, at the beginning of the century, would have been considered insuperable. But there remains one behind which appears the most difficult of all, and I do not see how you are to get out of it. Yet, often, what seems the prime difficulty in a matter thaws away, and vanishes no one knows how." "What is the difficulty to which you allude?" said I. "It arises," he replied, "from a view of the historical character of your Church and her theology. The modern structure of your Church is revolutionary. It was rebuilt in haste, and, as with the Long Walls at Athens, fragments of tombs, statues, temples, and memorial pillars, were built into it, often upside down; and, when the work was done, you found you had inclosed the besiegers' outposts within your city, instead of building him out altogether. You discovered two opposite religious tendencies united in your Church, one prevailing in this formulary, the other prevailing in that, both fettered together by the same tests, and subjected to the same conditions of theological thought, without either having the ability to exorcise the other. The history of your Church, and indeed of your country, since that time, has been neither more nor less than the history of

those rival tendencies. For English history is peculiarly, and eminently, a theological history. The names of Hooker, Laud, and Ken, only symbolize epochs of the conflict; and Oxford is made now, whether with its good will or not, to typify to the other nations of Europe the old contest, renewed a fourth time under fresh and distinctive banners, a league of many circles, not the mere contingent of a solitary school. Here is the difficulty. One of these tendencies must devour the other, before you can be in any condition, united at home, to work towards a unity abroad. Now the champions of each tendency have surely an *equal* claim to have their consciences respected, and their interpretations permitted, so long as their subscriptions are honest, and their obedience to the lawful sources of spiritual power and theological interference hearty and consistent. Yet I do not see how any synodical step taken by the English Church now could be any thing but a condemnation of one or other of these tendencies, and its consequent ejection or departure from her pale; and the two tendencies are so evenly balanced in the country, and among the clergy, that the consequences would be tremendous." "But," said I, "suppose the tendency with which you sympathize were ejected, we might hope that"—— "Do not suffer yourself to hope any thing," he replied; "confusion, in such a case, *must* ensue, and in the middle of confusion *might* come ruin. Beware of wishing for persecution. Persecu-

tion is, it is true, the best of all things for the interests of a party, once waxed strong; but what is for the interests of a party is never for the interests of the Church. Mark my words: what is for the interests of a party, *as such*, is *never* for the interests of the Church."

"How then," said I, "do you think this difficulty of the two tendencies can be got over, or will be got over." "Indeed I know not," he answered; "I have thought often of it. Providence will get you over it, when you deserve it. But it is a great difficulty. You will never come near to getting over it, till some one breaks in pieces the foul 'idolatry of party' which rules among you, and teaches you, and his teaching is accepted, and realized, after some such strain as this: 'Religious changes, (he must tell you,) to be beneficial, should be the act of the whole body; they are worth little, if they are the mere act of a majority. No good can come of any change which is not heartfelt, a development of feelings springing up freely and calmly within the bosom of the whole body itself. Moreover, a change in theological teaching involves either the commission or the confession of sin; it is either the profession or renunciation of erroneous doctrine, and if it does not succeed in proving the fact of past guilt, it, *ipso facto*, implies present. In other words, every change in religion carries with it its own condemnation, which is not attended by deep repentance; even supposing then that any changes in contemplation, whatever they were,

were good in themselves, they would cease to be good to a Church, in which they were the fruits, not of the quiet conviction of all, but of the agitation, or tyranny, or intrigue of a few; nurtured not in mutual love, but in strife and envying; perfected not in humiliation and grief, but in pride, elation, and triumph. Moreover, it is a very serious truth, that persons and bodies, who put themselves into a disadvantageous state, cannot, at their pleasure, extricate themselves from it. They are unworthy of it,—they are in prison, and Christ is the keeper. There is but one way towards a real reformation,—a return to Him, in heart and spirit, Whose sacred truth they have betrayed; all other methods, however fair they may promise, will prove to be but shadows and failures.' "

"But," said I, "a silent revolution of that sort will be the work of ages." "By God's grace, no," replied he. "It may be nearer than you imagine, though you deserve it to be ages off. All things have been going that way for some time. There are a hundred things in your modern literature which, like Selden's straw, show the way the wind is setting. And even those who oppose it witness for it. There has scarcely been one who, in stepping back from this tendency, in order to take up an attitude whence he could strike a blow at some part, has not, in turning himself, touched, and then leaned upon, some other part of the very system he would throw down. But your own national character illustrates the necessity

of such a method of change, as that which would be advocated in the style of teaching I have pointed to." "In what way?" I asked. "Why," replied he, "amid many moral blemishes, the better characteristics of your nation are caution, sobriety, and a kind of natural honest inability to hold any sentiments, opinions, or beliefs, without commuting them into practice, and tessellating them, so to speak, into the ground-work of daily life. But this caution is apt to degenerate into an acquiescence in an evil state of things, this sobriety into proud coldness, and this practical way of regarding things into party prejudice. Party spirit, as an Oriental would say, is the dark element in England. The Donatist temper cleaves to your people. Therefore, your national characteristic would render it unsafe and unwise, nay, impossible, for you to take any bold step. Grandeur of action, such as the French had so long, comes of other qualities." "Grandeur!" said I; "but surely English greatness now might pass into a proverb." "Ah!" said he, smiling, "I do not want you to explain to me your greatness now. Europe knows an Englishman is fluent enough on that head, however chilling and stately his bearing may be otherwise. But greatness, in the vocabulary of my times, meant a very different thing. There are many things in your modern civilization, which I do not understand, and cannot fathom, and therefore I take them for what they say they are, and believe them good, even though I fancy I here and there detect

the contracted brow, the upturned nose, or projecting chin, which marked the family faces of some of our enemies, with whom, in my day, we thought it pious to be at feud. I too have been at Nuremberg, and in the narrow streets or upon the Danube walls of Ratisbon, and seen, mayhap what in these days is looked upon as typifying greatness,—'jewellers from Augsburg, watchmakers from Neufchâtel, wine-merchants from Frankfort, leechbuyers from Hamburgh, grocers from Königsberg, amber-dealers from Memel, furriers from Warsaw [1]. You speak of the mingled multitude of the servitors of commerce,—the pale merchant from Archangel, the bronzed Chinese, Tartars from the Five Mountains, regularly-featured Circassians, muslin pedlars from Tartary, hide-selling Cossacks from the Ukraine, caviàr merchants from the Akhtuba, the flowing robes and dark hair of Persian perfume-sellers, the Kujur from Astrabad, the Turcoman from north of the Gourgan, the wild Bashkir of Ural, the Kuzzilbash of Olenburg, the rosary-fingering Greek of Moldavia, the Kalmuck horse-dealer, the Frenchman and the Chilan, the Bucharian and Agriskhan, the Nogäis and Kirghisians, with Jews from Brody, and Turks from Trebizond. We saw no germ nor element of greatness in scenes like this. They were to us but fountains of the grotesque in Gothic art, studies for our painters in feature and costume. We knew not that they

[1] Bremner's Account of the Fair of Nishnei.

typified the might of a nation, or its true inward life. Yet have you means of greatness such as no nation before you has ever had, were your people disposed to realize them." "Of what is it that you speak?" I asked. "Of your foreign possessions," he replied; whether in the vast eastern peninsula, the islands of the west, or the broad tracts of Canada, you might plant some hundreds of episcopal chairs, and by colleges and monasteries, be a glorious means of fulfilling some of the most glowing prophecies respecting the extension of the Church Catholic. As it is, *wicked* is the only word which I can apply to the government of your colonies. You seem to regard them as mere material mines, from whence the mother country is to extract the precious ore for her own luxury and splendour. Few indeed have been the legislative acts which have betokened any anxiety for the future fortunes, or present spiritual health of those countries, and those few have been wrung from the government by a minority." "Nay," said I, "I fear this is not the worst. I fear there have been acts of distinct aggression upon the Church." "Yes," he replied, "your colonial history is, indeed, abundantly humiliating to a people noted for vaunting of religious light and privileges. If that vaunting be true, it does but illustrate very fearfully the judgments which may, in the divine purposes, be laid up for you. But we are wandering from the subject. I alluded to your national character merely by way of proof, that the mode of change in the

Church, contemplated above, must necessarily be the one, at whose tardiness you were inclined to fret. But it waxes late, and Milan is before us."

We have seen the far-famed cathedral of Milan, the cathedral of St. Charles Borromeo, whose praise is in all the churches. It is indeed a superb edifice, but, from the bad effect of marble for exteriors, much grander in the inside. Not but that the exterior is most beautiful, but it wants, to my eyes, weight and solemnity. Its appearance is too artistical. Yet it is venturesome to blame. But the interior is quite overpowering. It seemed, indeed, a type of the everlasting creed of the Church; for—

> "What is the long cathedral glade,
> But Faith that in the structured shade
> Herself embodies to the sense,
> Leaning upon Omnipotence,
> And holiness, ennobling thought,
> Into a living temple wrought?
> There strength and beauty spring to life
> In contests of harmonious strife;
> With blended glories high aloof,
> Embracing on the gorgeous roof;
> Till, standing neath the giant throng,
> The soul expands, and feels her strong
> With more than doth to man belong[2]."

The morning Mass, at the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, was just finishing, when we descended into the subterranean chapel, at the entrance of the

[2] The Cathedral, p. 144.

choir. We did not much regard the splendor of the tomb, for our eyes were riveted on the coffer which stood above the Altar, and contained the mortal remains of that holy Saint and faithful shepherd. The longer we remained in the cathedral, the more its glory, and magnificence, and colored gloom, took possession of our spirits. It is an oppressive thing to be a priest in the city of St. Ambrose and St. Charles Borromeo, and yet a stranger; a gazer,—a mere English looker-on,—a tourist, where one should be upon one's knees at home, and in that divine temple a legitimate worshipper. But where rests the blame? Alas! the sour logic of controversy may be as convincing as it usually is to men whose minds were made up, as almost all minds are, independent of it; but, since Eve tempted and Adam fell, has there ever been a strife where both sides were not to blame? In a difference so broad and complicated, so many-veined and intertwisted, as that between Rome and us, never was there so monstrous a faith as that which could believe that all the wrong was with Rome, and all the right with England. Yet men have been seen with the mortal eye, who had the capacity to receive this, and put trust in it. It is distressing, truly, to be in a wonderful church, like this of Milan, to be sure you reverence the memory of St. Ambrose, and have deep affection for the very name of Borromeo, and are not without Christian thought for Saints Gervasius and Protasius, as much as one half of the people

you see there, and yet be shut out from all church offices,—to have no home at the Altars of that one Church, at whose Altars, by apostolic ordination, you are privileged to consecrate the Christian Mysteries.

Among the numerous sights of Milan, we admired, with the rest of the world, the magnificence of the Simplon Arch, and the disfigured remainder of the celebrated Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci. The convent is now turned from the honor of St. Maria delle Grazie into an Austrian barrack; and the room where the fresco is looks cold and forlorn. The Head and Face of our Blessed Lord, in the engravings, fall far short of the painting, and, indeed, present a very different expression. We were very much pleased, also, with the Church of St. Victor. It is full of very tolerable frescoes; but the most interesting part is the oak carving of the stalls, representing the life of St. Benedict.

But by far the most interesting thing in Milan is, of course, the Ambrosian Church. The edifice itself is of the ninth century. The western doors, of old cedar wood, are said, but apparently without truth, to be the identical ones which St. Ambrose closed against Theodosius, when he would have pressed into the church. But the locality is sufficient, without the identity of the doors, to awaken feelings of the deepest kind. A man truly must feel much godly emulation, who is placed in the archiepiscopal chair of Milan, with two such predecessors as St. Ambrose and St. Charles. While on the stirring spot where

the holy Ambrose shone forth, representing to all time the lofty character of a primitive bishop, and where Theodosius exalted his imperial dignity, by submission to the holy Church—let us pass in review, some of the chapters in the very interesting history of the Lombard Church.

The Church of Milan was the second in Italy, being inferior to none but that of Rome, except, perhaps, for a short time, when the imperial residence at Ravenna gave additional dignity to that see. The life of St. Ambrose is the first important epoch in Milanese church history, to which our attention is called. His extraordinary election to fill the chair of the Arian Auxentius, which seems to have been over-ruled by Providence in a more visible way than it is, for the most part, vouchsafed to us to see,—his contest with Justina and Valentinian, and his introduction of the severe oriental chants, which still remain, under his name, at Milan, while a modification of them, dating from the seventh century, prevails over most of Europe,—his dignified severity to the strong-minded Theodosius, because of the massacre of Thessalonica, and the emperor's eight months' penance—are too well known to require detailing here, extremely interesting as they are. I shall select from the Ambrosian epochs two incidents not so universally known, and which have a strong claim to our attention. The first shall be the ecclesiastical legend of Saints Gervasius and Protasius; and the second, the death of St. Ambrose, as related by

Paulinus; as both of them exhibit miraculous manifestations, granted by God to His Church, so late as the close of the fourth century, and resting, in both cases, upon authority as unexceptionable as that upon which the greatest portion of history is received.

The legend of Saints Gervasius and Protasius, the primitive martyrs, has been narrated in a recent publication, from which the following narrative, as well as the remarks upon it, is taken[3]:—"St. Ambrose (during the persecution of Valentinian, in behalf of the Arians) was proceeding to the dedication of a certain church at Milan, which remains there to this day, with the name of 'St. Ambrose the Greater;' and was urged by the people to bury relics of Martyrs under the altar, as he had recently done in the case of the Basilica of the Apostles. This was according to the usage of those times, desirous, thereby, both of honoring those who had braved death for Christ's sake, and of hallowing religious places with the mortal instruments of their triumph. Ambrose, in consequence, gave orders to open the ground in the church of St. Nabor, as a spot likely to have been the burying place of martyrs during the heathen persecutions.

"Augustine, who was in Milan at the time, alleges that Ambrose was directed in his search by a dream. Ambrose himself is evidently reserved on the subject, in his letter to his sister, though he was

[3] The Church of the Fathers.

accustomed to make her his confidant in his ecclesiastical proceedings; he only speaks of his heart having burned within him, in presage of what was to happen. The digging commenced, and in due time two skeletons were discovered, of great size, perfect, and disposed in an orderly way, the head of each, however, separated from the body, and a quantity of blood about. That they were the remains of martyrs none could reasonably doubt; and their names were ascertained to be Gervasius and Protasius; how, it does not appear, but certainly not so alleged on any traditionary information, or for any popular object, since they proved to be quite new names to the Church of the day, though some elderly men, at length, recollected hearing them in former years. Nor is it wonderful that the Saints should have been forgotten, considering the number of the apostolic Martyrs, among whom Gervasius and Protasius appear to have a place.

"It seems to have been usual in that day to verify the genuineness of relics, by bringing some of the *energumeni*, or possessed with devils, to them. Such afflicted persons were present with St. Ambrose during the search; and before the service for exorcism commenced, one of them gave the well-known signs of horror and distress which were customarily excited by the presence of what had been the tabernacle of Divine Grace.

"The skeletons were raised and transported to the neighbouring church of St. Faustus. The next

day, June 18, on which they were to be conveyed to their destination, a vast concourse of people attended the procession. This was the moment chosen by Divine Providence to give signal to His Church, that, though years passed on, He was still what He had been from the beginning, a living and a faithful God, wonder-working as in the lifetime of the Apostles, and true to His word spoken by His prophets unto a thousand generations. There was in Milan a man of middle age, well known in the place, by name Severus, who, having become blind, had given up his trade, and was now supported by charitable persons. Being told the cause of the shoutings in the streets, he persuaded his guide to lead him to the sacred relics. He came near; he touched the cloth which covered them; and he regained his sight immediately."

As to this narrative, which rests on the high testimony of three witnesses, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and Paulinus, the author says, "On the whole, then, are we not in the following dilemma:—If the miracle did not take place, then St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, men of name, said they had ascertained a fact which they did not ascertain, and said it in the face of enemies, with an appeal to a whole city, and that continued during a quarter of a century. What instrument of refutation shall we devise against a case like this, neither so violently *à priori* as to supersede the Apostles' testimony, nor so fastidious of evidence as to imperil Tacitus or Cæsar? On the

other hand, if the miracle did take place, a certain measure of authority, more or less, surely must thereby attach to St. Ambrose,—to his doctrine and his life, to his ecclesiastical principles and proceedings, to the Church itself of the fourth century, of which he is one main pillar. The miracle gives a certain sanction to three things at once: to the catholic doctrine of the Trinity, to the Church's resistance of the civil power, and to the commemoration of Saints and Martyrs. What alternative shall the Protestant accept? Shall we retreat, or shall we advance? shall we relapse into scepticism upon all subjects, or sacrifice our deep-rooted prejudices? shall we give up our knowledge of times past altogether, or endure to gain a knowledge which we think we fully have already,—the knowledge of divine truth?"

The narrative of St. Ambrose's death shall be taken from Cave's Lives of the Fathers[4]. "Being now worn out with cares and labors, he began to sink. A few days before he fell sick, he foretold his death, but said he should live till Easter. Before he took his bed, he continued his usual studies, and expounded the 43rd Psalm ('We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us,' &c.), which he dictated to Paulinus, who was his amanuensis, and who, looking up, on a sudden saw a globe of fire in form of a shield covering his head, and by

[4] Vol. iii. p. 197, 8vo. edition.

degrees creeping in at his mouth, after which his face became white as snow, though soon after it returned to its usual complexion. Paulinus was sore frighted with the vision, his pen fell out of his hand, and he could write no further till he had recovered himself. It was the last time the good Bishop either wrote or dictated anything, nor did he finish his exposition upon that Psalm, which accordingly is extant imperfect at this day. Count Stilicho was infinitely troubled at the news of his sickness, and said openly, 'The day that that great man dies, destruction hangs over Italy;' and therefore, sending for as many of the nobility and magistrates of the city as he knew had an interest in the bishop's kindness, he partly threatened, partly persuaded, them to go to him, and by all means prevail with him to beg his life of God. They went, and with tears besought him to intercede with Heaven for his own life, representing the inconceivable loss the Church of God would receive by the death of so excellent a prelate; to whom he gave no other answer than this, 'I have not so behaved myself among them that I should be ashamed to live; nor am I afraid to die, because I have so good a Master.' The day whereon he died (which was April 4, A.D. 397), he lay for several hours with his hands expanded in form of a Cross, his lips moving all the while, though it could not be understood what he said. Honoratus, bishop of Vercellæ, was there at that time, and being gone into an upper chamber to take a little rest, heard a voice

crying three times to him, 'Arise, and make haste, for he is going to depart.' He came down, and gave him the Holy Eucharist, which he had no sooner taken but he expired. His body was early next morning carried to the great cathedral, and there remained on Easter eve. On the Lord's day, after the public solemnities, it was removed to the Ambrosian church, and there interred; his funeral being attended by persons of all ranks and qualities, of all ages and conditions, not only Christians, but Jews and Gentiles; many striving to touch his body with napkins or handkerchiefs, believing they should be able with them to fence off the assaults of evil spirits."

In theology, St. Ambrose may be called the western echo of Origen, without, however, any of the over-venturesome spirit which has been supposed characteristic of the great Alexandrian teacher. St. Ambrose now ranks as one of the four prime doctors of the Latin Church, Augustine, Gregory, and Jerome being his colleagues.

From the Ambrosian epoch of the Milanese church we may pass to the middle of the eleventh century, a sad and stormy epoch in Lombardy[5]. The interference of the temporal power under the Franconian emperors with the discipline of the Church and the papal elections, however unjustifiable it was in itself,

[5] The following narrative is compiled from Dunham's Middle Ages, and Bowden's Pontificate of Gregory VII.

came recommended to many of the pious men of those days by the horrible condition of the Church, and the flagitious lives of the clergy, and especially of the bishops. By the side of this party, who viewed with too simple a complacency the policy of Conrad the Salic and Henry III., there grew up another party, equally pure and pious, and equally ardent in their attempts to restore the pristine discipline of the Church, while they were far more clear-sighted as to the perilous consequences of that improper position which the temporal power had assumed in reference to the spiritual, and which was already making serious inroads upon the divine constitution of the Church. Of this party, Hildebrand, even before his elevation to the pontifical throne, was an eminent type and influential member. This party was gaining ground rapidly during the pontificates of Leo IX. and Nicholas II. The Milanese Church seems entitled to an unhappy pre-eminence in the clerical corruption of the times, and was moreover distinguished by a very sensitive jealousy of Rome's growing power. It appeared intolerable that the chair of St. Ambrose should be placed in subjection to the chair of St. Peter. This led to scenes of a disgraceful description. The prevailing sins of simony and unchastity, which polluted the Lombard clergy, raised up a party against them even in Milan itself. Ariald, a deacon of that Church, an eloquent, learned, but violent-tempered man, headed the austere party in Milan, and was backed

by Landulf, an influential ecclesiastic also. By inflammatory sermons and loud denunciations of clerical marriage, he brought the Milanese populace into such a state of feeling, that they treated the archbishop himself with the grossest insults. Unable of themselves to put the austere party down, the Milanese clergy applied to Rome, and to Stephen IX., then pope. They appear to have presented very false accounts of things to Stephen, and he merely recommended them to hold a council, and summon Ariald before it. Ariald did not obey, was excommunicated, and appealed to Rome. Stephen, now better informed of the real state of things in Lombardy, annulled the sentence.

Stephen's successor, the excellent Nicholas II., sent St. Peter Damian to Milan, as his legate, for the express purpose of reforming the Lombard Church. The people, who had before sided with the austere party, were now jealous for the chair of St. Ambrose. A tumult was excited; all Milan rose in uproar; but the calm and intrepid dignity of the saintly Damian quelled the disturbance by his dauntless bearing and great eloquence. The archbishop Guido, and the whole body of the Milanese clergy, although they pleaded that St. Ambrose had granted, as a peculiar privilege to their Church, the Greek law, that they might marry once, with a virgin, at last consented to pledge themselves before Damian, with all solemnity, against simony and clerical mar-

riage. The legate then reconciled the Milanese Church with the Holy See.

The proceedings of the austere party in the Church, at Milan and elsewhere, were considerably checked, if not thrown back, by the contest between Alexander II. and the anti-pope, Cadalous, who had been elected at Basle, the Lombard clergy having declared they would acknowledge no pope who was not a Lombard, and their declaration having seemed to the imperial party a seasonable opportunity for weakening the papal cause by schism. The clergy again began by impurity of life to scandalize the people, and Ariald resumed his denunciatory sermons. His ally in this second warfare was Herlembald, the brother of his deceased friend Landulf, to whom Alexander gave a consecrated banner. The tumults in the streets were now frequent. The pope excommunicated the archbishop Guido. Ariald published the sentence in Milan; the populace rose, assaulted the archbishop, and plundered his palace. This great sin did harm to their own cause. Ariald was obliged to fly. He was pursued by two of the Milanese clergy, overtaken at the Lago Maggiore, his eyes put out, and his limbs amputated one by one.

This produced another legation from Rome. Guido abdicated, and Godfrey, also a member of the lax party, succeeded to the chair and received investiture from Henry. He was however compelled to fly the

city; and Guido dying soon after, Herlembald under papal authority procured the election of Atto, of the austere party. He too was compelled to fly, so evenly balanced do the two parties appear to have been in Milan, all the imperialists of course joining the lax party as being antipapal. Atto fled to Rome, where his election was confirmed by Alexander.

Matters, however, grew worse and worse at Milan, and great part of the city was at last burnt down in the conflicts. The imperialists were at first driven out. They then besieged the city; Herlembald was killed while bearing his consecrated banner; the emperor nominated his chaplain Tedaldus archbishop, and he was received with acclamations by the clergy, in spite of the menace of Hildebrand, now Gregory VII. Tedaldus, however, long kept possession of the see. He was excommunicated by Gregory, after the grand struggle had commenced between that pope and the emperor, the termination of which is well known, and is one of the greatest events in modern history.

This narrative, although painful, is highly interesting. It marks one of the ways in which the course of the papacy was smoothed before it. The Milanese Church was in fact defending its rights and independence as a particular Church. It was a separate metropolitan see, and did not belong to the Roman patriarchate[6]. The very populace, whose voice was

[6] Most even of the more moderate Romanists maintain the Roman Patriarchate to have comprised *all* Italy, Sicily, Sardinia and

almost always lifted on the side of the austere party, (for it is not often that the popular voice is with the clergy), was moved as though by a sort of instinct to oppose the papal aggressions. Yet at Milan, as at other places in those days, the cause of the papacy was likewise that of purity, strictness and true religion, and consequently the sympathies of the better part of mankind went along with it. Frequently, in mediæval history, the assertion of the liberty of particular churches seems to have been identified with corruption and gross wickedness, and, so identified, it could not of course enlist the sympathies of men to the degree which it was entitled to do, viewed in and by itself. One would almost venture to see the ordering of Providence in this; for it must be acknowledged on all hands, that it was the papacy, and the papacy alone, first in connection with the Franconian emperors, and then acting independently, which rescued Europe from the appalling state of degeneracy and crying sin, in which the tenth century saw both clergy and laity immersed.

Let us now turn to the Milanese Church in the days of pope Pius V. This was an important era for the Church, and Pius V., a man of singularly blended qualities, was the chief instrument in systematizing the aggressions upon protestantism, which from his days have been consistently advancing, and for the most part successful where true doctrine was

Corsica. The assertion in the text is made on Mr, Palmer's authority.—Treatise on the Church, ii. 538.

not kept and sheltered behind the sacred forms of apostolical order. In this new life put forth by the Roman Church, it was of the highest importance that her prelates should exhibit a more than ordinary attainment in holiness, a sanctity of life which should connect them in men's minds with the Saints and ascetics of early days. It was the good fortune of the See of Milan, to have for its ruler a man, who above all others of his day should fix the eyes of Europe upon himself, and represent in his own actions that strictness of life and ardent devotion to a high cause, which was to characterise the reforming movement within the Roman Church. This was St. Charles Borromeo. It is needless to give his biography. His conduct as a bishop, in reforming and conciliating his rebellious clergy, and in reviving the purity and vigor of discipline among the religious orders, as a pastor in visiting the sick, and performing every kind of perilous office during the plague, as a churchman in resisting the wrongful doings of the Milanese magistracy, and asserting his ecclesiastical rights at the Spanish court, and finally as an episcopal missionary among the heretical cantons of Switzerland, scarcely requires detail here. It is enough to say of this worthy successor of St. Ambrose, that though a Saint of the Roman Church, canonized since the Reformation, he has united the suffrages even of the protestant world, and is quoted every where as a great example of a good shepherd.

Neither should the name of Frederick Borromeo,

cousin of St. Charles, be forgotten. He was archbishop of Milan during the pontificate of Clement VIII., and in all respects a worthy successor of St. Charles, whose conduct during the plague he was unhappily called upon to imitate in the ill-fated city, and which he did imitate and rival. His character, as well as a sketch of his life, is very beautifully given by Manzoni in his Promessi Sposi [7].

Such are some of the fortunes of the Milanese Church, which the sight of San Ambrogio recalls to mind. There is at the west end of San Ambrogio a little quadrangle with narrow cloisters, into the walls of which some monuments are built, of ancient date, though not so ancient as the tomb of Stilicho and Serena within the church. It was in these cloisters that our companion of the Middle Ages resumed the conversation which we had broken off at the Certosa of Chiaravalle. I was surprised at this, so short an interval had elapsed; but as our travels continued, this companion seemed to become more and more real, more distinct, familiar and dramatic. At first, specially while among the heathen scenes of Paris, he was almost always invisible even when he spoke, his communications were brief, and at long intervals, and often of so little importance that I have embodied them in my narrative without acknowledgment. On the beach of Marseilles he seemed to forego all his former mystery, as though our decision

[7] Cap. xxii.

to go to Italy rather than Spain had raised us in his estimation. Since then he has often been our companion for days together, and a willingness even to argue in favor of his impressions has appeared ever since he knew of our abstaining from the Papal City during the Holy Week. Our familiarity and mutual understanding has now become so complete, that in any locality of interesting ecclesiastical associations I can confidently await his coming, with an assurance that I shall not be disappointed. Although he still becomes invisible the moment a stranger draws near, I have reason to believe that his voice is no longer, as formerly, audible to myself alone. I have seen displeasure and bewilderment so strongly depicted in the faces of persons near, that I feel sure many things have been overheard which have puzzled them, and filled them with suspicion. I almost fancy that I have sometimes been shunned, especially by some of my own countrymen, as a practiser in forbidden arts, or, at the best, as, in some strange way,

> "A many-sided mirror,
> Which could distort to many a shape of error,
> This true fair world of things."

Still, in some little matter or other, a steady, slow transmutation of the man of the Middle Ages is taking place, as though earth were making him her own again, and the more he seems to belong to earth, the sweeter and the stronger his influence

over me becomes, and my spirit is more forcibly controlled by his presence.

There was, however, something dim and indistinct yet remaining about him; and even when he had been present a long time, I was unable to scrutinize his appearance boldly. I felt a constraint upon me whenever I wished to do so. In the cloisters of San Ambrogio he appeared more openly than he had been accustomed to do, and I felt my pleasure at his coming less mingled with trouble and perplexity. I was enabled to regard him steadily as he advanced towards me. He was not an old man, scarcely above fifty. He had a small head, and his forehead was low, but full of singular and strongly marked prominences. His hair, which grew only on his temples and behind his head, was of raven black mingled with grey. His eyes were generally half closed, as if the heavy eyelid sunk unconsciously over them when he was in contemplation. When open, they were keen and piercing; though there was sometimes a look of mildness or sorrow in them, but it was unfrequent. They were of that description of eyes whose color it is scarcely possible to distinguish, from the light which is continually playing about them. His nose was aquiline. He had scarcely any upper lip, and his mouth was particularly striking. In general the lips were unclosed, so that you might discern the white line of the teeth through them; and for the most part there was a smile of kindliness and benevolence about his mouth,

but it did not appear to be natural: it was rather sustained by a self-collected restraint of other feelings within; for he had a very guarded manner, as though he were on the watch against some internal temper or characteristic current of feeling which he disliked, and thought it his duty to suppress. I often observed afterwards, that when he was in a reverie his lips gradually came together, were more and more compressed, till at last the pressure was so violent as to force the color from them; and at such times there was a look about him as if he could be capable of great cruelties. He was dark yet pale, except that in the centre of his cheek there was a small circle of very florid hue, such as is sometimes seen in healthy old age. This became of an ashy paleness whenever he was excited.

He never said anything which could lead to a detection of his country, or exact age, yet the general character of his face was Tuscan; he looked like a Florentine. And I observed, that when I spoke of men and things belonging to the eleventh century he was uneasy, and shrunk from saying much, as if he was afraid of making some betrayal. I once observed an unusual glow come into his eyes, followed by a single tear, when I spoke of Lanfranc. He did not seem partial to the name or memory of Gregory VII., and often spoke disparagingly of him, though it was rather his personal character than his line of policy which called out his cynical remarks. These were all the grounds I could ever collect for fixing

the century in which he lived. They were not enough to create conviction, but sufficiently strong to excite my suspicions even of the name of this mysterious attendant.

Who has not sometimes formed friendships whose rise and growth have afterwards seemed to him as dim and as difficult to retrace in memory as if they were the illusory shapes of some legendary history? So was it with me now. A spell seemed to lie upon my recollection. I could not recall the first appearance of this strange companion, or the gradual steps by which he had mounted to his present influence over me. When I constrained memory to be more faithful, all she gave back was a vague, pleasurable sensation, and a low voice that was like the echo of a happy past muffled by busy times and harsh distractions which had intervened.

Yet his presence was not unfrequently felt as a weight upon my spirit. His conversation gendered uneasy thoughts, and that species of profitable self-dissatisfaction which is the fruit of intercourse with men of higher religious attainments than ourselves. One peculiarity of what he said was, that it begot more after-thought than on the surface it appeared likely to do. It was pregnant with principles, and he took a sort of pleasure in inculcating those principles connected with subjects of thought or lines of action in which it was not likely I should be conversant. He preferred that I should have to transfer them to my own cases of conscience rather than that

I should receive them from him in the way of direct admonition. Perhaps he wished that I should bring such principles to bear of my own accord upon matters where he was anxious they should have influence, as thinking they would have a stronger hold upon me from being in some sort original. His bent obviously was to form my mind and habits in some particular mould, ever distinctly present to himself, but whose form and outlines he was anxious I should not accurately detect, lest I should be deterred. I more than once suspected some sinister purpose lurking in his unaccountable sympathy for me, but he had brought me very far on my new way before I saw this; and I trusted him the more, because I saw that he endeavored to keep my distrust alive, as if anxious I should never too much lose my own freedom and consciousness while I surrendered myself to his guidance. And an interview with him generally left me with so salutary and humbling an impression of my own moral littleness that I could not but deem his company a very great blessing.

Whenever he had startled me at all with anything in the moral and intellectual training to which he subjected me, a considerable interval generally elapsed before his next appearance. It was after these intellectual surprises that my spirit was languid and overweighed, and I fell back with delight upon my other companion, with whom I had left our native island, winning again light and cheerfulness, the power to think and the readiness to act, from

the inexhaustible source of his fresh feelings, healthy simplicity, sportive affection and fraternal fondness, a treasure always at my disposal, and never grudgingly bestowed. At such seasons it was a blessing no less than the grave sobriety of mind induced by the other, and it is equally pleasant in the retrospect.

In the little cloisters of San Ambrogio my mysterious companion appeared. Before he approached me, he stooped down and examined with extreme minuteness an old and roughly carved monumental slab, let into the wall on the south side of the quadrangle. When he had finished his inspection of this, he rose and turned towards the west doors of the church, fixing a gaze so melancholy and penetrative upon them, that it was easy to see that to his powerful imagination St. Ambrose in his episcopal vestments, with a crowd of timid clergy behind him, and the great Theodosius with the inward mental conflict forcing its way to his features, and the astonished retinue, were all present most vividly. "With what a silent power," said he, "the admonitus locorum sweeps over the soul in places which have such a haunting of mighty deeds as these cloisters have, spots where sublime ideas have been impersonated in great actions for the wonder and instruction of all futurity!" "Yes," replied I, "I have felt it most strongly here. Yet I can scarcely take credit for being still beneath its influence. It is not upon my spirit now. One's thoughts are often wayward in

great localities: and I confess I was thinking just at present not so much of Ambrose and Theodosius as of one of those domestic, tranquil, sunshiny lawns which open out every here and there amid the gloomy avenues and tangled bye-paths of history." "Is there any such connected with this place?" he enquired. "Yes," said I, "this church recalls the best and purest part of Petrarch's life, when living at Milan under the patronage of the archbishop Giovanni Visconti. His biographer says that the house chosen for him 'was at the end of the town, on the west side, near the gate of Verceil, and close to the magnificent church of St. Ambrose. The air on this spot was very good. At the entrance there were two handsome towers; in front, the battlements of the church; and behind, the walls of the city, and a fine view of a rich country beyond them, extending even to the Alps. He remarked, that though it was the middle of summer, they were covered with snow. What a joy for Petrarch to live near a church dedicated to his favorite Saint, of whom St. Augustine had attested so many miracles! He never entered this temple without feeling an extraordinary fervor. There was a statue of St. Ambrose, said to resemble him perfectly, and which appeared alive. Petrarch was never weary of beholding it: it was a most agreeable object,' says he. 'The great archbishop appeared to give me his blessing. What majesty in his countenance! What sweetness and expression in his eyes! This sight spread over my heart a lively

and inexpressible tranquillity. I rejoiced that I came to Milan.' 'Petrarch's house,' continues his biographer, was also near a little chapel where St. Ambrose and St. Augustine sung together that sacred Te Deum, from them spread through all the Italian churches; and it was also near the garden where St. Augustine was converted. These circumstances rendered Milan a delightful situation to Petrarch.' In another place the poet himself says, 'I reside in a very retired corner of the city towards the west. An ancient religious custom draws the people on Sundays to the church of St. Ambrose, who is my neighbor: the rest of the week this spot is a desert. Behold what this great Saint does for his guest. He consoles me by his presence; he gives spiritual succor to my soul, and saves it from disgust. Under the shelter of his wings, I see the tempests, and hear the noise of the waves, but they come not near to trouble me.' These," said I, addressing my companion, "are pleasing passages in the too often unpleasing life of a great man." "Yes," he replied, "the memory of Petrarch stands in need of such records. He was too mere a man of letters to interest my exclusively-directed sympathies. He was a man of sickly tastes and feeble of purpose. But your modern feelings are, I am aware, keenly open to sympathy with such men. But have you reflected on what I said at the Certosa of Chiaravalle the other day?" "Yes," said I, "I have thought often and deeply upon it." "And has my opinion

availed at all to correct your despondency?" "No," I replied, "I cannot see in what you said then any further ground for hope. You merely warned me to be less impatient." "And," said he, "was not that giving you a fresh ground for hope? Is not patient waiting on Providence a more hopeful thing and more secure of a blessing than impatient activity, or the confident ardor of party strength?"

"But," said I, "I have a more intimate acquaintance with the state of things at home than you can possibly have. I know how low principles are deeply imbedded in our practice, our literature and our conversation, I know the amount and strength of prejudices and pusillanimous jealousies, and the soft, sentimental character of our English version of the ancient Gospel." "Well," answered he, "and granting that the ardor of youth does not make you exaggerate these evils, granting that your people are absolutely fettered to littleness by unworthy principles, so, remember, was the church of Germany in the tenth century." "But," said I, "as there seem to be cases of single souls being so loaded and suffocated by accumulated heaps of unrepented sin, that they are unable to turn or stir themselves, and the very atmosphere of penance is unwholesome to them, breeding horrible despair rather than contrite hopefulness, so, in the case of a nation, it may happen that bad habits have so worn themselves into it, and have for centuries defiled the fountains of its life and motion, that death seems inevitable, and recovery

out of the question. Good men and good measures may, to be sure, put off the last hour awhile." "What you have said just now," he answered, "illustrates in its way the bad habits of which you speak. It betrays an unhealthy and almost irreverent belief that you have a right to see the fruits of your own doings, and that those doings have sprung from a chastity of motive which should ensure their having fruits at all. Servants of the Church are not laborers in the sunshine. They must wait and work and be contentedly absorbed in the present, as Jeremiah was. As with him, so with you, there must be a sanctity and self-abasement even in your deploring of your own unfruitfulness; otherwise, as it is written in Ezekiel, God will 'pollute you in your own gifts,' and that is the last and worst thing which can befall a Church or people. Young priest! (he added with an almost menacing solemnity) a hundred and fifty-three years of high talking about superior privileges, reformed practices, and purer faith, even when used to set forth your responsibilities, and a hundred and fifty-three years of cold and sullen neglect of the rest of Christendom, must have told upon the character of your clerks and laics both, and have debased one way or another the tone of your Church. See to it, that you are not already polluted in your own gifts. Foreigners have oft-times been fain to smile sadly at you islanders, even when from your temporal power or successful diplomacy they have feared you most. But I do not wish to rail.

I am willing to believe from the peculiarity of its history, that a high destiny may be yet in store for your Church. You have drawn a comparison between the repentance of nations and individuals. My answer to your objection shall be taken from the same comparison. Do you not know how important an element in each man's repentance is enthusiasm, a vehement yet self-distrusting enthusiasm in the certainty of his victory over the spiritual evils which encompass and confine him? If a man prays against impurity, yet feels sure while he prays that he will be impure again some time, what chance has he of victory? While he deplores some evil overt act, and prays for grace against it, yet entertains a mournful conviction that he has not committed that act for the last time, does he not betray a dishonest purpose himself, a fear of God's wrath without a fear of sin or a detestation of it, and likewise a want of faith in the aid of the most blessed Spirit? Such a modest enthusiasm must be kindled among a people and in a Church when kept low by former pride and carnal vaunting, and doctrine debased by being unrealized." "You mean then," said I, "that as we have sinned as a people, so it is as a people that we must repent." "No, that is not my meaning," he replied, "I do not understand repenting as a people, further than as it is exhibited by public acts of national humiliation, national change and national retribution. In any other sense it is unreal. Nay, it is even a form of words of which I would have you beware.

It is a skilful invention of laymen to keep their own sins and the unpleasant austerities of penance at arm's length from themselves; for what is every man's business is no one's. National repentance is no other than an accumulation of single repentances, except where the phrase imports such public acts as the sense of many penitents forces from an unrepenting majority."

"But," said I, "such acts must be parliamentary, and that leads us back again into the region of politics, where we have already suffered so much." "Surely," he answered, "you do not complain of that. Surely you should treasure up in your memory as one of the proofs to yourselves of being a true Church, that you have ever thriven under political shades, and that political sunshine has been found to wither and tarnish the pastures of your sheep." "Do you not think," I asked, "that we should be in a more healthy state, if there were a greater indifference to politics amongst us?" "No," replied he; "I know of no indifference which is healthy, except indifference to money. The Church has a great duty to perform in politics. It is to menace, to thwart, to interfere. The catholic statesman is a sort of priest. He does out in public the secular work of the retired and praying priesthood; and he must not be deserted by those spiritual men, whom he is arduously, wearily, and through evil report, conscientiously representing. Remember that the clergy are not the Church. No revival of better things deserves a

chance of success in England, which does not force that great truth upon the unwilling laity. One by one the strictnesses of the Gospel have been separated off from the laity by themselves, and gathered round the priesthood as a nucleus. Two sets of religious requirements have gradually come to be recognized among you,—things right or wrong for the clergy, and things right or wrong for the laity. Hence has followed an extreme secularity among the laity, and, out of that, a jealousy of clerical interference in secular matters, which interference they were bound to put forth, whether as teachers or as ensamples. Believe me, a pyramid may as soon rest firmly on its apex, as a Church make use of her priesthood for a foundation. If it be important that the people should learn that the clergy are within the Altar-rails, and themselves without it, it is no less important to compel them to acknowledge (for the reluctance will be on their side) that they are at least within the Church, not living outside its doors. The scene of Theodosius' penance was a strange place, my good friend, for advocating political indifference."

"But," continued he, "I am most anxious you should not now return to the old, but outworn, English doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings." "Ah!" said I, "were I deprived of this doctrine, I should feel as though I had lost one of my first principles." "I even repent," he replied, "of having called it a doctrine,—it is but a dim feeling, which plays and hovers around the gorgeous associations

of your old loyal struggles. It is, moreover, a tenet most uncongenial to mediæval habits of thought, and has already worked your Church a mischief." "Can you possibly," I demanded, "speak in the spirit of the Middle Ages, when you maintain the people to be the source of the sovereign power? Could the aristocratical temper of your times thus set at nought the mysterious influence of blood and hereditary right?" "Ah!" said he, laughing, "they have kept you so long in England from anything mysterious, that you are now disposed to imagine a moral power in everything which has the features of a mystery. But, recollect, it does not follow that everything which is outside the region of logic is necessarily above it." "Surely," I rejoined, "you do not speak in accordance with the old ecclesiastical spirit." "Was not this," replied he, "a prominent doctrine in the system whereby Rome saved Europe in the eleventh and twelfth century, that kings had no divine right to reign?" "True," said I, "yet Gregory VII. has been involved in a charge of irreverence because of it." "I know too much evil of Hildebrand," he answered, "to defend him, even where I will not blame him. It does not come home to me as an irreverence." "Besides," I continued, "the doctrine which the Church of those days substituted for that of the Church of Constantine or Theodosius, was, not that the people were the source of sovereign power, but that it came from the sanction of the Church." "True," said he, "yet surely the doctrine, whatever it

was, of the Theodosian doctors, could not be that of a Divine Right, accompanying in some sacramental way an Hereditary Right. It could not hold with the real facts of Byzantine history." "It was, however," said I, "the Roman Church which invented the doctrine of Hildebrand's epoch; and the other doctrine, that the people are the source of the sovereign power, sprung up in the same Church, under the Jesuits, and Cardinal Bellarmine is its great doctor." "And a very respectable origin too," replied he. "In fact," he added, with a smile, "the Divine Right of Hereditary Succession is but a symptom of your general revulsion from Rome, and it was hardened from a notion into a doctrine by the historical accident of your having so great a martyr as St. Charles Stuart. I recognize a Divine Right in all de facto authorities; but, as to a Divine Right of Kings in particular, I say, it must either be a Divine Right of Hereditary Succession, in which case your present lawful ruler is, not Victoria the First, but Francis Ferdinand of Modena;—or it must be a Divine Right from the popular will, legitimately expressed, which Divine Right exists in your present sovereign;—or lastly, a Divine Right from the unction of the Church, which is likewise possessed by your queen, as conferred upon her by the English primate in St. Peter's Abbey, at Westminster. I have no special objection to the last two Divine Rights, and the first is pretty, while it is made the subject of a poem; silly, when the matter of an argument;, wicked,

when a principle of action. But you shake your head, and I will say no more. There are worse bigotries than attachment to the memory of the Stuarts. Yet, bear in mind, that it is possible Rome may have been right, in this respect at least; for you are trembling on the verge of a new era. When the Anglican Church throws herself, with something of the sublime spirit of Athanasian or Ambrosian times, into the arms of the people, it may be well not to be hampered with too many political tenets, this way or that. I do not say this as if the Church were to countenance unchristian views in politics, or stand aloof from existing institutions with selfish jealousy; but you may find what I have said applicable in another sense."

"But," said he, "as to politics in general, I think it is of importance to suggest to you, whether your present political depression, as a Church, and the probable increase of that depression, may not be providential, and, like all divine chastisements, pleasant, from the hope it brings along with it. You have failed greatly in one matter. You have been the rich man's Church. You have left it to Rome to honor poverty. You surrendered to her what may almost be counted for a note of the true Church. Rome has sat in higher temporal dignity than you, yet never has she forgotten to honor poverty. I trust the loss of your worldly place may be the only punishment inflicted upon you for this great sin. All sufferings of this sort are permitted, you may be

sure, because of some 'secret worm' in the root of your vine. They stay his gnawings and save the plant. Lay to heart, when your sees are diminished, your cathedrals silenced, your episcopal thrones filled as the Church would not wish them, your sanctifying interference with the State disallowed, your forms disused at court,—lay to heart the lesson of one of your austerest, and yet, as austere men are wont to be, gentlest bishops, taught before unto your Church, in a time of political suffering. 'It is a sad calamity,' he says, 'to see a kingdom spoiled, and a Church afflicted; the priests slain with the sword, and the blood of nobles mingled with cheaper sand; religion made a cause of trouble, and the best men most cruelly persecuted; government confounded, and laws ashamed; judges decreeing causes in fear and covetousness, and the ministers of holy things setting themselves against all that is sacred, and setting fire on the fields, and turning in little foxes on purpose to destroy the vineyards. In the mean time it serves religion, and the affliction shall try the children of God, and God shall crown them, and men shall grow wiser and more holy, and leave their petty interests, and take sanctuary in holy living, and be taught temperance by their want, and patience by their suffering, and charity by their persecution, and shall better understand the duty of their relations; and, at last, the secret worm that lay at the root of the plant, shall be drawn forth and quite extinguished. For so have I known a luxuriant vine swell into

irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the wine-press, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed with a full vintage; but when the lord of the vine had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant, and made it bleed, it grew temperate in its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy bunches, and made accounts of that loss of blood by the return of fruit.'

"Hope," he continued, after this quotation, "is one of the chief graces of a Church; yet amid angry words and scholastic definitions of faith and charity, hope has been well-nigh untwisted from the threefold cord of apostolic teaching. The Church in despondence is the Church loosening her anchors in rough seas, anxious to see what sort of earth adheres to them, because her faith is failing her as to the ground where she has moored herself. Beware of losing hope. Hope alone is the light by which we sad-featured dwellers among Christian tombs can find our way; the twilight, for it is but a twilight, of Christian expectation. Nay, there are smiles on men's faces, and gladness in their eyes, and mirth too in their voices, spite of their sadness and their strict lives; and all because of hope. Hope, to the Churches, is 'the wine of their beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.' Hope reconciles them to life; hope makes death pleasant to them; hope tastes and smells of heaven;

hope clasps the cross; hope yearns onward for the crown; hope justifies; hope sanctifies; hope feeds faith; hope nurses charity; hope breeds good works; hope consecrates hearts, and purifies the fleshly temples of the Spirit; hope interprets Sacraments; hope saves souls,—and for that they let not go of hope, Churches reform themselves."

"You have promised," said I, "to tell me your own view of our English Church, and the light in which it would have been regarded by the men of your times." "Nay," said he, "not now, and not here. You say you are sure that they of the six first centuries would have acknowledged your catholicity, and received you into communion, although some of your characteristics would have been distasteful to them. Be content with that at present, if you are sure about it. Some day I will apply to you the habits of thought and the ecclesiastical feelings of the Middle Ages, and see what comes of it. Be sure I shall not judge harshly of the Church of Lanfranc. But it must not be now. Talking on politics produces a roughness of spirits, which ill fits us for discussions, at best melancholy and humiliating, and calling for a tender heart. I came to speak to you of other things, but you have led me into politics."

As he said this, he entered the church. I followed him. He was standing under the pulpit which rests upon the tomb of Stilicho, near a pillar on the north side of the church. He was excited; and when he

saw that I had followed, and was watching him, he seemed angry, and disappeared.

He had advised me never to think about his conversations directly after they were over; but to forget them for awhile in other occupations, and then recall them. Following this admonition, I passed forth from San Ambrogio into the streets.

The streets of Milan, like those of Paris, have witnessed several scenes of fearful interest. The powers of famine and pestilence have enacted many a dark drama there. The Strada Pescheria, the crooked arch by the square de Mercanti, the Cordusio, and other localities, are celebrated by Manzoni in the Promessi Sposi, where the famine is so vividly related, and the tumultuous assaults upon the bakers' shops. It was a bright, sunny day, and the houses and shops shone brilliantly; yet I could almost see those same streets, silent and grassgrown, with here and there some of the terrible monatti taking the corpses down from the windows, and the silence broken from time to time by the harsh bells of the apparatori, warning the passenger to retire before the cart of the dead; and then the carts seemed to pass before me, as described, one and then another, and then a third: "the monatti walked by the side of the horses, urging them on with their whips and with oaths. The bodies were for the most part naked, some were half covered with rags, and heaped one upon another; at each jolt of the

wretched vehicles, heads were seen hanging over, the long tresses of women were displayed, arms were loosened and striking against the wheels, thrilling the soul of the spectator with indescribable horror." Then might be seen, as represented in the common frontispiece to St. Charles's Life, the good archbishop moving along the streets close to the houses, administering the Lord's Holy Body to hundreds, who leaned from the lower windows to receive It; when the magistrates forbade their assembling in the churches, lest it should aggravate the pestilence. It was then that Milan saw the spirit of St. Cyprian revived again in her great prelate. What wonder was it they should love him almost to idolatry?

It was said of the Borromean family, that one of them belonged to heaven, another to hell, and the rest to earth. But Frederick must be associated with St. Charles in the love and admiration of the faithful. He, too, when the pestilence was once more unchained in Milan, and raged along the streets, acted with undaunted calmness and most affectionate solicitude. His mandate to his clergy was, "Be disposed to abandon life rather than these sufferers, who are your children and your family; go with the same joy into the midst of the pestilence, as to a certain reward, since you may, by these means, win many souls to Christ." Frederick firmly resisted the clamors of the people, when they demanded that the remains of St. Charles should be carried in procession through the streets. He felt

it to be an improper boldness, and dreaded the increase of irreverence consequent upon the failure of such an improper means of supplicating the mercy of Heaven. At length, however, the violence of the people prevailed, and the archbishop yielded to their cries and entreaties.[5] Now followed one of the most striking scenes which the streets of Milan ever witnessed. Before the dawn of June 11, the gates of Milan were closed, by order of the magistrates, to prevent any concourse of strangers from the country, which might increase the power of the pestilence. Several houses were condemned by the Tribunal of Health as infected, and they might be seen in every street nailed up. At sunrise the great procession left the cathedral. It was composed principally of women: their faces were masked, their feet bare, and many were clad in sackcloth. Behind them came the trades of Milan, each in colored dresses and with symbolical banners. The religious fraternities followed, and the clergy in canonicals, each bearing a lighted candle. Encircled with a glare of torches, beneath a rich canopy that swayed with the tread of the bearers, and gleamed as it swayed, was borne the crystal coffin of St. Charles. His episcopal vestments and mitre shone through the crystal, and sufficient traces were left upon the face, whereby some of the more aged beholders could recognize their sainted prelate. Behind the precious remains of St. Charles came the good archbishop Frederick, his cousin, whose feelings may not be described. The

train closed with clergy, magistrates, and nobility, all bearing torches, and whose diverse habiliments betokened the opposite feelings which men of different dispositions might entertain on such an occasion. Some were clothed in sumptuous splendor, as though by their magnificence to do honor to the presence of the holy relics; others went in rude sackcloth, as though in their minds they had not dared to give entrance to another thought but of their own sins and corruption, whose chastisement they recognized in the presence of the fearful Angel doing God's behests in their unworthy city. All along the streets reigned a deathlike stillness, except when the sick in their chambers, wrestling with the dark Angel for life, might hear the swell of the loud canticles from the distant procession, like the surges of a far-off sea, gifted perchance, as those surges are, with something of a tranquillizing power upon the minds of the agonized sufferers.

Alas! the procession did indeed produce the effect which Frederick Borromeo had anticipated. Presumption and, as Manzoni terms it, a fanatical assurance took possession of the people. Humiliation, at all times irksome to the natural mind, passed off in the outward act, and with the actual chanting of the penitential psalms. In the midst of this unhallowed confidence, the pestilence broke out with horrible fury in every street, well-nigh in every house at once. It could not be called speedy; the awful visitant was ubiquitous. The lazaretto was instantly

crowded with sixteen thousand infected persons, and the plague reaped a daily harvest of fifteen hundred, independent of crowds of infants, who were neglected, and died of starvation when their mothers had perished in the plague. Their fathers and mothers forsook them, so the Lord took them up.

It was during the same pestilence that the streets of Milan saw another strange scene, one of the most extraordinary instances of popular panic on record in history. The Angel of Pestilence seldom goes forth unaccompanied by his equally dread brother, the Angel of Terror. All at once, without any apparent cause, for it continually precedes the actual visitation of plague, famine, or any other great judgment, a deep and fixed shadow falls upon the people, and with the gloom comes a trouble, a power such as the moon's light was supposed to have upon the feeble reason; men crowd together, each with this prophetical disturbance in his heart, and a pestilence of terror breaks forth among them with a moral contagion; and a delirium, assuming the most hideously grotesque shapes, sways a whole populace, as the wind sways the sea. There is nothing too absurd, too revolting, not to be both believed and executed. The consequences are sometimes crimes of the most shocking nature; and there seems to be such an injustice in imputing guilt to any one, that the pagans of antiquity, in pious perplexity, were fain to attribute it to the universal Pan; and surely a panic is a shadow cast from the broad wings of

some unearthly Minister of judgment. A spectral Presence is among the people for their chastisement.

Come with me to the broad-paved square in front of the cathedral at Milan. Here was the scene enacted, when panic actually gave double sight to the whole Milanese populace; and the remotest countries feared and wondered at the recital. Behold that terror-stricken citizen! The square is empty; the west front of the duomo is calm and serene, with its edges clear against the blue sky of a Lombard summer. Yet he sees in the middle of the square a strange carriage drawn by six horses. "Within it is a person of a noble and majestic figure, dark complexion, eyes inflamed, and lips compressed and threatening. The spectator is invited to enter the carriage; he complies. After a short circuit, it halts before the gates of a magnificent palace. Entering it, he beholds mingled scenes of delight and horror, frightful deserts and smiling gardens, dark caverns and magnificent saloons. Phantoms are seated in council. They show him large boxes of money, telling him he may take as many of them as he chooses, provided he will accept at the same time a little vase of poison, and consent to employ it against the citizens. He refuses, and in a moment finds himself at the place from which he had been taken." The square is empty as before, the duomo calm and motionless, and the sky overhead a tranquil blue. But great is the faith, indeed

monstrous, of men in a panic. All Milan is moved, and runs together. The stranger in his carriage is heard of everywhere, and the phantom-council in the palace, and poison powders. Now is it all clear. There is a reasoning of a certain sort in a panic. The people reason about these poison-powders. Doubtless they had been scattered in the streets, previous to the procession. They had adhered to the naked feet of the penitents. Hence the dire mortality. This explains everything. The fury of the people against the poisoners rises into a savage phrenzy. They rage about the streets. An old man in St. Antonio wipes the dust from a bench with his handkerchief. They fall upon him: "He is poisoning the bench!" they cry; they tear his grey locks, they beat him till he is half dead, and then drag him to prison and to torture. Three young French artists are standing before the cathedral. It seems suspicious they should regard it so long and so intently. In fact, they doubt whether it is marble. They stretch out their hands to ascertain the fact. They actually touch the venerated duomo. This is a clear proof. They are poisoning it. The angry crowd flies upon them with awful curses. They are beaten and dragged to prison, whence they are with difficulty released. Such was the extraordinary panic which these streets of Milan witnessed. The fame of it is spread even down the Rhine, and German engravings of it are sold. The archbishop of Ma-

yence deems it necessary to write to Frederick Borromeo, to enquire about the prodigies. Frederick replies that they are the children of the panic.

After making the Promessi Sposi so much of a guide in Milan, it is scarcely right to depart for Brescia without saying something of Manzoni and his book. It is in all respects the least objectionable novel I have ever read, without being religious, which of course would at once make it very objectionable. Historical romance-writing is a species of composition utterly indefensible; and Manzoni, to save himself from being unreal, has, in point of fact, written a tale with historical annotations, and then cast the annotations up from the bottom of the page into the text; so that the narrative is continually languishing. The reader is not taught the requisite amount of history, as none but Scott could teach it, by erudite hints, and easy, yet significant, colloquies, but by direct historical chapters. Manzoni's motive was good; the literary result unfortunate. Yet the dramatic power of many of the scenes, and the strongly shaded portraiture of his characters, must always sustain the Promessi Sposi in the rank of an European classic. The unity, however, of the novel is the most remarkable thing about it, and the lesson very wisely and strikingly drawn. The story itself may be considered as the narrative of the loves of Renzo and Lucy. Their miseries and hardships, and all the vicissitudes of a very eventful life, are referable to the moral cowardice of a selfish, ease-loving

priest, Don Abbondio; a courter of the rich, an idolater of comfort, a man desirous (and a priest too) of standing well with every one, of having no awkward ways; not making people weary, not taking up grounds too high to be practical, but considering peace to be of the first importance, truth of the second; aiming rather at respectability than at high-mindedness; just one of those wretched persons whom Dante, in the third canto, places in woful, starless plight, just outside of hades; yet in torment, though not finally condemned. His character is best discerned from what he says of Frederick Borromeo,—"Oh what a holy man, but what a troublesome one! Is it not an astonishing thing, that the Saints, as well as the wicked, have always quicksilver in their veins? and, not contented with making a bustle themselves, they would make all mankind, if they could, join the dance with them? Is there not a fatality in it, that the most troublesome come to me,—to me, who never meddled with any body? They take me almost by the hair, and thrust me into their concerns! me! who desire nothing, but to live tranquilly, if they will let me do so. Some people always want to make a noise! Oh! unhappy man that I am! they must always be in a bustle, even in doing penance! just as if one could not repent at home, in private, without so much noise, without giving others so much trouble. A little prudence, a little coolness, a little charity, are things which, in my opinion, are not inconsistent with sanctity."

This type of a wicked priest (for in a priest there are few more shameful sins than cowardice) is rebuked, by the introduction of Frederick Borromeo as a character in the narrative. The archbishop shows the worthless curate that a priest can never go straightforward in his sacred duties, without coming into hostile collision with the world; that duty, not tranquillity, must be sought for in such a high vocation, and that were such despicable and carnal ends pursued by the great body of the clergy, the Church herself would be almost ruined. The whole story turns upon this; it hangs as an appendix of miserable consequences from a single cowardly act of a priest, who doubtless stood well with his richer neighbors, and was considered a well-meaning, moderate, candid, inoffensive, good sort of man, who ought to be encouraged, and noticed, and asked to their baronial feasts.

There is a conversation with Manzoni, given in Von Raumer's spiritless book on Italy, of such deep interest, and terminating on Manzoni's part so remarkably, that it shall be given here [8]. "I found Manzoni surrounded by his family, who did not, however, for a long time, join in our conversation. He is remarkably natural and simple in his manners, but speaks with great vivacity and fluency. As I had heard that he had written an unpublished essay against historical novels, (consequently against him-

[8] Von Raumer's Italy, i. 108.

self,) I turned the conversation upon this subject, and undertook to defend this class of works. I maintained that a bad novel was a bad book, whether founded on history or not; but that a novel or drama reposed better and more firmly on such a foundation than on mere fiction.

"Manzoni replied, that history and fiction went but ill together, soon disagreed, and never carried truth along with them. The course which novel-writing had taken, he said, showed an increasing demand for truth, manifested by the wish of those who called either for pure history or pure fiction. To mix them only fostered prejudice and delusion. He himself had often been asked what was true and what was not true in the Promessi Sposi? and such a question he had always looked on as a reproach.

"I thought myself at liberty to deny the accuracy of such an inference, and expressed a wish to know whether the Anonimo did not represent an historical personage? Manzoni replied in the affirmative, and reminded me of Göthe's reproach, that there was too marked a distinction between the historical and the personal in the Promessi Sposi; whereas it had been his wish throughout to keep them asunder, so that there might be no possibility of confounding them. To this I replied that, viewed with an artist's eye, and treated by an artist's hand, history and fiction both became truth, and that to me Don Abbondio was a much more living character than thousands of priests who might be seen running about. Shak-

speare's Cæsar, I said, was more historical to me than the Cæsar of many manuals of history; and Homer I should be sorry to exchange for the historical osteology of all his works. These, Manzoni said, were minds of so superior an order, that, with respect to them, he was ready to concede the point. He expatiated particularly on the unexampled impartiality of Shakspeare, and on his power to throw himself into each of his characters. Besides, the drama (the very form of which must resolve itself into historical narrative) was less calculated than a novel to injure the cause of truth. A glance or two at Schiller's Don Carlos and Maria Stuart led to some qualification of this judgment. This induced Manzoni to remark, that the time and conditions of the epic were gone by, and that a novel like Tom Jones, which confined itself to a portraiture of society and manners, was more true, intelligible, and attractive, than when it pretended to lead into a chaos of historical and mostly unknown facts. Hereupon I reminded him in how different a light the greatest and best known men had been placed by different authors, in works that passed for genuine history; that fiction and history, therefore, extended their joint influence everywhere.

"The conversation next turned to the modern literature of France, a Reign of Terror which, in Manzoni's opinion, like that of 1793, must pass away. This opinion, I supported by many examples that I was able to bring forward from my last visit

to Paris. An Italian, who entered about this time, was quite in despair about the bon môts which he had just heard most detestably sung in a new vaudeville. Here the ladies, as with us at home, joined in the conversation, and took the French players under their protection. The remark, that the French language was ill adapted for singing, led to a discussion on the dialects of Germany and Italy, which, as it was getting late, we were obliged to break off.

"Manzoni has neither written nor published anything for a long time, which is attributed by many to his religious feelings. There may be some truth in this; for once, in the course of our conversation, he said:— *We must all come to theology at last.*"

There may be many in England just now, to whom, remembering the fourth, thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, this remark of Manzoni's will appear of value. It is like a whisper from the Lombard Church, crossing the Alps unto ourselves.

To proceed. Von Raumer paid another visit to Manzoni[9]. He says, "Our conversation turned to the affairs of Cologne, on which point, I am able, on mature conviction, to make many admissions in favor of the catholics; but yet it was only just that I should place the arguments on the other side in a fair light. Manzoni, however, is an unbending, uncompromising catholic, as must be the case where

[9] Vol. i. p. 115.

the *form* only is regarded, and the *spirit* held to be quite subordinate. There was only one remedy, he said, against sedition, disorder and the like, namely, *authority;* and that could centre no where but in the pope, and in the principle of his infallibility. To rebel against, or deviate from, this principle, was to sacrifice the great point of support, and general dissolution must be the consequence. The first duty of every one was to submit to authority.

"This system may be followed out just as consistently as that opposed to it, which adopts as a leading principle, that a man is *not* to submit to authority, since in so doing he sacrifices his own freedom and independence. The one system leads to inquisition and autos da fè, the other to committees of public welfare. The customary argument that the protestants are not agreed among themselves was dwelt on by Manzoni, who insisted on the necessity of at once condemning every heresy as a thing not to be tolerated or bargained with. It was right, therefore, he said, at once to condemn the doctrines of Hermes, which the king of Prussia had wrongfully taken under his protection. My reply was, that the king of Prussia had never dreamed, as Manzoni seemed to think, of fixing the dogmas of the catholic Faith; but even in the Church of Rome, I added, there were deviations and anomalies, which, if followed out, could not be reconciled; as, for instance, the systems of Thomas of Aquino, and Duns Scotus, the development of which had been tolerated by the

Church. The *greatest* deviations, rejoined Manzoni, are none, if the main point be recognised, the smallest are damnable heresies, if it be denied; that main point is the infallibility of the Church, or rather of the pope.

"It was not difficult to show that many had recognised this infallibility by word of mouth and by their writings, and yet had completely estranged themselves from Christianity; but Manzoni looks on the form as that which is most essential, and seems to regard the spirit as secondary. The recollection of some of the greatest and some of the worst of the popes could not but carry with it some weight, for in state affairs, Manzoni does trace revolutions to the *spirit* of the government; but to the temporal power he allowed only a very inferior importance, *and the decay of civil authority he was always ready to attribute chiefly to a non-recognition of its just relation to the pope.* Mixed marriages, he said, might increase the number of catholics, but truth and justice must be asserted, independently of any ulterior consideration. I did not fail to remind him that each party believed that it had truth and justice on its own side, and that neither the civil nor ecclesiastical power had strength enough to extirpate opinions entertained by millions. From the above, you will perceive how Manzoni expressed himself, and that I made it my business, *not so much to controvert him, as to lead him more and more to develope his own views.* My assertion, that the essence of Christianity was

wanting in no confession, Manzoni could not bring himself to admit, since authority would then be placed in a new position. We parted, however, in perfect kindness, with the closing words of Augustine, in which we both joined: in omnibus caritas; utinam!"

This passage of Von Raumer would admit of extensive and instructive annotation; but in this place it is preserved for the sake of the ore imbedded in the earth.

The road from Milan to Brescia is blithe with all manner of produce. It was one continued garden the whole way, one uninterrupted blending of vines, mulberry-trees, rice, corn, and, by the innumerable streams made for irrigating the rice-grounds, banks of blue and white violets, primroses and periwinkles.

It was however redeemed from monotony by the Alps above Como, Lecco, and Bergamo, which paid us by a series of magnificent views for the keen blast they poured down from their icy summits. Amid the antiquities of Brescia the memory naturally recalls the famous Arnold, a reader in the choir at Brescia. He is one of that class of men in ecclesiastical history, whom it suits authors of a particular turn of mind to select as special heroes, evangelical doctors, and protestants by anticipation. Those controversialists who seek and find the Church Catholic, not in the providential continuance of a substantive institution with certain external notes and sacred rites, but in a chain of individuals or parties, whose

links, however discrepant, adhere one to another by virtue of some latent principle common to all, have used the name of Arnold of Brescia with much the same intention and success as that of Vigilantius, or the Paulicians or the Albigenses. But of this more hereafter in the fitting place. A sketch of Arnold's life and actions will be useful.

In these days, and in this land of anti-church feeling, our ears are accustomed to the accusation of pride and carnal ambition brought against the temporal dignity of bishops, the wealth of chapters and the like. The facility of the accusation will perhaps sufficiently account for its frequency. A thoughtful attention to the altered circumstances of the world would show the unreasonableness of the charge, and a careful examination of history would abundantly testify that the state, and not the Church, is the gainer by this condition of things. In the middle of the twelfth century there seems to have been a class of minds who were unable to reconcile themselves to the new shape which the Church had taken, and by which alone it would appear to us dim-sighted mortals that she could have fulfilled her office among the European kingdoms of that day. The feudal modification of primitive episcopacy effected by the system of Charlemagne was perilous, and it brought with it many things distasteful to such as did not go along with the spirit of the times. Arnold of Brescia represents this class of minds, to whom the ecclesiastical monarchy and baronial episcopate of the Middle

Ages were in the highest degree hateful. It were to be wished he had been a more respectable representative. He was a disciple of the notorious Abelard, and, unfortunately, seems to have adopted a philosophical explanation of the catholic doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and to have been decidedly heretical respecting the two chief Sacraments of the Church. But to vindicate the exclusively spiritual nature of Christ's kingdom appears to have been the great object of his life, and to attain which he put forth all his surpassing eloquence and biting satire. But he was far from confining himself to legitimate agitation in his place and sphere. The first-fruits, as Gibbon calls them, of his preaching, were a rebellion of the Brescians against their bishop, and this was followed by a condemnation of his opinions in the second Lateran Council, and a personal admonition and command to be silent[1]. When Arnold found himself no longer a popular leader in Brescia, and consequently unsheltered from the vengeance of the authorities, he fled to Zurich, where he was favorably received by the wrong-headed Swiss. St. Bernard, however, whose very name as an opponent speaks volumes against Arnold, (seeing that the Saint himself was a keen reformer of his own times) did not allow him to enjoy Swiss patronage long. Arnold,

[1] Gibbon seems to have exaggerated in this matter. He copied from Mosheim, among whose chosen favorites Arnold finds a place. Some men have an instinctive sympathy with heresy, the effect of a congenial temper.

in the boldness of a last venture, appeared in Rome itself at the head of two thousand mountaineers. Like Rienzi in later days, Livy and the Bible divided his studies. At Rome Arnold organized a complete revolution! He was master of the city for ten years, and the popes Lucius, Eugenius III., and Anastatius IV. were compelled to submit. The riches of the Church became the pay of Arnold's adherents; while he declared the voluntary oblations of the people to be sufficient for the clergy. Blood, tumult and robbery seem to have marked his whole career, till the bold-spirited Englishman, Adrian IV, monk of St. Alban's, became pope. He adopted more energetic measures. Arnold, like most demagogues, found that his end when gained was no longer an end. The avenue kept opening out, as it ever does, before him. He had destroyed the temporal dignity of the popes in Rome: he now proceeded to assail their spiritual jurisdiction. He also raised the twenty-eight parishes of Rome against the cardinals. In accordance with the character of this movement, an attempt was made to murder a cardinal in the streets. Adrian IV. laid the city under an interdict from Christmas to Easter. It was not raised till the senators banished Arnold. He threw himself into the arms of the Viscounts of Campania, from whom he was demanded by Frederick Barbarossa, who was come to Rome for his coronation. Arnold was burnt at Rome, and his ashes thrown into the Tiber. His movement must not be looked upon as single and

isolated. We read of Lombardy being full of republicans at the time, and of the trouble they gave to Frederick Barbarossa. Arnold of Brescia thus represented two sets of men; as a republican, he represented the enthusiastic democrats of Italy in those days, whose views were merely political, and confined to the Italian peninsula; as an antipapalist, he represented a considerable party in the European Churches, who disliked the new character left upon the Church by the pontificate of Hildebrand. But when so much unruly sin and sacrilegious violence marked some of the more notorious leaders of this party, the most respectable would shrink back and pass away unnoticed. It is impossible now to estimate the extent or amount of the dissatisfaction which existed within the Church at the mediæval transmutation of her shape and mould, the dissatisfaction, that is, springing out of sincere conviction, a foresight of some of the consequences, or a backward yearning after primitive episcopacy. The existence of such a dissatisfaction is traceable here and here; but Arnold of Brescia was no type of it.

It was late on a dark and windy night that we reached Dezenzano on the Lago di Garda. We heard the dashing of the lake beneath our windows, like a pleasant serenade of home thoughts, and we wandered in our dreams by other lakes as blue and beautiful as old Benacus. However, the early morning unveiled a scene of great splendor. La Garda was stretched before us in miles of angry purple.

In front, with a sheet of the lake between, lay the lovely peninsula of Sirmione, where Catullus' villa stood, his jewel of "islands and peninsulas." To the north and west rose some ranges of mountains, of very bold outline, and the higher ones clothed with snow. Salo, a town thirteen miles up the lake, was the sweetest spot we found upon La Garda. The road to it, where it did not command views of the lake, was not very interesting; but at last a turn of the road brought us to the top of a high and steep hill, from whence the view was most enchanting. Opposite was a bold and rocky mountain, with the nakedness of its base somewhat concealed by grey olive trees; and below, crowding in to the brink of a lovely bay, stood Salo, fair, white and picturesque, embosomed in lofty hills except the outlet of the bay to the main lake; and possessing beside its basin of blue water, a basin of land of the most crowded and various luxuriance. Salo was one of those places which are enabled, from softness of feeling or openness of disposition at the time, to hew themselves a niche in one's recollection, higher and larger than their own intrinsic loveliness could justly claim. That sequestered bay with its private lake, and the sunny promontory which is its sentinel towards the north, are spots on which the mind may rest with unusual delight.

Whilst we were at Dezenzano, there came an evening of the most wonderful beauty. Softness and brightness were mingled in such a way as I have

never seen out of Italy and Greece. The earliness of the season gave the colors a greater paleness and transparency than they would probably have had in advanced summer. The narrow peninsula of Sirmione looked like a long green grove, floating on the water, without earth or foundation, whilst its shadowy trees bent in one mass to and fro in the deeps of La Garda, distinct and tremulous, as the evening wind made the watery mirror uncertain, without confusing the placid images upon it. The fact of Catullus having a villa so far from Rome, and set on a little peninsula, to look at rugged Alps, ought to be put down among the comparatively few instances we have of Romans caring for natural beauty. The Greek mythology, defective as it is in that respect, exhibits much more appreciation of, and more minute inquisition into, natural phenomena than either the religion or literature of the Romans. To a Roman mind every thing was objective. This characterizes even the early western theology. This intellectual habit it was, which in part, and by God's blessing, so long excluded the subtle heresies of the East from entering in and desecrating the Occidental Churches. The Latin hymn, called the Athanasian Creed, bears this impress upon it, even when compared with the orthodox symbol of the Nicene Council. The habit is still perceptible, though now weakened by the infusion of romantic principles into Europe. It is still dominant in a large section of French litera-

ture, and was so amongst ourselves in the early part of the last century.

Yet it is strange, when we come to consider it, that Latin poetry should have made so little use of scenery, or of the domestic affections, the two main elements of all modern poetry. The Achilleis of Statius is the most likely old Latin poem to be mistaken for a modern one. Yet, perhaps, the Acme and Septimius of Catullus, and his plaintive invocation at his brother's tomb, have much of the affectionate modern spirit in them, though their imagery is not so modern as Statius' account of the Sorrentine villa of Pollius Felix, or his musings on the well and tree in the gardens of Atedius Melior on the Cælian Mount, or his invitation to Claudia his wife. Scenery, as it appears in most of the Latin poets, Virgil even, comes out in the shape of picturesque topography, or single, and often extremely powerful descriptive epithets, such as we have in Milton's description of the rivers, in much of Drayton's Polyolbion, and in which Walter Scott was more felicitous than in any other style. Every now and then, indeed, we catch expressions which imply, at first sight, that objects of natural beauty have been brooded on and learned by real contemplation, but which, notwithstanding, occur so rarely, they may more reasonably be attributed to that *felicity of phrase* which all poets, objective ones particularly, by a kind of compensation, possess in a greater or less degree. Such expressions may be

instanced as 'mordet aqua taciturnus amnis,' 'mobilibus pomaria rivis,' and specially such (but they are rare indeed) as 'Usticæ cubantis;' while, on the other hand, the calming of the sea in Virgil may be quoted as a remarkable instance of the tyrannous excess of the objective habit of old poetry.

It would be interesting to know whether Catullus ever sat for an hour alone, beating with his fingers on an olive-stump the wild metre of the Atys, so like the waving of a thyrsus, or looking at the Alps, or feeling a trouble in some glorious sunset, or a wild sympathy with the elements in the mountain storm, or whether the lights and shades, and solemn processions of mists and clouds which came and went before his eyes, impressed him with any idea of their mysterious order, or the laws of beautiful forms, and whether such visions were carried back with him from Sirmio to the great capital, haunting his memory; or rather, whether he did not come to his villa, accompanied by a few choice city wits, when Rome was dull, to eat Benacus trout, and enjoy the strong red wine of the neighboring Modrignolo, whose resinous flavor was not, perhaps, rougher than the stout Falernian; and then wrote pretty letters to his Roman friends, describing his villa with the pleased garrulity of Pliny, and deploring, with many a pathetic antithesis, his banishment from the city, amid rude and inaccessible mountains, 'horrid' forests, and a people as hard and contorted in mind and manners as the uncouth stumps of their own

olive-trees; or filled with epigrams on the favorite, Mamurra, whom he hated so heartily. Petrarch's epistles from Vaucluse would not vary much, bating the gossip about popes and prelates, from Catullus's correspondence from Sirmio. There is little in his eulogy on Sirmio which is deep or contemplative, or even expressive of a genuine local attachment. The Gospel seems, in some measure, to have drawn the earth and her children closer together, and made us understand her meanings better.

The contrast between Latin and Greek literature is both curious and interesting. The most obvious difference is, that the Greek literature is so much more allied to life than the Roman; and we should scarcely have expected this beforehand. It would not have been surprising if the Romans had been without literature altogether; but it seems strange that a people, whose character was throughout so astonishingly practical, should have a literature utterly disengaged from their habits of life and principles of action. Whereas the whole of Greek literature is one extensive proof of the real, practical character of the human imagination; its wildest sublimities have a domestic beauty and a suitableness. Let a man take up some idle summer his old school-books (and a profitable and pleasant summer he will spend), and ponder once more over the metrical Catullus, the plaintive Tibullus, and the erudite Propertius: let him live once more among the scenes of the Aulularia, Curculio, and Trinummus, amid

manners which, even more than the plot and language, are translations from the Greek; let him beguile himself with the fluent tenderness and elegant despondency of Ovid's artificial mind, or contemplate the cold polish of the harmonious antiquarian, Virgil, or shelter himself in the Sylvæ of the gentle Neapolitan improvisatore, or lay down Lucretius, with the astonished confession that there may be beauty and nobility even where there is no faith. Throughout the whole of this course one thought cannot fail to pursue him:—How unpractical all this is! How little it has to do with Roman life and manners! How little influence must it have had, for how little influence has the Roman temper had upon it! The conclusion is, that the most unreal literature in the world is the literature of the most real people. If we look at Roman architecture, there is the same majestic practical character which we admire in the Romans. It almost startles us. It is the very temper of Rome, sculptured in massive grandeur: be it a road, an aqueduct, an arch, an amphitheatre, an excavated sewer, a monstrous mole, Rome is written all over it; and whether it be in Arabia or Scotland, on the shores of the Euxine or at the foot of Mount Atlas, it is recognized for Roman work. Or again, if we regard the theatre and other elegant amusements of Greek civilization, how quickly they droop, like unsuitable exotics, when transplanted into Roman ground. Rome's practical character is stamped upon the horrid amusements of

her people, the death-struggle, the roaring wild beasts, the gory arena. Let us follow, for instance, the Emperor Claudius to the Lacus Fucinus. It is one mighty theatre: the terraces of the Abruzzo are covered with eager and delighted spectators. Claudius himself, with the bloody Agrippina, the young Nero, and the infamous favorite Narcissus, is seated at the awful show. There are slaves and criminals to the number of nineteen thousand. They are divided off into two fleets to fight against each other on the lake. As they defile past the emperor, they cry, "Hail! O emperor! The dying salute thee." The emperor returns the salutation in such a way that the poor wretches believe they are pardoned, and break forth into a frantic tumult of rejoicing, for they love life like other men, and have red blood in their bodies, and each of them a soul as immortal as thine, O Claudius. But, pardon? Are all these spectators on the shelving slopes of the lake-girdling Abruzzo to be disappointed? The emperor descends to the brink, and explains the mistake, and bids the pretorians goad the reluctant victims on board the ships, and nineteen thousand immortal beings, for whom Christ had died some twenty years before, murdered each other in a mock battle, for the pleasure of the Roman emperor and people [2]. Could any but Romans have endured such gigantic excitements without insanity following? It

[2] See Spalding's Italy, vol. i. 366.

was but a development of that practical character which we observe in them, and which is given them in prophecy. They were a race lifted above the ordinary level of humanity, drawn beyond the circle of its common vices and its common virtues, to work a purpose for God, and be, like the obedient monster of the magician, the houshold slave of God's Church.

Yet with all this, the distinguishing feature of their literature is, that it is unpractical; not wrought out of the heart of the people, and therefore, like unreal epochs of our own literature, refusing to work itself down into the popular heart. One cause of this, though not the deepest, may be found in the circumstances of the Augustan age, which includes so large a portion of the best Roman literature. The whole nation stood in a false position, and that too with regard to politics, in which their practical life most consisted. An utter and ignoble despotism lived in all the splendid forms of the old republic, and the imperator walked as much at ease in the antique vestments of a jealous democracy, as though they had been the loose flowing robes of an Asiatic king. Thus government, law, oratory, the public offices, the police arrangements, and the debates in the senate, said one thing and meant another. Every thing in Roman life, down to the idioms of conversation, was falsified. Falshood was the characteristic of the epoch; and consequently it would, with a forcible consistency, be represented in the literature

of the times. There are, however, exceptions to this generally unreal nature of Roman literature. The satires of Horace, a species of composition very original, and in no way resembling the works usually called satires, are of a very practical character, and essentially Roman; and there are vestiges of a practical turn of mind in some of the odes; while the Æneid, which we should have thought could hardly escape being practical, as a national, patriotic epic, has scarcely one real line in it. In later days Juvenal, like all satirists of contemporary manners, was practical; and, above all, the terrible, fierce regrets of the youthful Lucan were highly practical and Roman: and therefore, with all its glaring faults, the Pharsalia lays a stronger hold upon us than most Latin poems. On the sweep of its rough, nervous, tumultuous metre, as on an angry eagle's flight, we are borne, in spite of ourselves, over many a rugged place and broken interval and coarse stumbling-block. For all things about it are practical. The gods are Latian, not Greek; Delphi is represented as dumb. But the wild world of spirits sympathizes, in a native manner, with the throes of Roman liberty: Sylla's shade roams over the Campus Martius, and by the flowing Anio the ghost of Marius rends the sepulchre, and appears in the trouble of Rome's last agonies. These, however, are exceptions to a general rule, and only bring out more strongly the characteristic unpractical nature of Latin literature. Indeed, the utter divorce of lite-

rature from all practical results is strongly exemplified later on in the biographies of Ausonius and Claudian, the relation they had to the emperors, and the position they occupied in the courts of Gratian, Theodosius, and Honorius. The bishops would quickly have driven the pagan laureates, celebrating catholic sovereigns and statesmen with mythological odes, from the imperial presence, if they had not felt assured that literature, in those days, was a blossoming, but not a fruit-bearing tree. The verses of Ausonius were not likely to do much harm in an age on whose deaf ear the eloquence of Symmachus died away so lightly and so feebly. It was ever thus with Roman literature. No elegiac verses won battles among Roman warriors ; no subjects of national interest were forbidden to dramatists, for fear of the excesses of enthusiastic sympathy. Our own literature, in proportion as it has grown more real, has banished the mythological machinery in which even our great ancestors indulged. Milton would not have produced the exquisite Lycidas in the nineteenth century. Such machinery has been banished as unworthy, because it is unmeaning. A comparison between Milton's use of pagan faith, and Wordsworth's use of it, is fair, because the two poets are not far removed in point of excellence, and it is grateful, because it is significant of a more wholesome and real literature.

A fertile flat, through which the reedy Mincio steers his winding current, intervenes between De-

zenzano and Verona, the road crossing the Mincio at Peschiera. Verona is a striking city at first sight, and full of relics of old times. It is also one of Shakspeare's cities, the city of the "poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus," from whose sad case we learn, that "to wreath one's arms, like a malcontent, to relish a love song like a robin-red-breast, to walk alone, like one that hath the pestilence, to sigh like a school-boy that hath lost his A, B, C, to weep like a young wench that hath buried her grand-dam, to fast like one that takes diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, and to speak puling like a beggar at Hallowmass," are "special marks" of being in love. There is also a marble coffin shown near the Franciscan convent. It has holes for air, and a place for a candle, and goes by the name of Juliet's Tomb. But we found in more than one place abroad, that in some prolific soils the sedulous repetition of inquiries on the part of travellers has a power to create relics, and the earnest minuteness of the antiquary has certainly, in more than one instance, called into existence the tradition he was so anxious to find. The heights above Verona are also interesting. It was there that, after his march from Innsbruck over the Brenner Pass, and the capture of Tridentum, Attila paused with his fearful host. They took one long greedy look at the fruitful Veronese, and westward toward the Bergamasco and the Milanese, then swept down, darkening the face of the land, as a locust swarm darkens the air. I have seen the

muddy swamps where the Hungarian Tibiscus meets the Danube; and truly, to the Huns of the Bannat of Temeswar, the paradise of northern Italy would be a bewildering scene, an almost unintelligible land.

After mourning over the decayed splendor and cheerless palaces of Vicenza, we proceeded to Padua, the "many-domed" Padua. It is a delightful old city; just the place for a university. It is full of street-picturesque, and the architecture of the churches somewhat oriental. Most of the streets have colonnades at the sides, and in not a few grass grows between the stones in undisturbed luxuriance. But Padua is no longer the rival of Bologna, no longer the fourth city, raised by Frederick II. to be added to the three intellectual capitals of mediæval Europe, Paris, Bologna, and Oxford. There grew no grass in the streets of Padua when eighteen thousand students clustered round the chairs of their favorite professors. I know not why it should be so, but this quaint desert of streets and churches seems to be a type of the political decay of Italy, the death, or at least most deadly slumber, of Italian democracy. Such words may not be breathed in the streets of Austrian Italy. Even Padua is too populous for such regrets to be safely whispered, for echoes are loudest in desolate places. Let us come into the Euganean mountains, and seek some

> . . . . dell, mid lawny hills,
> Which the wild sea-murmur fills,

And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round.

Here we may talk our fill of the hidden and hunted Carbonari.

It is an interesting, but by no means easy, labor to trace the current of Italian democracy. It has, for the most part, run underground; and where it has burst upon the surface, it has been in partial efforts, difficult to understand, and to which nearly invariable failure has given a bad name. History is in the hands of the other party, and who is bold enough to advocate the cause of the Carbonari? I have little sympathy with democratical feelings; and of course secret societies, labors in the dark, conspiracies, whether unarmed, for the propagation of opinions, or armed, for the actual assertion of liberty, must lead men into sins, and very great sins, as well as being contrary to the Christian duty of absolute, passive obedience to the civil power, so long as the conscience is not violated in the matter of religion. When the conscience is violated, the right to suffer for Christ's sake, rises at once to the gladdened view of the oppressed and persecuted party. Such are surely the general principles of political duty; yet it is not meant to deny that there are a few difficult cases in history, where conscience has been compelled to judge with a more independent authority, and to act in a bolder way, or rather, to speak accurately, to allow Providence to open out her way for her in new and perplexing emergencies. Admitting this, and

all things being candidly considered, I should not hesitate to assert that the reviled Carbonari of Italy are more respectable than almost any other democratical party with which history makes us acquainted. The materials, however, for their history are few and dubious, and the inferences from it consequently precarious: this applies especially to their present existence in the Austrian, Papal, and Neapolitan states. Yet a keen eye, looking along the parti-colored web of Italian history, will see one dark thread continuously interwoven there, catching the light here and there in a very marked way. Even the Carbonari have an old and high ancestry. They, as well as the house of Hapsburgh, have a tree of famous progenitors.

There are few things in history the contemplation of which is so inspiriting as the struggle of the "justissima et modestissima plebs" of early Rome. Their conduct unites such an assemblage of high political virtues that we do not know which to admire most,—their unwearied energy, or super-human forbearance, or unimpassioned sagacity, or unclouded far-sightedness, or dignified demeanor, or profound worship of freedom, or intelligent homage to the inherent majesty of law. It is a magnificent spectacle to behold that people, those multitudes, every individual of which was almost worthy to fill a throne, marching onwards, amidst untold difficulties and ceaseless foreign wars, and the galling chains of unjust debt, to the consummation of their liberties,

and the filling up the noble political system of ancient Rome. The world has never seen the like of that spectacle elsewhere, which was not more removed from the social conduct of modern states, than it was from any of the diversified shapes of Greek democracy. What depths of political wisdom were successively fathomed during the fierce stateliness of those astonishing conflicts. From the establishment of the Tribunate to the impeachment of Coriolanus before the Comitia Tributa, the law of Spurius Cassius, the boldness of the tribune Genucius, and the two laws of Volero, from the Icilian assignment of the Aventine to the Decemvirate, and the consulship of Poplicola, from the three rogations of Licinius, the deaths of Spurius Mælius and Marcus Manlius, and the second Publilian law to the Pœtelian and Ogulnian laws, which last was the religious consecration of the plebs, from the Mœnian law to the final consummation of plebeian victory in the lex Hortensia;—what a march it was, always fierce yet almost always dignified, beneath a most tremendous and wicked oppression, yet scarcely ever betrayed into frantic displays of popular fury, scarcely ever assuming an attitude or a pace the less decorous or the less stately from any pressure more severe than usual. Their energy and vehemence is always proportioned with wonderful exactness to the magnitude of the object or the strength of the opposition. How the mind of a free man, standing in these days on the steps of the old Capitol, must be filled with

this plebeian procession, marshalled along this Via Sacra of human politics, by the awful spirits of Law, Public Spirit, and Social Order, names and shadows in many cases, but by the mighty plebs of ancient Rome worshipped continually as real, vengeful, and divine.

And, alas! how undignified was the canker-worm which spread through the heart of this fearful people the disease of moral littleness and slavish faction. It was the agency of pestilent laws of debt, the slow poison of centuries, to which the measure of Licinius was but a temporary antidote, and which the Pœtelian law came too late to neutralize effectually. Perhaps the extinction of several of the old patrician families accelerated the corruption of the people; for an hereditary aristocracy purifies and invigorates the life of a whole nation, unless it be itself utterly licentious and corrupt, and then the Church should preach a crusade against it, and the people abolish it. Rome soon beheld what a much more grinding and far less worthy oppression comes from the weight of an aristocracy of wealth and office than one of blood and privilege. An official aristocracy will speedily corrupt and kill the aristocracy of blood. The plebeian noblesse of the Aurelian, Calpurnian, and Octavian houses soon outstripped in arrogance and lordly licence the patrician scions of Fabian, Claudian, or Æmilian birth. The Roman populace of the lower empire, the papal city, and modern times, if they have inherited the vices of the

later republicans, whom the laws of debt had thus deteriorated, may at least claim, in spite of all barbarian admixture, relationship with the old and patriotic plebs; and in the tall forms and bold profiles of the Trasteverine women the matrons of Rome might still discern their true successors, fresh mothers of new Gracchi; and in the fiery eye of many a male in that wild Janiculan suburb, or among the fierce Montigiani, there linger yet unquenched the lightnings before which client kings and suppliant ambassadors were wont to quail.

Lombardy is tranquil. The Austrian power *seems* to have suppressed for ever the troublesome faction which was found so dangerous a few years since. The democracy of Rome and Naples *seems* to evaporate in big words. Judging from appearances, we should say, that it boasts of its life and strength too loudly to be really an object of jealousy. The fair peninsula, from the Alps to the Golfo di Taranto, or the Capo Spartivento, from Lombardy to Calabria, is to the eye quietly parcelled out into sundry established countries, and ruled by its lawful possessors in peace and confidence. Yet, underneath all this there is another Italy, which is not the Italy of maps, an under-ground country, as unquiet and perhaps as powerful as the hidden might of Vesuvius, which the wreaths of innocuous smoke so inadequately represent. It is but a few years ago that events showed the existence of a strong, determined, curiously cemented and strictly organized society or republic

prevailing over the whole of Italy, having in its possession arms and money, to a certain extent, though not in abundance, holding in its hands the threads of numerous conspiracies, for little or for great ends, yet all working one way. The roots of this republic, for such it may really be called, strike out in every direction, and penetrate into every rank of society; for though outlaws and bandits are mostly Carbonari, they are only classes in the Carbonaro world. The liberation of Italy, its unity under one capital, that capital to be Rome, the expulsion of the imperial troops, the reduction of the pope to be the popular bishop of the republic;—such were the objects of this immense and energetic association. This was their new Italy, and to an historical scholar, who dreams for an uneasy hour over the map of Europe, an idea as feasible in the execution as it is magnificent in the conception. Nothing seems indefinite about it, except the amount of power, dignity, and jurisdiction left to the pontiff. That would, probably, have depended, in great measure, on the feelings which might chance to have been called out during the actual struggle.

All this was beginning to rise to the surface. Troubles broke out in Lombardy; but the German and Hungarian troops repressed the disorders, and restored tranquillity. The calm and steady sway of Austria is uninterrupted. The whole of this Carbonaro world seemed to dissolve and fall in pieces at once. New Italy seemed to pass off like an exha-

lation, born of an unhealthy season. Nay, the air was purged by its brief presence. There is reason for thinking that this was all *seeming*, that the Carbonaro world lives, abiding its day, and repairing its shattered meshes, looking no longer to France, but to Russia; and that, much as is undoubtedly known to the Lombard police or Austrian embassy at Rome, there are centres of activity to which even their wonderful vision has not penetrated. Some of these centres are probably in the Papal States; for ill government is a shelter for dark doings and political miners.

The fountain-head of democratic feeling in modern Italy must be looked for a long way up in her history, feeding itself silently out of the traditions of classical times. Indeed, it would be more correct to say, that there were two fountains, although the streams have long been united in a single channel. These two fountains were Rome and Lombardy. The character of the Italians was completely debased under the pressure of the imperial sway: and, indeed, such must always be the case under any human, or at least secular, despotism, however virtuous, beneficent, or rational, and the despotism of the Roman emperors was, of course, the reverse of all these things. It was not, therefore, till the infusion of fresh blood into the veins of her aged body, that Italy began to stir, and exhibit symptoms of returning energy, and the love of independence. The papacy begot the desire of democracy in Rome, the

barbarian conquerors in Lombardy: both did so in different ways, and were only alike in this, that they were both equally astonished and dismayed at the spirit which they had unwittingly called into life, and then could not lay.

When the popes freed Rome and Italy from the disastrous imbecility of their Byzantine rulers, the city, as well as the Church, shared the immediate fruits. From that time the municipal forms at Rome began to have something of a spirit in them. In the tenth century the unworthiness of the popes subjected the chair of St. Peter to the citizens, and scenes of unexampled scandal ensued. The candidates for the tiara were guilty of violent and bloody deeds, such as the candidates for the consulship of the pagan republic had never ventured upon. For nearly fifty years Theodora, and Marozia her daughter, two most infamous women, held in their possession the papal throne. Theodora, the mother, placed John X. upon the chair of St. Peter; Marozia, the daughter, deposed and imprisoned him. She was the mistress of Sergius III., and she afterwards elevated to the popedom John XI., her illegitimate son by Sergius. Alberic, another son, revolted against her, because of the insulting treatment which he received from Hugh, king of Burgundy, her third husband: and it is remarkable that the revolt succeeded entirely through his throwing himself into the arms of the people. However, as in such cases usually happens, he soon became the tyrant of those who had been the instru-

ments of his elevation. For twenty-two years he supplied the Church with popes; and, which should be observed, he restored, as a reward to the populace, the offices of consul and tribune. His son Octavian succeeded him, and thinking his power would be strengthened by such a step, he made himself pope, under the title of John XII. Benedict VI. was strangled; John XIV. was murdered by Boniface VII., whose enormities were so horrible, that the Romans could not refrain, after his death, from treating his corpse with shocking indignities.

Without unfolding the scandals of the pontifical history any further, it is easy to see how such a succession of popes was likely to foster the growth of democracy, and to consolidate municipal institutions in Rome; and perhaps then was laid the foundation of that contempt for the papacy which has always characterized the Roman populace, specially the rude Trasteverines, mingling strangely with an idolatry of the pope himself. The appeal of the wayward and inconstant John XII. had freed Rome from the insults of the Lombard princes, only to bring her under the yoke of the Saxon emperors. The revolt of the consul Crescentius against the Saxon rulers was the first outward burst of the long-smothered flame. Crescentius was twice master of Rome, making and unmaking popes. He was at last treacherously inveigled from the Castle of St. Angelo, and then hung. The shape which this movement appears to have taken was revealed in the

project to restore the power of the Byzantine emperors at Rome. But this is far from being any proof that it was not a popular movement. In those days it was next to impossible that it should have taken a republican form; and the eyes of the people would turn naturally to the Greek emperors, remembering how feeble their rule would be from their distant capital, how little it could possibly interfere with real independence, and how preferable, at any rate, it was to the frequent visits and harsh sceptre of their German masters. Democracy in those days could not thrive, except behind an honored name, and what name could be more honorable, what patronage less degrading to the dignity of Rome, than that of the Greek emperor?

It was among circumstances such as these, that democratical feeling was born and nurtured in Rome itself. From that age to this, in uninterrupted succession, and with strength varying from the greatest to the least, there has been a democratical party in the papal city: sometimes existing loosely and disunited, in a body of floating and unrealized opinions, but more often compacted into a secret society, with positive institutions, and resting upon hereditary principles and by no means inglorious traditions. Rienzi and Porcaro, in different epochs, stood before the world as visible types of it. They were the ancestors of the Carbonari. In England and France democratical opinions have existed for centuries, and have sometimes centered in parties, and broken forth

and prevailed. The difference between their case and that of Italy is this,—that in Italy it has been more continuous, more perceptibly hereditary. The adherents of Wat Tyler and the peasants of the Jacquerie, were in no sense the progenitors of the Roundheads or the Jacobins. They are no legitimate ancestors in the political pedigrees of Pym or Mirabeau, the two greatest men of their several movements. In Italy it was strictly true, that Rienzi was a Carbonaro.

The springs of Lombard democracy were more copious and noisy in their beginnings, and therefore are more easily traceable. Their course begins early in the eleventh century, and flows in a broad and open stream till the close of the twelfth. Democratical feeling was cradled in Lombardy, as in all countries not mountainous it must be, in the towns. The devastating visits of the Saracens compelled the great signors to consent to the building and fortification of towns, by which means, not only were the vassals and their property secured from the raids of the Saracens, but also an element of resistance to baronial oppression was speedily organized. The reigns of the three Saxon Othos are distinguished by the abundant grants of municipal privileges to the Lombard cities. These reigns comprise from 961, A. D. to 1002. The government of the towns was gradually taken from the great lords, who withdrew to their rude sovereignty over their rural vassals, where no growing public opinion restrained or with-

stood them. The constitution of all the towns was tolerably uniform. There were, in general, two consuls, a secret council of credenza, the great council of the senators, and popular assemblies of all the males who bore arms. Amid the troubles which followed the death of Otho III. Lombardy ventured to elect a king of its own, who was not however recognized by Milan, because of the active part taken in the matter by the rival and detested city of Pavia. The reign of Conrad the Salic was a troubled one, and popular rights generally thrive in troubles. In Lombardy it was marked by a league between the towns and the inferior barons. So jealous were the people at this time, that when a knight angrily struck one of the lower orders in the streets of Milan, the populace rose, expelled the nobility, and burned their palaces down to the ground. The contest between the Church and the empire respecting investitures, as it kept the emperor's hands full, was likewise favorable to the growth of democratical feeling in the north of Italy. The reign of Frederick Barbarossa beheld the latent genius of democracy burst forth, leave the mutual feuds of the cities, and venture to arm itself even against the empire. This movement, it is remarkable to observe, was contemporary with that of Arnold of Brescia at Rome, who was himself a Lombard, although he made Rome his chief theatre of action. The empire triumphed, but democracy, even in its defeat, was too strong to be deprived of its chief privileges. Again it broke out.

The emperor managed to divide the ever-jealous cities one against another, and the end of this second outbreak was the total and literal destruction of Milan, every building of which was levelled with the ground. Under the new system of podestas democracy was obliged to skulk, and assume almost the very form of modern Carbonarism. The battle of Legnano in 1176, and the peace of Constance in 1183 restored public liberty to the Lombard cities. But the palmy days of democracy were over. The popular constitutions began to edge forward into aristocracies; and almost every town was the prey of two noble hostile families, typifying the irreconcileable principles of Guelfs and Ghibelins. Such were the Montecchios and San Bonifazios of Verona. The countenance of Manuel Comnenus, the Greek emperor; the death of Henry VI.; the Guelphic league of the Tuscan towns under Innocent III.; the Lombard league of Gregory IX. during the absence of Frederick II. in Palestine; the struggle for the empire between Richard of Cornwall and Alfonzo of Castile; the crusade proclaimed by Alexander IV. against Eccelino—were all circumstances highly favorable in different ways to Italian democracy. But from the beginning of the thirteenth century, the tide set and advanced consistently towards aristocracy, and the rule of the Visconti family at Milan represents the new state of things. The gorgeous chapter of history which relates the rise and fall of what are called the Italian republics has little to do

with the chronicles of Italian democracy. A few significant conspiracies and abortive seditions are scattered here and there as evidences of the existence of the current still flowing underneath. Arnold of Brescia in the twelfth, Rienzi in the fourteenth, and Stefano Porcaro in the fifteenth century were all Carbonari. Yet the success of the plebeian Rienzi, and the failure of the patrician Porcaro, both in spite of their rank, enable us to detect the decline of the democratical spirit and influence.

At the time of the Reformation, the protestant movements in Italy connected themselves with democratical principles from an obvious congeniality of temper; and the wild, selfish, and wicked proceedings of the revolutionary French in that country, which form another chapter in Carbonaro history, again elicited, and debased the democratical element of the Italian mind. This aptness to join with ill things is a suspicious trait in Carbonarism. It resembles one of those parasitical diseases which only seize on some already stricken limb. But there is another alliance of dubious propriety into which it has entered, requiring more detail.

No system or set of opinions which demand practice, and are not content to be held in a cold, literary way, can live and thrive, unless they have some spring of imaginative feeling, something to engage and interest that truest and most correct faculty of the mind, whose office it is to dignify reason and understanding by elevating both into higher regions of

truth than they could possibly of themselves attain. There are few men in the world who would venture upon action from a mere conviction of the reason. The only efficient substitute for genuine imaginative impulses is the idolatry of a party leader, to which hard minds are usually much addicted. Opinions unenriched by the divine power of imagination require to be embodied, else men will not swear fealty to them. Italian democracy found this spring in the gorgeous traditions of republican Rome; and the union of democracy with an enthusiastic study of the pagan literature, although extremely natural, was in Italy strikingly consistent. The French, who when they would be enthusiastic are extravagant, and who seem incapable of a dignified or independent imitation, associated to themselves the glories of Greek and Latin republicanism in an inconceivably puerile, though amusing, manner; and the not very stern republicans beyond the Atlantic must allow the old-fashioned scholars of Europe a good-natured smile at the big, stern names of their towns and farms. In England, on the contrary, the greatest outbreak of the democratical spirit we have ever witnessed connected itself, not with classical associations or heathen moulds, but with a solemn and passionate fanaticism, such as might have sprung from the old ecclesiastical soil of the fiery yet gloomy Africa; while the democracy of our own days, in need of some form around which it may cling, has been unhappily allowed, perhaps allured, to twine its base

and disloyal tendrils around Romanism, and once more, as in Stuart times, to mingle the spirit of religious schism with its aggressive movements upon the aristocratical institutions of the land, for, like a false suitor, it courts the monarchy for its present ends.

The union of Italian democracy with pagan literature was quite as far removed from the fantastic tricks of the French revolution on the one side, as it was from English puritanism on the other. It was a sympathy, a consciousness of identity of principle, rendered more intense by the continual admonition of great localities: a feeling deep, true, earnest, lofty, and leading to action. Thus the sermons of Arnold of Brescia are said to have been filled with a curious mixture of texts of Scripture and passages of Livy; and this perhaps was one secret of the power his eloquence had upon the Roman populace. Rienzi, as has been observed before, while in prison at Avignon, divided his time between the Bible and Livy, and was wont to feed the kindling fires of his young mind among the broken heaps of classic Rome. Two ideas seem ever to have been present to his ardent imagination, the classical Rome of temples and tombs, and the feudal Rome of dull, baronial towers. Porcaro made a school tumult the occasion of an attempt to raise the people, and set the younger Brutus before him as the model of his life. This alliance with heathen literature was broken by the vehement reaction towards ecclesiastical feeling and Christian art, which took place during the

pontificate of Sixtus V.; it was however but temporary. The world was not ripe for it. It took no lasting hold upon the European mind. But the strong and deeply-rooted dislike of everything romantic, even in literature, as though it were a growth of the Middle Ages, and so might have some mysterious power to rekindle the feudal spirit, is singularly developed in the genius of Alfieri. His sternness, and hard, cold grandeur find no materials except in pagan greatness; and the power of his intellect is shown in this as much as in anything else, that in his works modern times and modern forms are as though they had never been, and the influence of Christianity less traceable than in almost any other modern author. His plays breathe, throughout, the intensest and most fervent spirit of democracy. They are the poetical voice of the Carbonari.

The name Carbonari is said to have been first used in 1808 among the charcoal burners of the Abruzzo, who were formed into a secret society of Venditas and Baraccas. But the thing itself in the very same shape was quite ancient. Indeed, the old Milanese clubs of St. Ambrose and the Motta, which grew up after the peace of Constance in 1183, were exactly the same in organization, temper and object, as the Calabrian and Piedmontese clubs in 1820. There were a great many Carbonaro features about the Pazzi conspiracy; and a striking development of its high temper, though doubtless the act itself was

most improper, is exhibited in Savonarola's refusing absolution to the dying Lorenzo de Medicis, because he would not restore liberty to his country. The Carbonaro spirit also breathes forth most strongly in Cirillo, Pagano, Conforti, Delfico, and Filangieri, at the close of the eighteenth century: as also in Napoleon's Cisalpine ministry in 1794, comprising Alexandri, Moscati, Paradisi, Porro, Luosi and Sommariva. In 1798 a secret society for promoting Italian independence was formed against the French by Lahoz of Mantua, and Bigaro of Cremona; of course it had little or no effect. In 1808 the Calabrian Carbonari were put down by General Manhés, one of Murat's officers. The Neapolitan and Piedmontese seditions of 1820, and 1821, are too well known to require detail; and by them Carbonaro history is brought down into our own times.

At present there is every reason to suppose that the confederacy of the Italian Carbonari is large and influential, by no means confined to the lower ranks of society, and with a high degree of party union and mutual understanding. Their object still remains the same as ever, the liberation of Italy from Transalpine rulers, its union into one country, the dignity of Rome, and the readjustment of the papal jurisdiction. It has been asserted in a dark way, that among the higher orders of society in the Papal States another party has been formed, which includes within itself a few of the princes of the Church, and affords some disquiet to the Austrian embassy at Rome. The

members of this society call themselves Sanfedists. It is indeed little but a revival of old Guelphic principles, somewhat modified because of the altered circumstances of the Italian peninsula. Austria, as the personification of the Ghibeline principle, is the object of their dislike and jealousy; the temporal power of the papacy within the Alps, the end of their desires and dreams. They are of course in themselves very feeble, and contain none of the strong, rough, racy elements, none of the volcanic life and energy of the Carbonari. The Sanfedists are said to have arisen in 1780 as an anti-Austrian party at Turin, Gregory VII. and Sixtus V. being the great objects of their admiration. The obvious wish exhibited by Russia in her diplomatic movements, and her actual influence in the Roman Curia, point out to them the quarter for an anti-Austrian alliance. It is said also that Russia, whose diplomacy seems everywhere distinguished, as that of old Rome was, by a most immoral wisdom and corrupt sagacity, has dealings both with the Carbonari and with the Sanfedists, playing off the one against the other, alternately betraying and shielding them, ready to give them up in failure, to respect and use them in success. As friends within a besieged city the Sanfedists may have importance; otherwise they have none [3]. It would, however, require something like

[3] See the Sanfedist documents in the Appendix to Charles Didier's Rome Souterraine; also his two volumes of Mémoires et

a gift of prophecy to say whether these convulsive movements of Italian democracy are the muscular agitations after the mortal wound, or the ungainly restlessness of one freshly awakening from a trance.

What was said at the outset of this account of the Carbonari must not be forgotten. It is not intended to express any such sympathy for them here as should deaden our sense of the sin of unquietness and secret caballing, or should lend a patronage to the so-called principles of liberty, which seem to consist in making every man a bad subject to the government he lives under, whatever it may be. But a student of history can hardly refuse his sympathy to the Italians, who during centuries of Transalpine thraldom have striven to write the name of Italy once more among the nations of Europe; and if his political principles square not with those of any party, in some things stretching beyond them, in other things seeing cause to shrink back, there is no reason why he should withhold the expression of his sympathy. Indeed, after the old monarchical house of my own country, I know no political object which calls forth any feeling in me so near to reverence and affection as the paternal government of Austria, witnessed in all her provinces, save Gallicia, and the honest-hearted family which presides over that broad and beautiful empire. Doubtless the Lombardo-Venetian

Fragmens sur l'Italie: but the most copious, though precarious, sources of information regarding the Carbonari are not of course in publications.

kingdom is happier beneath the light hand of Ferdinand than it would be in the fierce enjoyment of Carbonaro liberty, and the Hungarian regiments are a less evil than a National Guard or democratic gensd'armerie. Yet, as a student of history, contemplating the past and calculating the future, the convulsive struggles of the heirs, to whom great Rome has bequeathed her tremendous legacy of stirring associations, must be objects of interest and sympathy. There must be these volcanic tremors in the land. To an Italian the very beauty of his father-land is misery to him. Wonderful, gigantic memories pursue him, speaking to his fiery soul with the voices of clarions. He is like a war-horse checked by a heavy bit, yet maddened for battle by the perpetual braying of weird trumpets. O Italy, thou consecrated precinct of old Rome! in the very alleys of Schönbrunn, and beneath the disarming eye of the Kaiser Ferdinand, I must perforce hear within myself an echo to the wild shout that bursts ever and anon from the rice-grounds of Milan, the arcades of grim Bologna, or the charcoal Baraccas of the Abruzzo.

Any one who has wandered about the quiet streets of Padua during the hot hours of noon will acknowledge the comfort, as well as the picturesque effect, of the frequent colonnades. I roamed or rested idly about in the neighbourhood of the church of the Annunziata della Arena, waiting till it was opened. I thought of the cruelties of which these streets had

been the witnesses during the sway of the horrible Eccelino. It is a fearful illustration of original sin, of the progressive corruption of the soul, and how it may descend into the very neighborhood of the nature of beasts, to see one single man become through the accident of powerful station unbearable to his fellow-beings, till they rose against him as one of the savage monsters of heroic antiquity, and the visible head of the Church preached a crusade with privilege and indulgences against an individual who had departed so far from human nature that the earth was weary of him. It reminded me of the last effort of Europe against Napoleon, which was like a crusade against one man, when the nations, not roused by the Church, but beaten from their selfish neutrality by fear, rose and crushed the oppressor, as they would have hunted down any new kind of beast which should appear among them, and ravage their fields.

While they were opening the doors of the Church of the Annunziata della Arena, I was joined by my mysterious companion. He enquired somewhat jocularly if I had got over my fever of enthusiasm for the Carbonari. "It is strange," said he, "that one who was so backward to admit a doubt respecting the divine right of kings, should be ready to take under his patronage a set of outlawed republicans. You cannot have thought much on the subject of politics, else you would have been more consistent." "Nay," replied I, "it is because I have thought

much that I am apparently so inconsistent. Look round upon Europe, examine the arbitrary fences which divide party from party, and say whether any thoughtful man, not belonging to the political world, and therefore having no selfish ends in it, would feel any party-name a sufficiently comprehensive representative of his political opinions. It would be at once too broad and too narrow. In my own land, for instance, who shall say which party is most vile, most worthless? If one possess a better set of men at any particular time, the same lucky accident may belong to another in a few parliaments. If one party forgets that the future can be anything but a continuation of the past, another is equally unmindful that the past has transmitted any inheritance to the future, while a third is too wicked or too stupid to believe in a past, or regard the future as anything else than the raw material out of which the present is manufactured; and all are equally ready, though with different degrees of decency, to dismiss the Church from their consultations." "And," says he, "it matters little whether the Church be bowed out at the door, or kicked down the stairs." "Yes," I replied, "it matters everything in England. It is far better to be kicked down the stairs in England, than be bowed out with cold civility. Persecution among a people like the English is a seal of success, perfectly infallible; witness the reign of Elizabeth and the protectorate of Cromwell. Little pains and unobtrusive penalties and decent discouragements

are the only successful methods of oppression." "Aye," murmured he, "that was the way William the Conqueror thwarted the papacy in England."

The church was quite empty when we entered. My companion called my attention to the upper series of Giotto's frescos. He did not say anything at the time. It was not his custom ever to converse in a church, even while it was empty; but I examined the frescos with considerable care. When we came out into the street, he asked me if I knew the subject of those paintings. I replied that I did not, but that our Lady seemed to be represented in almost every one of them. "Yes," said he, "they are the life of the blessed Virgin, as given in the Apocryphal Gospels. The reverence in which she is held by the Róman Church is, I presume, one of your gravest charges against that Church." "No," I replied; "I cannot consent to call it reverence. It is impossible for any one to understand the catholic doctrine of the Incarnation, without most deeply reverencing the memory of St. Mary, and being studiously mindful to add to her name, when it is enunciated, the epithet which, in the spirit of prophecy, she declared that all generations should give her." "And," said he, "the reverence paid to her in the Roman Church has arisen from a desire to honor the Incarnation." "I scarcely think," replied I, "that such a statement is accurate. Most of what, as an English Catholic, I must venture to call Roman errors sprung, I do believe, from honorable motives

and creditable sources; but the reverence of the fathers for St. Mary was hardened so suddenly into the gross compactness and definite statement of Roman writers, that I cannot think so leniently of this error as of most. All revivals of religion are marked by much impurity of motive, and are oftentimes accompanied by no slight amount of doctrinal error. I do not willingly mention, in the same breath, the revival of religion in the thirteenth century, and the sickening and profane delirium recorded by Mr. Sprague and others, as American revivals. Yet in their measure there is a similarity. In both cases the agents had no faith in quietness, or in the supernatural power of divine truth to assert itself in prepared hearts. There was an idolatry of excitement; and, as an excited mind is incompetent to take an enlarged view of things, or grasp broad catholic truths, so men, in revivals of religion, adopt and patronize some one doctrine, or opinion, or feeling, or rite, or even phrase, as the case may be. Now I think it tolerably plain, that the place St. Mary occupies in the present practical system of Rome was an invention of the thirteenth century, in order to create and prolong excitement, and that it was very unfairly grafted upon expressions dropped by the fathers while asserting the catholic doctrines which concern the union of two Natures in our Blessed Lord's One Person." "Well," said he, "I speak as a member of the universal Church, not as now belonging to any branch of it; and so I will

not vehemently contradict what you say. I doubt not you would think my reverence for the blessed Virgin exaggerated; yet I lived before the days when the present addresses to her were inserted in the Breviary, neither can I approve them. The name of Nicholas III. is not embalmed in my memory. If that will satisfy you, I am ready to say, with St. Hilary, 'If the Virgin herself, who conceived God in her womb, must undergo the severity of judgment, who is so bold as to desire to be judged by God?'"

"I am glad," said I, "to hear you condemn Haymos' Breviary." "Yes," said he, "I do condemn it; and I condemn, though not in such language or for such reasons as yourself, the present Roman system, which was not the system of my day. But I do very positively assert the present Roman system to be a most beautiful one, and a highly spiritual one; and that the world has scarcely ever seen a system so wonderfully adapted, and so eminently successful, as a training for great Saints: although it has, which is the point wherein it fails, a tendency to become hard and coarse in the hands of the multitude. However," added he, after a pause, "the same may be said, in its measure, of all spiritual truth." "I rejoice," said I, "to hear you admit that the Church of Rome has departed even from the ground she occupied in the Middle Ages." "Rejoice!" replied he, mournfully; "surely that is not well. The Cross truly stands on a steep height, and there is no plain ground about it, and even the Church, from time to

time in this portion or in that, subsides imperceptibly away from it. Your own Church no more occupies the position she did in Elizabeth's time, than the Church of Rome does her old position. But the saying of the mote and the beam has ever been too applicable to your Church; and the temper of your churchmen has been to substitute for modest jealousy for the Creed a subtle pluming of themselves upon their own evangelical purity." "I was wrong," said I: "I too often forget that the fact of such and such opinions obtaining over so large a portion of Christendom should restrain strong language, and suggest modest doubt and self-distrust. But to return to Haymos' Breviary. If you condemn it, you probably condemn the multitudinous legends of the Saints, and they form one of the most popular objections with us against the Church of Rome." "Yes," he replied, "I do much condemn both the number and the great irreverence of those legends, and I regret the place they occupy in the Roman Breviary; but it is necessary to be particular in the matter, for the usual protestant objections to the legends and miracles of the Middle Ages peril the authority of Holy Scripture itself. Of course such legends and miracles must be submitted to the same tests, and require the same evidence as other matters of history; but it is common, now-a-days, to think that it is an a-priori objection to them that they *are* legends and miracles." "This arises," I replied, "from a miracle being usually regarded as a suspen-

sion of the laws of nature, whereas one of the greatest English philosophers suggests that what we call a miracle may be the natural effect of some of the higher laws of nature, whose circuit is wider, and whose returns, therefore, like those of some of the heavenly bodies, are of rarer occurrence. And certainly such an idea is very magnificent, and seems, if it is not too venturesome to talk in that way, more in accordance with God's usual dealings with us." "And," said he, "if these laws have vast circuits, and return at intervals, it is to be expected that, from time to time, in the course of the Church's history, we shall have an age of miracles. Indeed, a power to work miracles is as formally granted to the Church, in the Gospel, as any other of her powers. That power has never been revoked, although from time to time sin may have suspended the exercise of it." "The arbitrary conditions," said I, "under which modern writers, in general, would have miracles to be, are, to my idea, extremely profane: for instance; we are told that the purpose of a miracle must be obvious, otherwise the manifestation is useless; again, that it must not be puerile; again, that the end must be a good one." "Such canons," said he, "are as stupid as profaneness usually is. How can we know sufficiently of God's purposes that they should be obvious? It is not the general character of God's purposes to be obvious. They are mostly obscure, to be sought out of them that love and fear Him. Besides, a miracle is not necessarily a manifestation. The miracles of the Conception and

Resurrection were both secret; and a miracle, as well as all other proofs of divine sanction or interference, is not meant to convince where there is no moral preparation of the heart. Then to say a miracle must not be puerile is unmeaning; for who is to judge of the puerility? and, if the fact of superhuman agency be ascertained, what is to be done then? The agency may have been exerted in what a man chooses to call a puerile way, but such an agency being proved, on credible testimony, the puerility of the manner, end, or occasion, will not subvert the fact. Let a man reverently consider whether the circumstances of some of our Blessed Lord's gracious miracles would not be found to militate against his arbitrary canons, if natural good feeling and a happy inconsistency did not lead him to shrink from applying his principles to the Gospel narrative, to which those principles, if sound, should be equally applicable. Men talk at random, and lay down canons without at all seeing where they lead them." "But," I continued, "men say that the legend-loving times were times of greedy and facile credulity, and that this accounts for the miracles." "Of course," replied he, "faith in miracles will multiply miracles, for it is faith which works them. To him that hath shall be given. That is the Gospel rule in all things. Times of strong faith, therefore, will naturally be times of many miracles. It is one of the ways in which such faith is rewarded. People say, We should be convinced more if a miracle were worked in these unbelieving days. The Christian

answer is simple, and, of course, admits of being sneeringly put. The Church cannot work miracles because of your unbelief. You first tie her hands, and then ask her to work. The Divine Influence withdraws in hard-hearted times, and will not manifest itself. It withdraws itself, partly out of chastisement to you, and partly out of mercy, lest by slighting it, you should incur a still more grievous chastisement. The demanding of a sign is an infallible proof of a temper unfit to receive a sign. The Jews were bid to look at the past. So are you. Then men will say, But what is the good of a miracle, if it cannot be worked when it is wanted in order to our conviction? I answer, that it does not appear that the end of miracles is to convince. Our Saviour's miracles do not appear to have convinced. The Christian evidences do not convince, without a hallowing of the moral temper going beforehand." "How absurd, too, is it," said I, "to quote the existence of false miracles as a satisfactory refutation of the true ones." "Yes," replied he, "a false miracle implies a true one. The fact of there being false miracles in the Middle Ages only makes the parallel more complete between those times of miraculous agency and the time of our Lord. Just as the devil was permitted to work miracles then, so as to cloud our Lord's miracles, put an excuse into the mouths of the unbelieving, and be a trial to faith, so might he be permitted, in those later times, to set abroad false legends and lying rumors, the

discovery of whose falshood would be sure to cast a slur upon the truth. There are two kingdoms in the world ever at work to enlarge their borders; and what is done in the kingdom of light is forthwith imitated, in a very fearful way, in the kingdom of darkness. You will seldom find a movement in the Church without a corresponding, yet independent, stir in the world. That stir is sometimes, like the Gibeonites, overruled to do Church work in the end; and sometimes it is allowed to baffle the Church movement, by supplying that want with unwholesome food which the Church movement was intended to supply with wholesome food. In this way light and darkness carry on their dreadful struggle; light working after heavenly patterns, and darkness imitating very awfully the workmanship of light." "Modern historians," said I, "lament, with proud pity, that Gregory, Bede, and Alcuin, should have related miracles so copiously, and with such undoubting faith. It would have been more modest to have doubted their own right to disbelieve, when men so great and holy believed." "Yes," replied he, "and I doubt not after-ages may discover that even your vaunted modern science has its tricks and legends, and doings much more unseemly and puerile than any ecclesiastical juggling one reads of." "You allude, I suppose," said I, "to mesmerism or to phrenology." "They, of course, are included," he answered, "but I meant also to speak of higher and more dignified branches of modern science, whose

insecure foundations, and fluctuating laws, and precarious inferences have been bolstered up with legends and miracles, so to call them, which will be a worthier subject of ridicule to posterity than the Middle Ages are to the present generation." "The lives of the Saints," I continued, "exercised great influence at a critical period, and legends are, at least, extremely valuable, even the Spanish ones, or such a story as that of St. Anthony of Padua, the patron Saint of this city: they are valuable, as being, at any rate, the voices of public feeling at the time when they were framed." "Yes," replied he, "yet that is a mere literary view to take of them. Men talk of miracles being a suspension of natural laws. I would suggest, whether the asceticism and monastic austerities of the period in question were not a suspension of the moral laws to which our feeble nature is ordinarily obliged to submit, analogous to the suspension of natural laws, supposed to accompany a physical miracle. If the nineteenth century could work these moral miracles, mayhap the physical miracles would not be long in following. Mortification is a mighty source of power. Perhaps you will not receive this."

We looked up. Midnight had stolen upon us. The purple of an Italian midnight was hung like a canopy over the city, unstirred by any breeze, nor rent by any bars of fleecy cloud. The stars were bright among the domes of Padua when we parted. Giotto's frescos had led us further than we looked

for. So is it almost always in life. Fields of anticipated richness yield no harvest of thought adequate to our expectations; while unlikely places, chance-visited, are remembered ever after for the fruit they yielded.

Our road, after Padua, followed the canal of the Brenta, till at last Venice broke upon the view; Venice, with all her history upon her, all her crime and all her glory, all that whole volume of thought which rushes upon the mind when the word "Venice" is pronounced. And how is it to be described? What words can I use to express that vision, that thing of magic which lay before us? All nature seemed in harmony with our natural meditations. Never was there so wan a sun-light, never was there so pale a blue, as stood round about Venice that day. And there it was, a most visionary city, rising as if by enchantment out of the gentle-mannered Adriatic, the waveless Adriatic. One by one rose steeple, tower, and dome, street and marble palace. They rose to our eyes slowly, as from the weedy deeps; and then they and their images wavered and floated, like a dream, upon the pale, sunny sea. As we glided onward from Fusina in our gondola, the beautiful buildings, with their strange eastern architecture, seemed, like fairy ships, to totter, to steady themselves and come to anchor one by one; and where the shadow was, and where the palace was, you scarce could tell. And there was San Marco, and there the Ducal Palace, and there the Bridge of

Sighs, and the very shades of the Balbi, Foscari, Pisani, Bembi, seemed to hover about the Winged Lion of St. Mark. And all this, all, to the right and left, all was Venice; and it needed the sharp grating of the gondola against the stair to bid us be sure it was not all a dream.

We spent the evening in a gondola, shooting over the blue canals of this enchanted city. It was a mazy dream of marble palaces, old names, fair churches, strange costumes; while the canals were like the silver threads, the bright unities, of one of sleep's well-woven visions. We seemed to be actors for a night in some Arabian tale. The evening left no distinct remembrances. The pleasure of the excitement absorbed everything.

However, we awakened the next morning, and found it was not all a dream. Venice was still there, and the shadows of her palaces were heaving on the water. The sea was no longer the blue of Genoa, but a delicate pale green, like the back of a lizard; and the sky was cloudless, yet a pearly white; and the transparent sea-haze which hung over the city seemed to float like a veil. It looked more wonderful, more dream-like than ever. I was struck on land with the strange *coloring* of the scenery of Provence: the barren white hills, the dull blue grey of the olives, the white and deep rose-red of the almond blossoms mingled together in an indescribable way. What Provence in early spring is for country coloring, Venice is for city and for sea. It

brought Canaletti's pictures strongly to mind; yet not even those convey the colors as they really are, a white, blue, green, and red, utterly unlike any other white, blue, green, and red I ever saw in nature or in art. Yet who is there that has ever been at Venice, but will confess that the memories of that fair city refuse to blend with any others in his mind? They demand a temple to be built for themselves. They will be enshrined apart from the recollections of all other places. And willingly is this conceded to thee, thou glittering vision. It is long, long before the glory of wonder and delight wears off from the memory of the bewildering thing thou art, sitting in the white sunshine by the sea!

Our very room at Venice is affectionately remembered. The house had probably been the palace of an old Venetian noble. The apartment in which we lived was hung with embroidered silk, much faded and tarnished; and the ceiling was painted with the exploits of some general or admiral, probably one of the owners of the palace, in the Turkish wars; and the coat of arms, which he is holding in his hand, is repeated in the cornice at both ends of the room. Beyond the windows, a covered balcony, also with windows, hung over the quay, and afforded an exquisite view. It was close to the Doge's palace, and faced towards the sea, and consequently the greater part of the terra firma of Venice was at our command; and we could pace about the Piazza di San Marco, thinking of Shylock or Othello, or lost

in admiration of an architectural group, which is beyond all description.

The palace of the Doges, that view of it, at least, which we have from the sea, is known to almost every English eye, from the number of engravings which there are of it. It is a strange building, with its multitudinous little marble columns and grotesque windows, and the Giant Staircase, all-glorious, of the purest marble of Carrara, carved and chiselled into ornaments of the most beautiful minuteness. A splendid place, indeed, it is; yet, while my eye wandered in a few minutes over the gorgeous part of the structure, they were riveted for long with undiminished interest upon the little round holes, close to the level of the sullen canal beneath the Bridge of Sighs: holes which marked the passages to the Pozzi, or Wells, that is, the dungeons beneath the level of the canal. There for years were the victims of this wicked merchant-republic confined. They are five paces long, two and a half wide, and seven feet high. They have holes into the passages, through which enough damp air found access to keep the prisoner alive, and through which also his food was thrust. One man, whom the French found there, had been confined sixteen years. Really, when we consider that in many cases the prisoner was secretly denounced, never knew his crime, or was confronted with his accuser, the thought becomes insupportable. We know, from our own English experience, how much prouder, meaner, and more

insolent towards inferiors an aristocracy of wealth is than an aristocracy of blood; and it is not strange that a merchant-republic should have exceeded in diabolical cruelty all the old European monarchies, bad, atrociously bad, as they were. Let the Rathhaus of gloomy Ratisbon, and the corpse-laden waters of the midnight Danube, testify to that. But Venice has been scarcely outdone by the sultan himself, and the scenes in the dungeons of the beautiful seraglio, and the horrid secrets committed to the reluctant keeping of the Bosphorus.

Let a man stand upon the low bridge close to the Ducal Palace; let him look up to the Bridge of Sighs which hangs above him, then down to the taciturn canal, then to those round holes upon its level; and upward again to the bleached leads of the palace roof, beneath which were those infernal dungeons called the Piombi, close under the leads, and the heat of which in summer was so appalling, so excruciating, as almost to cause madness, and to make the holes beneath the canal very dwellings of delight. Let him then look round on the gay, green Adriatic, the various costumes upon the quay, the cries of mariners, the gesticulations of the improvisatore, the violins, organs, punchinello, pyramids of oranges and other fruits, men sleeping on mats upon the stones, a most pictorial and merry confusion. Let him look at the tall, bright Campanile of St. Mark, the arches and pillars of the palace, the two columns; and then let him think of a poor wretch,

secretly denounced, dragged by night from the bosom of his family, examined by torture, and perchance for some slight word dropped in holiday mirth, immured beneath those waters for twenty, thirty, forty years, yea, for half a century. What was all the brightness of the Adriatic to him? what the beauty of his own native Venice? and what must the strength be of a native's love for such a magic city? Think how many suns rose and set on Venice, how the morning lay like a miracle of loveliness upon these fair lagoons, how the evenings came, and music stole over the water, and gilded gondolas, ere yet the sumptuary law prescribed the funereal black, shot here and there with their lamps like dancing fire-flies, and birth and beauty were abroad and busy, and how hundreds of moons rose upon St. Mark's leaded cupolas, and turned Venice into a fairy city, and swathed it in very spells of moonlight, and how everything about the city was very, very pleasant. And is it possible that two worlds should be so near each other, should rest upon each other's confines? the bewildering mirth and oriental life upon the Grand Canal, and that concentrated world, that life which is only life because it is far, far more horrible than death, close by, beneath those few feet of cold, clear, green water: a life without sight, for daylight comes not there: a life without sound, for stone and water muffle every noise, and the booming of the bells and the splash of the canal would be mercies, were they but granted to the ear,

mercies compared to the tingling silentness of those sepulchral dungeons. Let a man think of all this, and exult when he looks round on Venice, beautiful beyond compare, but stricken and decrepid, and wasted, and almost lifeless; let him see even written upon the blighted greatness of these Adriatic lagoons the righteousness of God, "He is the Lord our God: His judgments are in all the earth."

And why is it that suffering should have a spell to fix the eye above the power of beauty, or of greatness? Is it not because the Cross is a religion of suffering, a faith of suffering, a privilege of suffering, a perfection arrived at by and through suffering only? Half an hour was enough for the Ducal Palace. I could gaze for hours upon those dungeon-holes, gaze, and read there, as in an exhaustless volume, histories on histories of silent, weary suffering, as it filed the soft heart of man away, attenuating his reason into a dull instinct; or cracked the stout heart as you would shiver a flint.

Travellers have frequent need of this lesson. There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stoop not to decypher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson earth has to give. The power and divinity of suffering should nowhere be more consistently uppermost than in the mind of a traveller. Such a place as Venice at such a season as Passion Week would

not fail to keep it fresh and strong. People do not by any means generally acknowledge the power and dignity of suffering. They misapprehend the Church and the temper of Churchmen, because they misapprehend the Humiliation of the Lord as reflected through the temper of His body, which is the Church. That Humiliation is ever working, unfolding itself, and giving lustre in the temper and conduct of the Church and her sons in all ages of the world's eventful history.

The Object of the Church's worship is the Saviour suffering; yet bold, undaunted, unshaken, unhindered in His suffering: submission towards God and boldness towards the world. This is the double temper and disposition, and spirit which passes into the Church, and is her life, and gift, and power. This is the way in which the Humiliation of the Bridegroom works itself out upon the demeanor of the Bride. This is the demeanor by which she has become universal. She has conquered by submission. She has grown by suffering. She has filled the world by emptying herself of all that was worldly within her. Her Martyrs bowed their heads, and the earth was sown with their ashes, and made fruitful by their blood. Yet was she ever bold towards the world. She ceased not to teach or to preach for the command of any sanhedrim, or governor, or emperor: far less at the bidding of dogmatic science, profane literature, or uneasy philosophy; but rejoiced rather in that she was counted worthy to suffer. Such was

she in primitive times. Later on, when she did not altogether remember her heritage of suffering, when she sat upon her high chair somewhat, it may be, (God only knoweth) somewhat more lordly than beseemed her, when she wore a crown more shining and imperial than her ancient one of thorns, even in that day was she bold towards the great, and yet the servant of the poor. She kept in power, not by courting the royal and the noble, not by clothing in fine linen, and dwelling in kings' courts, but by overawing kings; by keeping their pride, and lust, and wrath under; by breaking thrones down with a rod of iron; yea, even by treating worldly powers with slight and wantonness. Yet even when she thus in a measure forgot herself, or at least by an Englishman will be so judged to have done, there was something unworldly, somewhat wonderful about her conduct. To grow to greatness by despising it; to keep kings true to her by tyrannizing over them; to have princes for her slaves, through fear, and not through flattery; and yet be all the while the blessed advocate of the poor and destitute, the serf, the captive, and all the forlorn ones upon earth! the world had not seen the like before. Later on still, she has been well content in every proud and learned generation to be accounted old and obsolete, and the keeper-back of improvement. She has no novelties. She grows no wiser. Her newest Creed is fourteen hundred years old. She has not improved or widened her faith since that; and where are the

literatures, philosophies, sciences, and political systems which in every generation have risen up to supersede this old and unimproving faith? Quietly at rest with the worm-eaten skulls of the proud wise men that gave them birth. Surely then they are false and coward Churchmen who fear for their mother's abasement. Surely they are false and coward hearts who would not be cheered by the hope of suffering. Yet mayhap we are not holy enough for such ennobling chastisement. We might fall away. Still let no one be afraid for the Church, whatever her future political fortunes are to be. To her, abasement would be emancipation from chains whose rust is eating into her limbs. It is not the Church, but the State, which would be perilled by such an emancipation. The separation of Church and State would to the State be a most awful excommunication; the effects of which would in a few generations be more terrible than any papal interdict in old time. Yet any thing were better for a branch of the Catholic Church than that she should be delivered up to the pestilence of Erastian moderation.

But it is time to leave our standing-place beneath the Bridge of Sighs. We have sufficiently acknowledged that the mightiest of all consecrations is suffering. Let us pass onward to St. Mark's.

It is scarcely possible to convey an adequate idea of St. Mark's, or, indeed, any building of that style, by mere description. Its characteristic is fantastic

magnificence. There is nothing imposing about it, except the extreme richness of its decorations, which are massive and gorgeous. But there is no simplicity or architectural greatness, nor, although in the form of a Cross, is it at all a type or representation of the Christian religion. Every one must admire the spirit which collects the most magnificent specimens of precious marbles wherewith to decorate, at an enormous cost, the house of Him Who made them. But the effect on the mind (especially when the marbles are parti-colored) is nothing compared with that of the gray stone of Salisbury, or of that miracle of architecture, Amiens cathedral. St. Mark's ought not to have been the cathedral, but a church set apart, where the spoils of the wars with the infidel should be offered to the God of battles. Indeed, it is itself a warlike trophy of the most barbaric splendor and confused magnificence. Above the door, singularly inharmonious with the building, unless regarded as a triumphal oblation of the fruits of war, stand the famous bronze horses of Lysippus. They, for example, a century and a half ago adorned the Hippodrome of Constantinople. Then the fifteen gates of Corinthian brass were likewise Byzantine spoils; as were also the eight twisted pillars, which are said once to have belonged to the Temple at Jerusalem. The splendor of St. Mark's may truly be called barbaric. Above, the walls are covered with mosaics, and with scales of gilding; below, the pavement is rich mosaic, and the columns have a

very Saracenic appearance. In short, there is only the form of the Cross to bring the cathedral home to the mind.

But if St. Mark's does excite enthusiasm, it is not from its architecture, but from the glow of splendid associations and historic recollections which are diffused around it. We cannot linger, like mere artists, over the details of the church in front of which Frederick Barbarossa knelt, and in him visibly, in awful type and awful admonition, the powers of the present world were shown forth prostrate and vile before the powers of the world to come. The glory of St. Mark's is not the glory of art; and, indeed, I do not know how to express, without appearing to use language affectedly exaggerated, my disappointment with the Italian churches generally. The style or styles usually denominated Italian do not fill the mind in the same way that the magnificent idea of Gothic architecture does. It, to use the singular number, seems to be the result of historical changes and accidents, and to have the manners of past times, the ways of living, the exclusive desire for internal decoration, deeply impressed upon it. It is no wondrous emanation of catholic ages, no offspring of lofty intellects and holiest imaginings; it has no symbolical depth; it is no marvellous interpretation of the genius of our heavenly religion.

There has been a theory put forward by some[1],

[1] See "Wiseman's Ceremonies of Holy Week," pp. 31, 32.

which, while it corroborates what has been said of the historical character of Italian architecture, gives it a sort of grandeur, from the historical event which it is supposed monumentally to exhibit. By these persons it is granted that, as the pagan faith was, so was the pagan architecture. The earthly character of the faith was typified in the horizontal lines of the art; while Gothic architecture rose up heavenwards in spire, and tower, and pinnacle, and buttress. But when the Church triumphed and took possession of the Roman basilicas, she was so anxious to retain for ever the memory and symbol of this great victory, that Italian art, in accordance with the feelings of the country, adhered much more strictly than her Gothic sister to the primitive model of a heathen basilica. According to this view, therefore, Italian architecture is still a trophy of the age of Constantine, and exhibits the memorial of her great triumph much more plainly than Gothic architecture; although the Roman basilica still lurks amid the elaborate symbols of a German minster.

The history of Italian architecture in the Middle Ages has been divided into five epochs, each marked by a different style[2]. The first was the Byzantine, which we have before us in St. Mark's, though in a very impure form. The second is named the Pisan, which is in reality nothing but the Byzantine, with the addition of colonnades one above another, not

[2] This sketch of the history of Italian architecture is compiled principally from "Spalding's Italy."

materially impairing the oriental character. The third is the style of the Normans in Sicily: it took little hold, and, borrowing much from the Saracenic remains found by the conquerors in the island, is chiefly remarkable for having gradually dropped the round arch which characterizes the native Norman. German rulers and German influence, together with the founding of freemasons' lodges, introduced a fourth style: the Italian-Gothic. The characteristic defects and excellences of the style might be fairly illustrated, if any one had the heart to stand in the square at Milan and lecture on that glorious marvel, unawed by the four thousand holy sentinels that keep their eternal watch upon the roofs through the haze of summer's sun and the wavering gleams of the full nightly moon, which seems to multiply the shadowy figures with her unsteady illumination. But Milan in the moonlight disarms criticism. When the moon's full splendor streams on Milan roofs, and overflows upon its lofty buttresses; when the liquid radiance trickles down from the glory-cinctured heads of the marble Saints, like the oil from Aaron's beard, and every fretted pinnacle and every sculptured spout run with light as they might run with rain in a thunder-shower, who could dare to say there was a fault in that affecting miracle of Christian art? Who could say to the horizontal entablature, "Wherefore is this intrusion here?" The fifth style was the Florentine: in which the exterior is for the most part subordinate to the arrangement and deco-

ration of the interior, and which was perfected by Brunelleschi. It has the basilica character strongly impressed upon it.

This Florentine style was but an imitation of the ancient Roman; and it was soon found to be unfit, without certain modifications, for the arrangements and uses of modern edifices. These modifications were attempted by two different schools. Bramante, a disciple of the Florentine school, made one of these attempts at Rome. As a style, it was a miserable failure, being disfigured by broken lines, and scroll ornaments, and clumsy pediments. In Lombardy, Palladio succeeded better in modifying the classical Roman style; yet there are few pleasing Palladian buildings except those by Palladio himself: and Palladian churches, which seem all alike, are both ugly and unsymbolical, except that they retain the lines of the basilica. The fronts of some of his civil buildings at Vicenza are imposing, but that is the most which can be said. The church of Redentore at Venice is considered to be his best. Since then, from Bernini to the miserable Maderno, Italian architecture has degenerated into the most tasteless ugliness, and exhibits an utter deadness to any of those ideas of magnificence or suitableness which are requisite in the building of ecclesiastical edifices.

The oriental cupolas of St. Mark's may remind us of the reciprocal influence which the east and west have exercised upon each other. In early times the quick spirit and acute refinement of the eastern

Church supplied the rugged occidentals with keen and wonderful definitions of the faith, so framed with not unassisted or unguided sagacity, as to exclude from their seemingly verbal pale the manifold shapes of heresy which corroded the very substance of evangelical truth. While the western Church was the anchor by which the faith rode securely amid the tossings and controversies of the orientals; and her austere fidelity, as represented by the most holy, incorrupt Church of Rome, in maintaining and handing on the primitive tradition, was ever a jealous spy and effectual restraint upon the subtilizing temper of the east. In later times, the rude hand of Latin chivalry left the impression of its grasp on Constantinople, Antioch, Tyre, Cyprus, and Jerusalem; but it has long been worn out. And in the west, Byzantine models taught architecture in Venice and Pisa, and painting in Venice and Naples; but Italian art soon worked itself clear in both these departments. The impress of Byzantine art upon the schools of the west was but little more lasting than the impress of Latin chivalry upon the cities of the east. It must be confessed that the unhappy, yet not perhaps schismatical, separation of Greece from Rome has been an inauspicious blight upon the ancient Churches of the venerable east. How different would the east have been if it had remained in communion with the Latin Churches! Yet perhaps these are the prejudices of a Frank.

Nevertheless, St. Mark's, taken in the general

architectural group, is very delightful, and almost borrows somewhat of grandeur from its lofty campanile opposite. Its voice is certainly very cathedral-like, for I never heard any bells with such a tone before, although the unwearied great bell of St. Stephen's at Vienna is one to be very specially beloved. At St. Mark's they ring endlessly. Indeed, the pleasant diurnal clang of bells, in which men are doomed to dwell at Oxford, is exceeded by the incessant booming from the towering campanile of St. Mark's. After the silence of Good Friday and Easter-eve, I shall never forget the hour when Easter dawned on Venice. The sun was just rising, and there rose such a bewildering and multitudinous harmony of bells from every steeple in the city, that they raised the feelings almost into excitement. It was an Easter hymn, such as I had never heard before.

Although the passage is taken from a French novel, and therefore not a very creditable source, I cannot refrain from quoting a description of the bells of Paris, as it will go some way towards giving an idea of what might have been heard at Venice on Easter morning, 1841.

"Ascend on the morning of a high festival, at sunrise, on Easter or Whit-Sunday, to some elevated point, from which you may overlook the whole capital, and listen to the awakening of the bells. Behold, at a signal proceeding from heaven, for it is the sun himself that gives it, those thousand churches

trembling all at once. At first, solitary tinkles pass from church to church, as when musicians give notice that they are going to begin. Then see, for at certain times the ear too seems to be endued with sight, see how, all of a sudden, at the same moment, there rises from each steeple, as it were, a column of sound, a cloud of harmony. At first, the vibration of each bell rises straight, pure, and in a manner separate from that of the others, into the splendid morning sky; then, swelling by degrees, they blend, melt, mingle into a magnificent concert. It is now but one mass of sonorous vibrations, issuing incessantly from the innumerable steeples, which floats, undulates, bounds, whirls over the city, and expands far beyond the horizon the deafening circle of its oscillations. That sea of harmony, however, is not a chaos. Vast and deep as it is, it has not lost its transparency: you see in it each group of notes that has flown from the belfries, winding along apart; you may follow the dialogue, by turns low and shrill; you may see the octaves skipping from steeple to steeple; you watch them springing, light, winged, sonorous, from the silver bell; dropping dull, faint, and feeble, from the wooden; you admire the rich gamut incessantly running up and down the seven bells of St. Eustache; you see clear and rapid notes dart about in all directions, make three or four luminous zigzags, and vanish like lightning. Down yonder, the abbey of St. Martin sends forth its harsh, sharp tones; here the Bastile raises its sinister and husky voice; at the

other extremity, it is the great tower of the Louvre, with its counter-tenor. The royal chimes of the palace throw out incessantly, on all sides, resplendent thrills, upon which falls, at measured intervals, the heavy toll from the belfry of Notre-Dame, which makes them sparkle like the anvil under the hammer. From time to time you see tones of all shapes, proceeding from the triple peal of St. Germain des Prés passing before you. Then again, at intervals, this mass of sublime sound opens and makes way for the *strette* of the Ave Maria, which glistens like an aigrette of stars. Beneath, in the deepest part of the concert, you distinguish confusedly the singing within the churches, which transpires through the vibrating pores of their vaults. Verily this is an opera which is well worth listening to. In an ordinary way, the noise issuing from Paris in the day time is the talking of the city; at night it is the breathing of the city; in this case it is the singing of the city. Lend your ear then to this *tutti* of steeples; diffuse over the whole the buzz of half a million of human beings, the eternal murmur of the river, the infinite piping of the wind, the grave and distant quartet of the four forests [3], placed like immense organs on the four hills of the horizon; soften down, as with a demi-tint, all that is too shrill and too harsh in the central mass of sound, and say, if you know anything in the world more rich, more gladden-

[3] It is *old* Paris which is spoken of.

ing, more dazzling, than that tumult of bells; than that furnace of music; than those ten thousand brazen tones, breathed all at once from flutes of stone three hundred feet high; than that city which is but one orchestra; than that symphony rushing and roaring like a tempest."

On Maundy Thursday we went to St. Mark's, and remained there the whole of the service, which lasted above three hours. This Thursday seems to be here, as it should be, a sort of Lenten holyday, a light shining even in the darkness of Passion Week. Flags were flying on all the ships before the quay, as well as in the square before St. Mark's. The archbishop was in the cathedral. He and his clergy were magnificently habited in vestments of what appeared to be cloth of gold, and he had a gilded mitre on his head. There was music, but not much. All the clergy, the Austrian archduke, who is viceroy of Milan, and thirteen old paupers, received the Holy Communion, the choir chanting, in a low voice, the whole time. After the Communion the archbishop came into the nave, accompanied by his priests and deacons, in less magnificent attire. They took off his outer robes, and girded him with a towel. He then knelt down, and washed and kissed the feet of the thirteen old paupers who had communicated. I rather expected this ceremony would have been a little undignified, and waited for it somewhat uneasily, considering I was in church, and the Eucharistic Sacrifice but just over. However, it was not so

in the least. It was very affecting, and quite *real;* and the people seemed to feel that it meant something real, and, to all appearance, were edified by it, as I was myself. After it was over, the patriarch, standing and leaning on his crosier, made a short address to the people, explaining the symbolical character of our Lord's act, and dwelling particularly on St. Peter's wish, that not his feet only should be washed, but his hands and his head.

This was the first great Church ceremony we had seen since we came abroad; and I looked in vain for the "mummery," disgusting repetition, childish arrangements, and so forth, which one reads of in modern travellers; who, for the most part, know nothing of the Roman service-books, and consequently understand nothing of what is before them. A heathen might say just the same, as the Puritans did say, of us, if they entered one of our cathedrals, and saw us sit for the Epistle, stand for the Gospel, turn to the east at the Creed, bow at our Lord's Name, recite the Litany at a faldstool between the porch and the Altar, make Crosses on babies' foreheads, lay hands on small squares of bread; or if they saw men, in strange black dresses, with huge white sleeves, walking up and down the aisles of a country church, touching the heads of boys and girls, or wetting the head and hand of our kings and queens with oil, or consecrating buildings and yards. There *may*, of course, be very sad mummery in Roman services, as there is very sad irrever-

ence oftentimes in English services; such, for instance, as dressing up the Altar in white cloths, with the plate upon it as if for the Holy Communion, when it is not meant there should be one, which is sometimes done in cathedrals, where the clergy themselves are in sufficient number to communicate, and strangers who have wished to stay have been told it will be very inconvenient if they do so. It may be hoped there are few Roman churches where such theatrical mummery as that is practised. However, whatever be the amount of Romish mummery, the gross ignorance of ecclesiastical matters exhibited by many modern travellers, who have spoken the most confidently about it, may make us suspect their competency to be judges on the matter. When we see that precisely the same common-place and offensive epithets might be applied with equal justice to us, by one who was a stranger or an enemy to our services; and, whatever changes people may wish for, the English ritual, characterized by a simplicity of which Christendom for many a century has not seen the like, will hardly be charged with mummery. All ritual acts must, from the nature of the case be symbolical, being either a reverential imitation of sacred acts, or the sublime inventions of antiquity whereby the Presence of God and His holy Angels is recognized and preached to the people, or fit and beautiful means for affecting the imagination of the worshipper, and giving intensity to his devotion. All service, not excepting the simple and

strict imitation of our Blessed Lord's action at the institution of the most solemn rite in the world, must be dumb-show to a looker-on, who knows nothing of what it sets forth and symbolizes; and this dumb-show such a looker-on, if he were pert and self-sufficient, would call mummery. The existence of Romish mummery is or is not a fact; and must, of course, be so dealt with; and its extent also is or is not ascertainable as a fact. But the improbability of its being nearly so extensive as modern travellers represent it is so monstrous, considering that the Romanists are Christians, and Christians too at worship, that the vague epithets and round sentences and the received puritan vocabulary of persons ignorant of Breviaries and Missals cannot be taken as evidence. Indeed, in these days, we may justifiably require beforehand that a traveller shall know so much of what external religion is, and what are its uses, that he can comprehend and subscribe to the simple philosophy comprised in Wordsworth's definition of it:—

> "Sacred Religion! Mother of *form* and fear,
> Dread arbitress of *mutable respect*."

It is to be regretted extremely that it is not customary with us to have the Holy Communion on the Thursday in Passion Week, as has been the practice of almost the whole Church in all ages; it being the day on which our Blessed Lord instituted that holy, life-giving Mystery, and powerful memorial of His

death. Anciently, in those parts where the Eucharist was always received before any other food had crossed the lips that day, an exception was made in favor of this Thursday, inasmuch as the Blessed Supper was not celebrated generally on that day until after the evening meal, the time of its first institution by the Lord. In England, so far are we from thus celebrating the Holy Supper on the day of its institution, which would be most natural and touching, that it is in many places usually celebrated on Good Friday. One would think people's feelings would be jarred by such an arrangement. Good Friday is a day of intense gloom, and the services breathe a very saddened spirit: it is a fast, not a day for the most joyous of all feasts. I believe it is correct to say, that in most parts of Europe it is usual to consecrate the Eucharist three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, the one day excepted from the exercise of that great privilege of the Church being the anniversary of the Lord's Crucifixion: insomuch that in some places, in order to provide for dying persons wanting the Communion on that day, enough is consecrated the day before to meet such exigencies. In the Greek Church indeed there is no consecration during Lent, except on the Saturdays and Sundays and the Annunciation of our Lady. In England, the custom of celebrating it on Good Friday may arise from the Thursday's Communion being thrust forward into Friday; especially, if (which may have been the case) it was celebrated in England on the night of Thursday,

custom would be likely to remove it into the next day, nocturnal services not being agreeable to the temper of the Reformation. Or it may be a remnant of old English practice; for our Church at the close of the tenth century received the code of Theodulph of Orleans, wherein it is made imperative upon all the people to receive the Holy Communion every Sunday in Lent, also on Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, Easter Eve and Easter Sunday, though I believe even then no consecration took place on Friday.

Or perhaps the cause may lie less deep than that. Men might see that Good Friday was one of the greatest days in the year, as surely it is; and not being in the habit of distinguishing between fasts and feasts, they have thought it well to have the Communion on it. Of course Good Friday is a great day, so great, that if the Church had intended the Holy Communion to be celebrated upon it she would doubtless have appointed a proper preface for it, seeing there is one, not for Christmas and Easter only, but for Whitsunday, Trinity Sunday and Ascension Day. The fact of her not appointing a proper preface for Good Friday is in the present state of things a tacit discountenancing of a practice so out of keeping with the spirit of ritual harmony and arrangement. Some again defend it by saying that every one should receive the Sacrament at Easter, and certain members of each houshold are necessarily absent on Easter morning. Of course every one should receive the Sacrament at Easter;

but receiving it in Lent is not at Easter. It would be easy, as is done in large London churches, to celebrate it twice or even three times on Easter day, or on Easter Monday or Tuesday, which are Church holy-days with proper services, or on the Sunday following, which is still part of Easter, being the octave. For the proper preface shows that the feast of Easter lasts eight days, and that the Church hopes that the Holy Communion will be celebrated not only on Easter day and Monday and Tuesday, but the Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday between also, that is, "Easter day and seven days after." Now in common rural districts with a thin population this difficulty would be met by having the Communion on the Sunday after Easter, which would give all the means of communicating at Easter, as well as make men feel that the Easter sun, which veiled itself with awful significancy on Good Friday, but saw afterwards at its rising the deserted tomb, was greater than Joshua's sun on Gibeon, and "hasteth not to go down by the space" of eight days. This would surely be better than hanging the most joyous of our festal Services as an appendage to the saddest and most broken-hearted ritual of our strictest fast. When I saw the assembly at St. Mark's receiving the Eucharist on the Thursday, I could not help feeling that they, rather than ourselves, were fulfilling the prophecy of Jeremiah, which our own Church, not theirs, has selected for the evening lesson of this Thursday. They were *literally* fulfilling

it. "They shall come and sing in the *height* of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for *wheat* and for *wine*, and for oil, and for the *young of the flock* and of the herd; and their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all. Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together; for I will *turn their mourning* into joy, and will comfort them, and make them *rejoice from their sorrow*. And I will *satiate* the soul of the *priests* with *fatness*, and My people shall be satisfied with My goodness [1]."

Venice is not much changed since 1535. If we let our imagination go back to that year, the picture requires little alteration in the main features. Let us enter the shady gardens of San Giorgio Maggiore; that house to the left is the residence of the wise Gregorio Cortese, the abbot. 1535 has been a fine year, though not a quiet one, in Italy; and at present the November afternoons are mild and sunny. There is none of the inclemency of the coming winter; no icy winds from the Julian Alps behind, but a warm and gentle gale breathes up the Adriatic. We will join ourselves invisibly to that group there [2]. The pale man with the well known features

[1] Jer. xxxi.

[2] The characters of those who take part in the following imaginary conversation, as well as a most interesting account of the endeavors after a reformation within the Roman Church in the middle of the sixteenth century, will be found in Ranke's Popes, book ii. His identifying Pole's and Contarini's doctrine of justification with that of Luther is, I think, inaccurate. The words

of the royal house of England is Reginald Pole, and the person whom he is addressing is Luigi Priuli, the most accomplished of the Venetians. He has come from his villa near Treville, on purpose to meet his friends once more at their old and favorite haunt, the parlor of the Abbot Cortese. You would think from the splendid materials of his dress, from the carefulness with which it has been adjusted, and the studiously graceful attitudes into which he throws himself, that Luigi Priuli was a mere man of the world, a fashionable gallant. But you would be very far from the truth. He is a devoted churchman, and beneath that calm beaming eye there are deep feelings and high-hearted schemes. That ascetic-looking man, with a broad countenance and singularly lustrous eye, is Marco of Padua, the Benedictine. See how Pole looks up into his face, and seems to hang with reverence upon his very words. He is Pole's spiritual father; and he too knows not whether more to love or to admire his son. For indeed who ever knew Pole without loving him? There are two others walking apart in the leaf-strewn walk under the wall, where several ungainly fig-trees, which should have been fixed to the wall, are hanging over with thick twisted shoots. We hope the abbot's monastery is not typified by that fig-tree walk: and

in italics are words actually used either by the speaker or by one of his party in those days, and are to be found in the text or notes of Ranke. One or two trifling anachronisms will be detected in the conversation, but not such as affect its general truth.

indeed it is not. The lesser of the two speakers, with a wrinkled brow and sunken cheeks, is the abbot himself, the wise and benevolent Gregorio Cortese, who seems to unite, if ever man did, the simplicity of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent. His companion with a lofty brow and ample chest, and yet so timid and bashful that he fixes his eyes on the dead leaves that he may not meet the gaze of the kind abbot, is the famous Gaspar Contarini. There are who think it a sign of an uneasy conscience not to look another in the face when they speak. We may be sure it was not so with Contarini. He is a man of bold thoughts, often stands single in the republic, and has a courageous soul; yet he is shy of speech, finds a difficulty in clothing the commonest ideas with words, and speaks with an ungraceful emotion. Many of the world's greatest men have experienced this. Contarini's conscience is as pure as a child's, and like a child he lisps and stammers, and yet men look for his words, aye, the noblest men in Venice, and lay them up like pearls of price. They seem to be in earnest converse; for you may hear the tread of their feet upon the dry leaves stop every now and then, while they remain as it were arrested by their own words. Indeed, they may well have important subjects to speak of; for it is but thirteen months since Paul III. ascended the papal throne, and Pole and Contarini are in the famous batch of cardinals which he nominated on his accession; and they are now going to Rome, where

they hope to arrive before the 20th of November. But let us leave Contarini and Cortese for awhile, and rejoin Pole and his companions. The noon-day meal is past two full hours ago; but it has not chimed three yet from the turret at the south end of the refectory. Pole and his friends are sitting on a rough bench within that cove of laurels. You cannot conceive a stiller place. Not a sound is to be heard, but the warning cry of meeting gondoliers outside the wall, and that is too customary all through Venice to be considered harsh. There are no singing birds in the garden; never was there such a sad place for birds as Venice. The feathered songsters will no more roost in the shrubs of Venetian gardens than in plants outside a cabin window at sea. They have never learnt to trust Venice yet. They think that great city a fleet of ships. Who shall wonder that pious Venetians should leave legacies to feed the sacred pigeons that live in the holes of the prison and the ledges of the ducal palace, and walk about confidently and flutter among the men without fear, while the whole Schiavoni is alive with them? But Pole speaks.

POLE.

Indeed, dear father, I think this honour which his holiness has deigned to confer upon me, to be scarcely a subject of congratulation. Some great step must be taken by the holy Roman Church, or Europe will not be held together; and every thing amongst us is in so corrupt a state that envy and

dislike must be the portion of all who meddle in the business. Besides, we shall be looked at with cold eyes by the rest of the sacred college, as representatives of the holy father's intended cleansing of the Church.

PRIULI.

Nay, Pole, but this is faintheartedness. Thou art not the stout-spirited exile thou wert wont to be. Thou dost not stand alone in the college. Are there not Caraffa, who will soon be with you from the Low Countries, and Sadolet of Carpentras, and Fregoso of Salerno, and Giberto the sweet-tempered Bishop of Verona—and Contarini, is not he a host in himself?

POLE.

Yea, truly, he is a host. Thou hast spoken rightly, my own Luigi. *Contarini is ignorant of nothing which the human mind can discover by its own research, or that Divine Grace has revealed, and he crowns his knowledge with virtue.*

MARCO.

Methinks that speech savoreth of the memory of those delightful evenings at the house of Pietro Bembo at Padua.

POLE.

Nay, father Marco, we were philologists there, rather than theologians. I fear a pregnant antithesis of Austin would have found but sorry audience or cold eulogy amongst us, when a passage from the De Senectute or Pro Archia was read, especially if

Bembo's silver voice and sonorous intonation accompanied it. And dost thou remember, if Flaminio for the joke's sake said aught disparaging of the style of Livius, how with a pleasant fury of enthusiasm our Pietro would break forth with some passage from his favorite fifth book, so loud that the students passing by would stay to hear him? Ah! those nights of Padua! in sooth they beguiled me with false kindness of my regrets for England. But we have other work and rougher tasks before us now.

MARCO.

Wert thou in council, Priuli, when Contarini heard of his elevation, and are the reports true which have gone abroad respecting his demeanor?

PRIULI.

If they are in his favor, doubtless they are true. He was sitting in the Pregadi near the voting urn when the news came. He was very much surprised, yet not a whit discomposed. The members rose and ran round to congratulate him. Never was there such modest dignity displayed. Even his rival Moncenigo could not forbear crying out, *The republic hath lost her best citizen.*

MARCO.

Contarini hath scarcely been himself since. A cloud of sadness is wrapped about him. It goes to his heart to leave all this fair Venice, and he hates with a holy fervor the corrupt splendors of the Roman Curia. But he and the abbot are coming this way.

CORTESE.

We will make our appeal to thee, father Marco. Contarini hath been trying to draw from me unawares some excuse for him to decline the honor which our holy father hath conferred upon him; and I have endeavored to persuade him that to decline a cardinal's hat at this season would seem to imply disaffection to the Church, as though the men whom Europe recognized as Rome's best and wisest had given up her cause, and were Lutherans at heart.

MARCO.

And surely the abbot is right, my Contarini. Thou wouldst not desert the pope at this time. Surely he hath done more in these thirteen months than hath been done in many a long pontificate before.

CONTARINI.

Well then, my beloved Pole, what remaineth but that we should betake ourselves to the side of his holiness? To thee it will be a home, a home of dignity in recompense for thine exile, thou dear confessor; yea, a home of dignity, for thou hast a home of love in every heart that knows thee. But I,—dost thou not pity thy poor Gaspar—I must forego my own Venice. Pole! thou hast no Venice to forego in England.

POLE.

Nay, Contarini, it is no hour for regrets. We must be up and doing. The Church is falling to pieces, and the world is running after the Lutheran dogma of justification.

CONTARINI.

Our doctrine of course must be reformed. Thou knowest what I have long thought on this subject, and—

POLE.

What thou hast taught likewise. Have I not read Contarini's Treatise on Justification till I well nigh know it by heart. Hast thou not therein *brought to light the jewel which the Church kept half concealed?*

CORTESE.

Yet, methinks, it were not well to begin with doctrine. The public eye is fixed rather upon corruption in high places. Begin rather with the Curia.

CONTARINI.

Ay, good abbot, and the Camera Apostolica, and the Ruota, and the Penitentiaria, and the papal Chancery. They are all and each Augean stables which must forthwith be cleansed. If the earth around the springs be defiled and trampled into mud by the wild cattle, how shall the springs be pure?

POLE.

Yet I see a great difficulty in this. How can we avoid holding up to public scandal the lives of many popes, and expose to protestant criticism the entire foulness of the Curia?

MARCO.

If we have sinned, then must we endure the shame which is part of that sin's chastisement. It

were better the wounds of the Church were healed, than the reputation of one or two generations over-nursed.

POLE.

Nay, father, but it is sin in very high places. The priesthood hath lost enough in honor of late through the spread of heresy. It were not well just now to augment the cry, which we hear from Germany to Sicily.

PRIULI.

That the blame rests upon the clergy is but an additional reason for the exposure. How shall you keep the laity in their allegiance, if they who hold the Keys are corrupt in life and manners?

POLE.

There spakest thou too much like a laic, my Luigi. But what if this business concerned the reputation of the popes?

CONTARINI.

How? Shall we trouble ourselves so much about the reputations of two or three popes, and not rather try to restore what has been defaced, and to secure a good name for ourselves? It were indeed too much to require us to defend all the acts of all the popes! It is idolatrous to say that the pope in the matter of dispensations hath no rule for the enactment or abolition of positive law but his own will. The law of Christ is a law of liberty, and forbiddeth a slavery so gross, that the Lutherans are perfectly justified in comparing it to the Babylonish captivity. But besides this, can that be

called a government, whose rule is the will of a man, by nature prone to evil, and moved by innumerable affections? No: all true dominion is a dominion of reason. Its aim is to lead those who are subject to it, by the just and appropriate means to its end—happiness. The authority of the pope also is a dominion of reason. God granted it to Saint Peter and his successors, that they might lead the flock confided to them to eternal blessedness. A pope ought to know that those over whom he exercises it are free men. He ought not to command, or forbid, or dispense, according to his own pleasure, but according to the rule of reason, of the divine commandments, and of love; a rule which referreth everything to God and to the common good. For positive laws ought not to be arbitrary and capricious: they ought to be adaptations of the laws of nature and of God to circumstances; nor can they be changed, except in conformity with those laws and the imperious demands of things.

PRIULI.

Ay, the papacy is founded in reason. What the Church wanteth is a papacy of pure reason.

CORTESE.

Such an idea is utterly unreal. Neither can I subscribe to the words of Contarini.

MARCO.

Nor I.

POLE.

I have ever found that what hath startled me in Contarini doth approve itself to my mature judgment.

Yet methinks the words seemed a little harsh at first. Thou wilt not at any rate, my Contarini, breathe such a doctrine in the midst of the Roman Curia.

CONTARINI.

Yea, and wouldst thou wish the breath of that fiery atmosphere to pass upon my soul, and harm it? I tell thee I will, with God's will, ere this moon hath waned, stand before Paul III., and say to him: I have not sought this eminence, neither *is my cardinal's hat my highest honor. Let your holiness be careful not to give yourself up to the impotence of the will which chooses what is evil; to the servitude which is the bondage of sin. Then wilt thou be powerful and free; then will the life of the Christian republic be upheld in thee.*

PRIULI.

That were well said, and like thy noble self, Contarini. I wot, if every pope had had so plain-spoken a mentor as thou by his side, we had never come to this pitch.

POLE.

Yet must not doctrine be forgotten, specially that of justification. And thou shouldst be the last man, Contarini, to shrink back from this, seeing *that Scripture, taken in its profoundest context, preacheth nothing but this doctrine, and that thou wert the first to promulgate this holy, fruitful, indispensable truth.*

CONTARINI.

Verily I will not rest till it be more acknowledged

in Italy than it is, that *the Gospel is no other than the blessed tidings, that the only begotten Son of God, clad in our flesh, hath made satisfaction for us to the justice of the Eternal Father. He who believes this, enters into the kingdom of God; he enjoys the universal pardon; from a carnal, he becomes a spiritual creature; from a child of wrath, a child of grace; he lives in a sweet peace of conscience.*

CORTESE.

But is it well, nay, is it right to moot a question of this kind, unless ye be certain there are behind a sufficient number of men in the Church, who wish for a clearer enunciation of this matter?

CONTARINI.

Yes, good Abbot, no step towards a reform is worth anything which does not either lead to or spring from this.

POLE.

But, Cortese, your fears on this head may easily be laid to rest. In the south I have been with Juan Valdez at Posilippo, and have seen his manuscripts, and know the number of his friends; and Vittoria Colonna alone can lead hundreds by her sweet tyranny. Morone too, our most beloved Morone, hath a little church about himself at Modena, who are strong in this way of thinking. Flaminio's Exposition of the Psalms, which yet remains unpublished, also maintains the office of faith in justification.

PRIULI.

Nay, for myself I will go along with Tolengo. I would maintain with him the utility of sin, for that it magnifies the freeness of grace.

MARCO.

Why, my son, what meaning findest thou in such a theology as that? It is the work which Christ hath wrought in us, not His general righteousness out of us, which we must regard, for there lieth our justification.

CONTARINI.

Those whom Pole has enumerated, together with Pagliaricci of Siena, Carnesecchi of Florence, Protto of Bologna, that mirror of charity, and Fra Antonio of Volterra, may satisfy our friend the abbot, that we are sufficiently supported in this matter to call for a more accurate explanation, a more ample definition of the Church regarding justification, together with a more distinct admission of the office of grace and faith.

CORTESE.

You are mistaken, Contarini, if you think it satisfies me at all. What you have alleged is quite enough to prove, what I was before aware of, the existence of a large number of pious and learned men who are dissatisfied with the teaching of the Church about justification. I do not hesitate myself to confess to a similar discontent. But, above all things, I dread disunion. And I am still uneasy at the prospect of mooting this question, because I

believe this party of men to be little agreed among themselves, and only united in their dislike of the prevalent notions on the subject. For instance, here is our lay friend Priuli seems to be a positive Lutheran. He maintains the usefulness of sin, and therefore must, in consistency, hold good works to be worse than useless. I presume you do not go thus far.

CONTARINI.

No, certainly not. Yet I believe that the office which the law had before, faith now fills.

CORTESE.

If so, then it follows that the Gospel is no law, but a promise only; and this is sheer Lutheranism, and does away with all holy living, as a matter of conscience, upon which ground alone holy living can stand and flourish.

MARCO.

To me it seemeth, my Contarini, that to put our justification upon imputed righteousness, and not rather upon a righteousness inherent in us, and supernaturally wrought there, is but a sophistry to liberate men from the yoke of conscience, and a theory framed to get rid of ascetic living. Every monastery in Christendom is an embodied denial of the doctrine of our being justified by imputed righteousness.

POLE.

Nay, father Marco, but take the Sacrament of Regeneration into account, and the matter becomes plainer. The faith, on the strength of which the

Church would grant Baptism unto an adult, justifieth not; but the faith which springeth up of Baptism and continues it, that faith, I say, justifieth; and not the good works done in that faith.

MARCO.

Surely the one justifieth full as much as the other, the good works as well as the faith, only not in equal ways.

CONTARINI.

I hold not with Pole in this matter. To distinguish between faith before and faith after Baptism seemeth like a matter of the Schools. I believe simply that God's law is to be fulfilled; and His mercy, instead of supernaturally enabling us to fulfil it, accepteth Christ's fulfilment of it in lieu of ours.

PRIULI.

So believe I, and somewhat further.

MARCO.

Yet even that much soundeth towards heresy.

CORTESE.

Well, well, we are not met here to discuss this hard point. But, as to the policy of stirring the question, I would fain be further instructed by Pole and Contarini. If we none of us agree in the form of words, or a plain definition, then would it not be better to leave our several views floating at large within the Church, as pious opinions, uncondemned and unapproved?

POLE.

I know not: perhaps it may be that *every man should be satisfied with his own inward convictions,*

without troubling himself greatly whether errors and abuses exist in the Church.

CONTARINI.

Oh Pole! Pole! that were a speech more worthy of Erasmus than of thee. But there are grave reasons, Cortese, why some public step should be taken in this matter. It would draw back thousands to their allegiance to the Holy Roman Church; and, which is of far greater importance, it would keep many faithful to us who now are wavering. Besides which, it is not safe to leave opinions on such a subject floating loosely in the Church; for such opinions disconnected from the public opinion and ritual voice of the Church ever debase the characters of those who hold them, and lead in the end to indifference. Nothing is worse than this. It were better far for a good and pious movement in the Church to be extinguished, than have a protracted existence in some inner school, disconnected with the forms of the Church. This is much to be observed.

CORTESE.

But, as leaders of a movement, are you not afraid of the consequences of raising such a question, when men's eyes are turned so eagerly towards Lutheranism, and are so ready to go over?

CONTARINI.

No. Divine Truth breeds its own safeguards, and may be trusted to His providential direction from Whom it emanateth. Men may go over to Lutheranism during the discussion, and probably will.

This will be laid at our doors; but untruly. The evil wherewith any good change is accompanied must be fathered on the previous evil state of things, not on the authors of the movement.

POLE.

Men will lay it to us.

CONTARINI.

Will that disturb our tranquillity?

MARCO.

Yes; so far as that we must all be troubled at any such wicked apostasy from our Holy Mother. It is part of the chastisement of our past evils, and so is to be accepted penitentially. Who knows whether our sins, the sins of each of us, may not have weakened the hands of the Church, so that she hath relaxed her grasp of some among us. We have no right to be tranquil at apostasy.

CORTESE.

But is one thing clearly recognized by all of you—that *no corruption can be so great as to justify a defection from the sacred union?* Are you ready to submit, in the event of your opinions on justification being condemned?

POLE.

Yes; without a murmur; every canonical means having first been tried.

CONTARINI.

I will not use language so unqualified as that. The condemnation must come from legitimate authority. I hold not the pope alone to be adequate

authority; for such a power belongeth not unto his chair. I hold not a bull of the sacred college adequate; nor the decision of the episcopal body given severally and loosely: for a whole generation of bishops might be heretical out of council. The pope in general council I hold to represent the Holy Universal Roman Church; and that alone is adequate authority. Conscience may still secretly cling to its convictions; but silence becomes a plain duty then.

CORTESE.

I shall see you set off for Rome with a less burdened mind, now that I am satisfied no hope of success, no menace of persecution, no tenacious vanity of opinion, no thwarting of wicked and ignorant men, will ever induce you to violate the unity of the Church.

POLE.

Ah Contarini! I foresee how all will end. Even with the Holy Father on our side, we shall fail. The jealousy of the cardinals and the corruption of the Curia will be against us; and the German schism will despise our movement: for it is a separation in which theology is but a secondary element. Our generation will pass away, and our labors come to nought. The Church of Saints Sylvester and Dorothea in the Trastevere hath sent forth, by means of the members of the Oratory of Divine Love, a stir and a thrill through all the Roman Church. The vibration began in an almost heathen pontificate, for

Leo X. then sat on St. Peter's chair. It has reached Venice, and will sound on in the bosom of this republic long after it has died away at Rome. But let us go. It is the vesper time, and already I hear the Quid Gloriaris from the chapel.

The prophecy, the double prophecy, which Pole uttered in the laurel-bower of San Giorgio, was fulfilled. Paul IV. ruined the good work, and destroyed the hope of a reformation in the bosom of the Roman Church; and Pius IV. might well exclaim, "It was thus that we lost England, which we might have retained still, if Cardinal Pole had been better supported." And Pole himself, one of the gentlest, holiest, and most susceptible of men, died, as if by a mysterious instinct, in the very last night whose moon shone upon the rich tillage lands and dusky woodland chases of Catholic England, still, for that one night still, a portion of the Roman Obedience.

The other part of his prophecy, that the vibration should be heard in Venice long after it had died away in Rome, was likewise fulfilled, and illustrated what Contarini meant by saying it was evil for a Church to have an inner school in its bosom: for what was pure in its beginning becomes impure when it is prolonged apart from the rites and doctrines of the Church. It was fulfilled in the quarrel between Paul V. and the republic of Venice [1].

[1] See the Life of Paolo Sarpi; Walton's Life of Wotton; and Ranke, B. vi.

The quarrel began by the Pope's laying claim to the royalties of Ceneda, which the Venetians resisted. Papal exemptions from tithes formed the second grievance; while two laws, forbidding the alienation of church property or the building of churches without the sanction of the magistrates, were regarded by the pope as offensive and insulting acts on the part of the republic; and, lastly, the Venetians took from the papal authorities two clergymen whom the latter had imprisoned.

Such were the chief grounds of quarrel. The pope certainly triumphed in the end, although many modern writers have averred the contrary. The dignity of the holy see was doubtless much compromised by the way in which the victory was gained; still, gained it was without a doubt. Paul V. laid Venice under an interdict. The authorities took such care, that no effect of it was visible. Service went on, and holydays were observed as usual; the three orders of Theatins, Capuchins, and Jesuits retiring from the city. Paul tried to raise a war; but the friendship of France for Venice, which had declared for Henry IV. when all the rest of the Catholic world was against him, intimidated Spain. The warlike attempts came to nothing. Yet, in the end, Cardinal Joyeuse was sent from France to Venice. The republic gave up to the nuncio the two prisoners, saving its dignity by a childish and ineffectual protest; and, secondly, consented to receive absolution, only it was to be private. The

Jesuits were not, however, allowed to return, and Lerma's administration in Spain being of the Dominican party, the pope could not enforce it. Furthermore, the republic suspended the laws of which the pope had complained; and so the matter ended.

But the important thing to be observed is the existence of the strong anti-papal spirit in Venice, which enabled the republic to give the pope so much trouble, while it conducted its opposition with an unusually dignified firmness. This spirit certainly seems to connect itself with those good men of Paul the Third's day, of whom we have been recently speaking. After the sack of Rome and the taking of Florence and the troubles of Milan, Venice was for some years the abode of all the learned men and theologians of Italy, and it was likely the seed they had sown should spring up afterwards, when their meetings and reunions had long ceased. The espousal of Henry the Fourth's cause by the Venetian republic betokens somewhat of an antipapal spirit, and a hatred or fear of the disloyal principles openly taught by the Jesuits and the great majority of the Roman doctors. This was before the end of the sixteenth century. It was in 1606 that the actual triumph of the anti-papal party took place, in the election of the Doge Donato. The principles which had long struggled beneath the surface, wielding and agitating the undercurrents of the state, now emerged, and from the ducal throne guided the whole republic. The language used of and to the pope was

quite in accordance with the doctrines of Contarini, somewhat exasperated by long suppression and disappointment, which had likewise weakened the lively regard for the unity of the Church which had been a special badge of Contarini's school. Yet the friends of Leonardo Donato and Paolo Sarpi might legitimately consider Contarini to have been their prophet and doctor.

The character of Paolo Sarpi, contrasted with that of Contarini, shows how opinions (and so the holders of them) become debased when held for any length of time in a party way, and speaking without a legal mouth. Ranke, in condemning as an exaggeration the idea that Paolo Sarpi was a protestant, says, "it would be difficult to define to what form of Christianity he was inwardly attached; it was one often held in those times, especially by men who had devoted themselves to the *physical sciences*, a religion bound by none of the established systems, original, speculative, but neither absolutely defined nor completely worked out." From this it would follow, and did actually follow, that the spirit of complacent indifference in Paolo Sarpi was stirred up to a vehement and bitter hatred of *authority*, as interfering with and controlling his literary eclecticism; and with a system not afraid, as an authoritative system never is, of its conclusions, witnessing against a temper of mind so unhappy and so little penetrated with true religious feeling. It is said of him that the most determined and irreconcileable

hatred towards the secular influence of the papacy was probably the only passion he ever cherished, and that it was whetted by the refusal of a bishopric, attended by some mortifying circumstances. Thus what had been belief, pious, energetic, pure, obedient, quick-spirited, hopeful, in Contarini, became literary opinion, cold, lifeless, unpractical, unreal, scholastic, disobedient, in Sarpi. It exemplifies the natural degeneracy of unauthoritative schools within a Church. Faith has ever a tendency to become attenuated into mere opinion where it has not supernatural "coigns of vantage" whereto it may cling. The public acts of the Church in teaching, or devotion, or ascetic observance, are alone those coigns of vantage. There is no instance of an unauthoritative school beginning well, which did not end badly, if it was not incorporated into the system of the Church, either by tacit approval or public recognition. The history of the papacy and its relations with the religious orders is full of exemplifications of this.

It is to be feared that we have among ourselves some characters analogous to that of Paolo Sarpi; especially among the most thoughtful and intelligent of the laity. There are men who feel an ill-tutored and impatient weariness of verbal controversies, and see nothing providential, either in the way of trial or chastisement, in the doubt and uncertainty which attaches in these days to every religious system. They arrive at their religious notions, not so much from having found their way thither by modest and

unobtrusive works, from holy practice being guided to sound doctrine, but rather propelled by the discomfort of unsettled opinions on grave subjects, which will intrude even into the library of the man of letters. They have tried in the balance of reason, and by the test of revelation, the unreal system of impulses, sentiments, and motives, which was so long considered as the exclusive representative of the Gospel, and it has been found wanting, hollow, wordy, cheerless, self-contemplative, morbid, inconsistent, feverish, delusive. They have next examined the claims put forward on behalf of the Church, and in defence of her authority, mysterious gifts, and supernatural prerogatives. But they have been disappointed and petulant, that a claim of authority is put forward, and yet definite and distinct certainty, if not infallibility, is not given in reward for the submission of the intellect. They are out of humor at discovering that these prerogatives, so great in name, so soothing in sound, are clouded over, and that we have to fight through baffling mists, in order to find and identify the springs. They do not see moral discipline in this, or a divine chastisement, of which the sinful divisions of Christendom give a mournfully sufficient explanation. The result is a kind of literary suspension between England and Rome. So much is involved in joining the latter, that they have not boldness enough for it. It is that which keeps them back, not allegiance to their English mother. Added to which is a recoil in

favor of Rome, from the discovery of the base and ribald character of popular controversy. The unreasonable generosity of their tempers feels, as it were, bound to make up to Rome for this foolish, and, to us, very perilous injury. Their turn of mind, also, shows them the general beauty of the Roman system, and the particular beauty which lies in the lap of each Roman error, while they have no time or taste for examining the multitudinous details of indictment, brought by Anglican doctors against Rome; and they see that, at any rate, the outward face and frame of that indictment is highly scholastic, and therefore likely to be unreal. I know and love some, to whom, should these words meet their eyes, I would suggest, whether they have not tried to learn doctrine in a way to which no blessing is promised; whether they have not begun in their libraries rather than their oratories (for, in truth, a library is but a profane place if it be not an oratory also); whether their sins have deserved that they should be free from doubt, or have unclouded views; whether they have not sought soothing medicines, rather than a rougher but safer healing, and are endeavoring to allay the disquiet of the head, rather than feed the craving of the heart? Let them contemplate themselves, as in a glass, in the character of Paolo Sarpi. Let them see and beware of the moral temper which is generated by a literary theology. They seek indifference for its dignified composure; and lo! it brings with it man's most disturbing passion, in its basest form, a

hatred of spiritual authority. It will not be consistent in logic, but it will be consistent in temper, for these men to enter Rome, at last, by the very gate where they have been ashamed that their enemies should speak with them heretofore, the gate of infallibility.

I spent an evening on the Lido before quitting Venice, in hopes of meeting my mysterious friend. However, he did not come, and I was left to my own meditations. Who does not recognize the Lido in the poet's description?

> "The bank of land which breaks the flow
> Of Adria towards Venice; a bare strand
> Of hillocks, heap'd from ever-shifting sand,
> Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,
> Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds,
> Is this; an uninhabited sea-side,
> Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
> Abandons; and no other object breaks
> The waste but one dwarf-tree, and some few stakes,
> Broken and unrepair'd, and the tide makes
> A narrow space of level sand thereon."

The history of Venice passed in review before me; her rise, her conquests over the infidel, her too great wealth, and consequent corruption, her fall, her beautiful, majestic ruin, where she hides herself at the head of the revolted Adriatic, withdrawn from the eye of the unchained sea within these desolate and wet sandbanks. I thought of a passage in George Herbert's poem on the Church Militant, in

which he speaks of religion standing "tiptoe on our land, ready to pass over to the American strand." Certainly the Cross has moved ever in a westward direction; and, more than that, the ship, the Church which bears it, has *passed* westward also. In the regions of the east, which she cleaved with her holy prow, the vestiges of her wake are little more than discernible. She has not established herself. She anchored awhile, and then passed on. Her course is to be traced by the tombs of the prophets, who died at the several harbors in which she touched. Pursuing, then, this train of thought, which must not be taken to the letter, one would be led to suppose that, when the Cross has made the pilgrimage of the world, and arrived at the east by the way of the west, its journey will be over, and the end come.

Such is the sort of conclusion at which George Herbert's idea lands us. And it would seem to point out some very glorious ecclesiastical destiny for America; which appears, in the present state of things, and to human eyes, not near an accomplishment, especially if we fix our eyes, as most of us do, upon the United States, and Canada, which will one day belong to them. For, putting aside the insufferable treatment the Americans have received at the hands of needy vulgarity and pert book-making, it certainly does appear that *moral littleness*, in the full sense of the term, is the prominent characteristic of the American mind and spirit. Washington and their rebellion were, both the man and the event,

singularly destitute of greatness; indeed, quite surprisingly so, when we consider what mighty historical consequences the rebellion was pregnant with, and must, sooner or later, give birth to. This want of greatness must have been what Carlyle meant to hint, when he says disparagingly of Lafayette, that he was never able to get beyond the "Washington Formula."

Also, we should not beforehand imagine that America was capable of being entrusted with any high Christian fortunes, till she had been prepared for the glorious responsibility, in the only Christian way of preparation, that is, by suffering, contest, abasement, and, it might be, bloody times; for it is when nations are undergoing all or some of these things, and only then, that great minds and characters are gendered to any extent; such times as turn the gay, careless, pleasure-loving friend of Villiers, into Charles, the sad-featured king and blissful Martyr. Prosperity, wealth, intense and successful activity, extended commerce, luxurious domestic living, loud talking, and boastful self-praise, these are not tokens of a people ready for great destinies. Indeed, it seems strange that a commercial power should be invested at all with great destinies. We talk of cities being types; and, if ever there was one city more than another set forth by Scripture, and pointed at by history as a type, it is Tyre. Almost all that is said of her, and was acted by her, and has come upon her, is transferable to the generality

of great merchant cities throughout the world. There seems some portion of the mantle of Anti-Christ to have rested upon them; and parts of the description of Tyre's sinfulness are almost identical with some of the signs of Anti-Christ enumerated in Scripture. For, independent of the general resemblance between the temper of apostasy and the temper of great towns, it is recorded of Tyre, that her heart was lifted up, and that she said, "I am a God. I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas." "She set her heart as the heart of God." The like is also said of Anti-Christ. Now, if we look at Tyre, we see, as in a glass, with more or less fidelity, the day of Carthage, Corinth, Venice, and other places. It seems as if God made all these merchant cities to serve His Church in their day, and then that He had "given a commandment;" not against Tyre only, but against all "merchant cities." Venice, for example, so long as she was fighting the battles of the Church, and standing as a living frontier on the isles of Greece, between western Christendom and the Moslem, and humbling the infidel by repeated defeats, so long she was great; but when peace came and wealth, therewith came a most corrupt and worthless aristocracy, and an unspeakably dissolute rabble; and then her Adriatic throne was pulled indignantly from beneath her by the hand of the pagan republic of France. Indeed, hatred of Venice was almost like an unaccountable instinct in the French. While they adorned most of the cities

they came to, at Venice they strove to accelerate the ruin of the palaces, removed every kind of public office to Verona, and seemed actuated by a wish to wipe the very name of Venice from the forehead of Italy.

So also we may see how commercial powers subserve missionary purposes. Indeed all *purely* commercial powers hitherto seem not to have had the Cross given them to advance, but to have waited upon it, pioneering or following. Their greatness is not for themselves, but for God's people. It is not they, but Zebulun, whose border comes nigh them, who *really* "suck of the abundance of the sea, and of treasures hid in the sand." It is a great thing to stand, as we do, with Revelation before us, where we can see the inward, true, providential meaning of a city or a nation, as well as the colored, outward, carnal seeming. Conceive a wealthy Tyrian merchant, looking out from his counting-house, or stores filled with "blue cloths and broidered work, and chests of rich apparel, bound with cords, and made of cedar," upon one of his gallant ships, setting forth with the evening sun upon her, and the evening wind in her sails, passing out of the port of Tyre, then the great gate of the Mediterranean. There she passes in all her glory, her ship-boards of the tall fir-trees of Senir, a kingly and straight cedar from Lebanon for her mast, her strong oars of old oak of Bashan, her benches and hatches of best Chittim ivory, wrought by the company of the Ashurites, her sails of broid-

ered Egyptian linen, bellying with the cool breeze, and her officers clad in blue and purple from the isles of Elishah. There goes his galley, beautiful and costly, a type of the various magnificence, the various art, the various wealth, of famous Tyre. Well may he stand wrapped in thought till the last tint of evening has passed from the sea; well may he gaze on the deep, lordly basin of the harbor, one day to be nearly filled up with broken columns; and we may conceive what his thoughts might be of Tyrian greatness. He would not think, what we know, that it was all for "them that dwell before the Lord, to eat sufficiently, and for durable clothing." Tyre is an allegory of commercial powers.

It was just sunset as I mounted the sand-hills of the Lido to gain my gondola. Sunset from the Lido! It is only surpassed by sunset from the front steps of the Parthenon. The poet who saw it from the Lido years ago described it with minutest fidelity, What I saw, he saw; and it is never to be forgotten.

"As those who pause on some delightful way,
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, I stood,
Looking upon the evening and the flood,
Which lay between the city and the shore,
Paved with the image of the sky: the hoar
And aery Alps, towards the north, appear'd,
Through mist, a heaven-sustaining bulwark, rear'd
Between the east and west; and half the sky
Was roof'd with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue

Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many-folded hills—they were
Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
As seen from Lido through the harbor piles
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—
And then, as if the earth and sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
Those mountains tow'ring, as from waves of flame,
Around the vap'rous sun, from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent."

We spent the morning of Easter Monday in seeing a very beautiful procession at the Arsenal, and afterwards the blessing of the sea. It was a very interesting ceremony; and as we rode in our gondola, the crowded Schiavoni, the banners of the procession, the figure of the priest lifting up the Host over the sea, which was perfectly calm and clear, presented a picture which could not easily be equalled. In the afternoon we went to the Armenian convent. Our guide through the building was the simple-mannered Father Aucher, the translator of Paradise Lost, the Night Thoughts, and Rasselas, into Armenian. It was a little annoying, in a place so quiet and Christian as that delightful convent is, to hear the name of Byron so much dwelt upon, and the kind of summer parlor, where he used to compose, shown with a good deal of noise and parade. It was not, of course, the mere mention of an infidel poet's name which could desecrate the house of the

tranquil and studious Armenians; but it was brought forward in such a way as to show that our good cicerone had found that that name hallowed the convent more to English travellers than its own sacred character and beautiful propriety of arrangement.

We will rest awhile in that pleasant panelled common-room, hung round with pictures of benefactors, and of some of the more literary of the brethren. That one on the left hand of the door is Father Aucher himself. No one can mistake it. The windows look into a quiet little garden; and the whole room is filled with the fragrance of a bunch of yellow jonquils, in a little vase upon the table. How quiet it is, after the holy-day mirth and holy-day crowds upon the Schiavoni! It was here the stranger visited me once more. I had not seen him since we left Padua, and his appearance was doubly welcome in such a place as that common-room.

"Now that all is over," said he, "do you not repent of not having gone to Rome during the Holy Week?" "Not at all," replied I. "You may now visit it in tranquillity," said he: "the play is over, and the theatre broken up. It will be nearly empty by the end of the week." "No," I answered, "we shall go eastward." "Eastward!—whither?" rejoined he. "To the Lord's Tomb," said I, "if it be possible." "I fear," said he, "the plague will render that a hazardous journey." "Of that," I replied, "we can hear further at Smyrna: and I would fain see Jerusalem before I visit Rome." "It is even a

more awful place than Rome," said he, devoutly crossing himself:—"Europe, if ever outward unity be vouchsafed her again, will turn her eyes thither once more. There will be another crusade, though after a different sort from what has been heretofore. But it is not well to travel thither as you would to other lands, in a literary way, or in the spirit of an artist. It is the land which 'the Lord environed with His blessed feet.'" "I would fain," replied I, "leave such a spirit behind me in visiting any land. I wish to regard the earth as a volume, where God's judgments and His mercies are luminously recorded. I would strive to become a more earnest and intelligent catholic by interpreting what I see, and constrain each famous locality to give a voice and a soul to my dumb and spiritless recollections of history. Unfortunately, I loathe books and the in-doors pursuit of knowledge. I cannot profit in that school. I toil irksomely, and yet toil vainly. The restraints of scholarship are not sweet restraints to me. What I read seems but a bewildering mass of ill-strung facts. I would put life into it all, by making for myself a sacred geography of this very fearful earth. Dumb cities should speak to me, interpreting the past, and put threads into my hands whereby I might guide myself a little way, and with a timid soberness, into the profitable labyrinth of prophecy. The earth surely has a catholic geography as well as a moral and physical one, and no less scientific; and if physical geography be one of the most alluring

and fertile of all studies, what must catholic geography be?

"And," continued I, "what is history but the key whereby to open the cabinets of prophecy?" "Yet," he replied, "it is hard to make the wards of that key fit, and keys will sometimes open locks they were not meant for. Look at the extravagant profaneness which has of late years been exhibited in the bold handling of unfulfilled prophecy." "True," said I; "it should make one stand back. Yet if it be true, as has been well said, that we have attained a stage of existence, which stretches beyond the reach of any analogous experience, if we are in an unnatural evening, then are we thrown perforce on prophecy for our warning and instruction. We may well suppose, from its mysterious construction, that the Sacred Volume contains at least types and specimens of every shape and mould which the fortunes of the Church can embrace; and earth too has her types, her typical tribes, and cities, and kingdoms, and natural features, yea, her typical sins, and these may, peradventure, be so adjusted to the types of Scripture as that both together may give up some interpretation useful to us in the way of warning or of consolation." "But," said he, "such a method of reading the earth supposes a very considerable knowledge of the earth's history, as well as a meditative study of the Holy Scriptures; and how is this to be attained by a book-hater?" "If I thought," I answered, "that I could thus constrain the old

earth to prophesy to me, it would cheer me in my studies; I should be like the ancient alchemists when trembling on the verge, a verge destined never to be crossed, of their great secret. Pain and toil, and lean hunger and aching vigil, would be as nothing." "But," he asked, "may you not find this in books, or put it together for yourself from books?" "No," replied I, "the truth seems to evaporate when sealed up in a book. Men seal it up lest it should evaporate, and, lo! the spirit has escaped already. Truth's dead body is behind. Some men think that enough, and of course it *is* a solemn thing. But many men are the creatures of localized affections, and they must out upon the earth, or seek some Socrates, and learn by living word. What transcending greatness was it in Socrates to write no books. Plato himself thought men were better taught without them. Language is a perpetual Orphic song, says a poet; but it must have sound to be so. How mighty is the mystery of words! Does not the very phrase lead us to the confines of the most ineffable of all mysteries?" "Yes," replied he, very solemnly; "let us not venture out upon that sea." "Well," said I, "at any rate the difference between truth in a book, and truth on the tongue, or truth in the immense prophetic hieroglyphics of the earth, is very great. What is it to sit in your solitary library, and open the service book, and read the Nicene Creed,—are you not reading truth? Yea, verily, eternal, immutable truth: there is no denying it. But what is it to be

in some old and curious cathedral, fenced round with low-browed arches, and in the gloom of stained windows, to stand in a ring of new-made priests, in the venerable presence of one of the visible heads of the catholic Church, who has just handed on the apostolic Keys and living Tradition,—to behold him standing with his eyes fixed upon the chequered marble of the altar-stair, encompassed by the goodly sons whom he has just begotten for the Church, of veritable apostolic line, and to hear the organ and the choir burst forth in a loud tumult of austerest music with the symbol of the Nicene Council:—what is it, I say, but to have each line and word of those catholic verities graven with a style of flame upon your hearts? So is it with truth in books, and out of them." "You speak wildly and at random," said he, "like a boy who has some dim idea in his head, which he cannot clothe in words.

"The earth, truly," he continued, "is an awful place, and full of awful foot-marks. And it is not the least awful thing about it, that in its womb lie all the bodies of all the sons of Adam, save Enoch and Elijah, and that little Church of the first-born, as Origen interprets it, who rose after our Lord's Resurrection, and walked about Jerusalem. What a fearful thought it is of all the pageantry and pomp, the power, the intellect, the beauty, the holiness, the sin, which has all at once entered into this capacious womb; and how earnestly the earth travaileth, how she coveteth that mighty future child-birth of the resurrection!" "O yes," said I, "I have often

thought of this, and of the silence which there is in the inner chambers of this huge tomb. Often have

> I thought of all the glorious things
> Which on this earth are spread,
> Of mighty peasants, and the kings,
> That under it lie dead.

How fearfully the dead out-number the living! How boundless are the mute fields of the invisible Church, and how much more should we wander there than we do!" "Yea, surely," said he, "it is the catholic's refuge from the world. The brightest flowers of Christian meditation are gathered in the tranquil pastures of the Expecting." "Yea," therefore is it," replied I, "that we all hasten as eager pilgrims to the one empty Tomb, the place where the Lord lay. That emptiness is more rich in hopes and promises and half unveiled brightnesses, than the fulness of the dead, wherewith earth teems. And yet were Adam's grave discovered somewhere amid the cool darknesses of the Asiatic mountains, what a place of pilgrimage would it be for all the world! The Tomb of the Lord is known, the uninscribed grave of the first man is sheltered from our knowledge. This is a type of the Lord's choice for us, a type of what He graciously reveals, and what He vouchsafes to hide[2]."

[2] There seems no sufficient authority for the tradition of Origen, St. Athanasius, and St. Basil, that Adam was buried at Golgotha; and St. Jerome expressly denies it. See Williams on the Lord's Passion, p. 283.

"How little in old times," said he, "the pilgrims to the Holy Land thought or noticed of the intermediate countries! They went to see Christ's Tomb and to kneel where His Cross was planted. What were France and Germany an Turkey and the green wastes of Anadoli to them? To my eyes there was something very touching, a deep moral beauty, in seeing men thus represent in act an allegory of their mortal lives. We are all pilgrims to Palestine. We are but crossing one land in order to get to another; the land we are in is of no value or dignity to us; it is but a huge thoroughfare; crowds keep pressing in and passing on every hour, by the womb and the coffin. It is, I say, but a huge thoroughfare. There are fine views on this side, and palaces on that, mountains worth climbing here, and rivers sweet to trace there, and old ruined empires, and old wise books, and picturesque old cities: but what is that to us? They lie off the road. They are not on the thoroughfare. It is but lost labor to turn aside to visit them. The sun is on them, and brings them near. But it is a deceit. They are further off than they seem: and if we turn aside, the gates of the thoroughfare may be shut ere we arrive, and if we reach not the other shore ere sunset it will fare badly with us. The gates are not opened after sundown, except for the Bridegroom's midnight train. If we be weary, faint-hearted and foot-sore, let us relieve ourselves by weeping, and so pass on in tears. If we be merry, let us sing psalms, and chant our

creeds, and keep inventing antiphones, while the country people, the rude pagani, come out to see the crowd, and whole cities be moved at our passing by."

"And," replied I, "as in life, so in travelling, there are many snares and stumbling blocks and things harmful to the spirit." "Yes," said he, "especially in these days of divided Churches." "The lassitude," said I, "which follows upon excitement, reduces a traveller to a mere animal state. The mind is cast into an evil passiveness, while bad spirits seize the hour for injecting wicked thoughts. The purer and more solemn and more exalted the frame of mind has been among the great sights of the day, the more perilous is the physical weariness of the evening. This is one great advantage which students enjoy. They are less liable to the inroad of guilty thoughts, or the passing of idle and alluring phantoms before the eye of the imagination. Man's thoughts are like an endless well; and man's natural thoughts are an endless well of evil. So long as your higher faculties are at work they are kept down: just as you may hold your hand tight upon the vent of a mountain spring, but when the pressure is withdrawn, the angry fountain bursts and bubbles out in a little flood, and damages the moss and wild flowers that trusted themselves too near. So is it with our thoughts; when the pressure of labor is removed, they break out and overflow the soul. Times of bodily fatigue are often times of great temptation." "Yes," said he; "but you may

do much to guard against this. It is true you cannot with your views recreate and fortify your mind with the public vespers of the Church; but you can use the ritual of your own land in private, and bind the observance of it by vow upon your conscience." "It would be a snare," said I. "No," replied he, "not if you had a real good will thereto. However, one thing is most true, you must be very particular when you travel in tying up your devotional exercises in forms, and brief forms. Otherwise, departures at sun-rise, struggles with sleep, the ruffling of the spirit which haste always brings along with it, and such like things will do you grievous harm. The mind must be steadily bent upon regarding the small delays, mischances, losses and exasperations of travelling as grave materials, from whence you are to frame a discipline against selfishness and bad temper. This is of the highest importance." "Ah!" replied I, "yet what a blessing it would be if we could enter a church and kneel among its worshippers. There is a spell in sacred music which unbinds the soul and calms it, as though the Spirit went forth in the sweet sounds and breathed an absolving breath upon you." "Of course the blessings of unity," said he, "meet you at every turn, and this you cannot have. Yet I do not see what hinders that you should use these foreign churches as oratories for your private prayers, especially for intercession for all estates of catholic men. Besides there are whole services, or well nigh

whole ones, in which you could join. I do not mean to say that this makes up even in a shadowy way the loss of real and realized communion. But it is something to have a consecrated building, where God is, and Angels, and a holy East, and many kneelers, and the sight of priests, and the voice of loud instruments, and the admonitions of the bells. These surely are not little things." "No," said I, "indeed they are not. How can anything be little which has to do with Christian practice? How can anything be little which cleaves even to the outermost buttresses of the holy Church? The very nests of church sparrows have a spiritual commission, and are bade by the Spirit to teach us a heavenly lesson." "Then," said he, "you may make the solemnity of your destination a safeguard against sin. A traveller to the Holy Land feels a dignity in his progress which defends him from low and little thoughts."

"You said a little while ago," replied I, "that there would at some future time be another crusade. You do not surely mean a crusade like the *old* ones." "No," he answered, "but more like them than you would now believe to be probable." "Nay," said I, "the days for such actions are gone by long since." "Yes," said he, "so long since, that they may be almost beginning again, and coming back in time's wide circuits. Tempers and opinions revolve with marvellous rapidity; and like the earth's diurnal motion, are for their very rapidity unfelt." "Yet," replied I, "I would believe that opinion advanced

instead of revolving." "The two movements," said he, "are not inconsistent with each other. Yet believe me, there is a daily and incessant resurrection of opinions. The seeds of the Middle Ages have been long deposited in the fertile mould of neglect and disbelief. They are now beginning to swell and split underground. You will see their green shoots parting the dull mould shortly. But mark me, there will grow up with them a new plant which has not blossomed on the earth before. Its fragrance will be sweeter than the fragrance of all the others, and will overcome them; alas! in proportion to the vehemence of its odor, so will the hour of its blossoming be shortened. I see a vision. I see the womb of time open, and it is full of murky, purple clouds, rolled one upon another, clouds of many chambers, and darkness in every one of them. See how they twist and fold in spiry masses or voluminous contortions. From behind there is a momentary illumination, quite momentary. All is lighted up. How various are the lights which the different clouds receive. See how vivid the gold light is there in the centre of that western mass of cloud, so vivid it almost burns the veil through. Yonder to the right what a dull, dark crimson streaked with black. The north is all in flames; and that contexture of thin mist in the centre, how it quivers like a pale silver sea: and how does the light reach yon corner, an amber light too? it is very strange, passing strange. But see the picture burns all at once more intensely

—you may almost hear its fervid burning; and, look, look, from the four corners dart streamers of shooting radiance of deep red gold, one, two, three, five, seven; they dart towards the silver sea, it is like silver interlaced with ruddy gold; they stand still round the centre of the sea, converging like the glory round the Lord's Head in churches. In the middle there is a form, it brightens, it becomes crimson: no—it is unclear again; what has made it turbid all at once? See, see, it is all passed away. The womb of time is still open. The clouds are of their murky purple once more, sailing, dipping, twisting, resting, unfolding, shutting—all is tranquil. Their movements make no noise. It is, after all, but a procession of clouds from the Euganean hills. Had it any significancy?

"But," added he after a pause, "do not be surprised at what I say about the resurrection of opinions. The eye in winter soon becomes accustomed to the evergreens, and their uniformity of color. Strange to say, powerful as the imagination is, it can scarcely clothe a winter scene in its vernal or summer dress. We forget utterly how the prospect looked when the leaves were on. We remember it as indistinctly as our own features, which we have so often seen in a glass. So has it been with you in keeping main truths, and rejecting beautiful faiths. The very truths have lost their beauty to some eyes, while other eyes, content with their dull evergreens, have lost the sense and memory of

beauty. You have all of you ceased to believe that the deciduous trees can bud and bloom again. The best among you have planted ivy at the foot of the leafless trunks, as if to honor the decay of the venerable stems, and to make the dead branches, like the influence of a departed Saint, a stay unto the living. Bethink you, those deciduous trees are not dead. It is but the leaflessness of a cold season, and truly the winter is somewhat protracted. The world will yet see how fair is the vernal scene, when the light brilliant green of the fresh shoots blends with and flaunts the staid and sober cypress. It will see too, once again at least, autumn's gorgeous tapestry, that season of wise and sanctifying melancholy, when humiliation is oftener uppermost than hope, and Advent cleanses the soul with the pure fear of the Judgment. It shall see the autumnal tapestry, and acknowledge how beautiful is the golden decay hanging in ruddy bowers before the background of the cold, lustrous laurel." "Thank you for your parable," said I; "let us now come to intelligible plainness." "Well," replied he, "in the resurrection of opinions you may recognize the revolving of opinions; in the new flower whose fragrance mayhap shall refresh the close of the nineteenth and the first forty years of the twentieth century, you may recognize the advance of opinions. You smile. I will be bold. Europe will once more see a people fall back from the throne of an excommunicated king." "Never," said I. "Soon," replied he. "Never," I rejoined.

"Very soon," said he. "You are but joking with me," I said. "Perhaps I was," said he; "however we will come to a practical illustration of it, which this Armenian convent reminds me of."

"Ten years ago," he continued, "it would have been thought in your country the wildest dream to suppose that any wish should ever be entertained by members of the English Church for the revival of monasteries; and now you see men wide as the poles asunder in doctrine and habits of thought uniting in a desire for religious orders, both of men and women, and boldly making that desire public. There is an instance of what I mean by the resurrection of opinions: I call it a resurrection, rather than a revival, because it is a more religious word, and more truly expresses my meaning. The theories of the schools revive; the pious opinions of the Church are raised out of their tombs." "And do you," I enquired, "think it would be well for us to have monasteries among us?" "Undoubtedly," said he. "But," replied I, "there is so much involved in such a step, that I should wish to learn more from you about it. I put aside all questions about vows and the like as details quite unimportant, and easily arranged when the more important preliminaries are settled. But does not the history of the Church show that these orders have been failures, and in process of time have become fountains of corruption? For instance, we find at the end of the tenth century a reformation of them is become needful; and in the

thirteenth, again, their corruption was so great, that a considerable reorganization of them was made; and once more, at the beginning of the sixteenth, the life was found in great measure to have departed out of them." "That," said he, "is an exaggeration. The order of St. Ignatius was certainly a striking modification of the old monastic principle, but neither life, energy, nor utility, had passed away from the Dominicans. Still let us see what there is in your objection. Monastic orders were failures, because they grew corrupt. Well; so was primitive Christianity then. It is a word somewhat overventuresome, yet in your sense Christianity itself has been a failure. Of course it has done much for the world in the way of civilization and general beneficent influence. Yet how very little has it done compared with what it claimed to do! How much less has it improved the world at large! How much less has it touched and healingly troubled the deep fountains of human depravity, than might have been expected! No, my friend, in these days, when you are given to argue in generals so much, it is important you should remember, whenever you approach Church subjects, that God's Providences are thwarted by man's sin, and the merciful intentions of Heaven fall short of the mark at which they are aimed. There seems, if we may say so, to be a mysterious waste of mercy in God's dispensations, like His gracious rain falling in torrents on the deserts of Africa. Yet, as here and there a knot of

palms, or a little rushy oasis round a spring, receive the rain, and are enlivened by it, so, in the world of man, does the Almighty Father seem to frame His dispensations of grace for all, the reprobate as well as the elect, and be content that they should find here and there the single souls, the few palms of the desert, whom they will lead to salvation. At any rate, I see nothing in the general objection, that monastic orders have been failures, which will not equally apply to Christianity itself. But, after all, in what sense have they been failures? Date the commencement of monasticism when you will, whether among the recluses of the Thebaid wilds before the Nicene council, or with the rule of St. Basil after it, it was not till the tenth century that they grew so corrupt as to call for the interference of the Church. A space is left of at least six centuries. Now can catholic doctrine, the catholic doctrine of the Trinity and Incarnation say as much? Are not six centuries quite a singular duration for any thing religious in a world which turns spirit into matter, and commutes the fine gold into dross so rapidly, a singular duration, I say, for any thing but the Visible Church, whose existence is supernaturally secured by her gift of indefectibility? Your next epoch, it is true, is shorter, somewhat short of two centuries and a half. But then the times were further removed from primitive purity and strictness; and, consequently, the progress of corruption was more rapid. They were also trying times. It was during that

interval that the Church saw fit to take up a very different position from the one she had previously occupied. She was casting herself into a new mould, that of the papacy, and many perils were naturally attendant upon so extensive a change, and many doors opened to evil. Yet it was much for the orders to serve the Church's need for two centuries and a half. Your third epoch is from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. This was the time of the mendicant orders; and it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the advantage they were of to the Church at first, though they soon degenerated. And as to the modification of the monastic principle embodied in the order of the Jesuits, you have only to look on the consistent encroachment which Rome has made upon the strongholds of protestantism ever since, in order to understand and estimate the extent of service performed by that order for the holy see. I cannot, therefore, agree with you, that religious orders have been failures. On the contrary, a revival of the monastic spirit seems to be one feature in every crisis of the Church, and to bear fruit abundantly."

"But," said I, "the Roman Church herself seems, from time to time, to have regarded the orders with doubt and jealousy." "Of course," he replied; "she knew their tremendous power, and the great importance of being always able to guide and overrule their movements. The fourth Lateran Council, early in the thirteenth century, forbade any new orders, as

leading by their multiplicity to confusion; and this was enforced again by the council of Lyons; the pope alone having power to dispense with this rule. Yet, although a multiplicity of orders would lead to confusion in the Church, there is something very sublime in the idea which religious orders embody. It seems as if the whole mystical Body, the Church, penetrated with a deep sense of her various offices towards the world, mortified intercession, illustrated poverty, ministrations to the sick, patronage of the poor, preaching in rude districts, literary labors, burial of the dead, teaching of ascetic penance, and the like, detached off from her centre various small communities, each specially devoted to some one or more of these offices: they were as legates from her side, representing her in foreign places; and then the principle of obedience to the visible head of the Church circulated among them, encompassing and embracing them all, and maintaining still the great unity. The Church spoke with many voices, and yet remained one. Each order was a voice, speaking a particular tongue. It was like a mystical Whitsun miracle; and as the life flowed into them from Peter's chair, so to Peter's chair it flowed back again, to be re-inforced and purified. The various unity of the Church catholic has never been so magnificently represented to the world as by the religious orders." "But," said I, "is there not some danger of creating a Church within a Church?" In looking at the history of the Middle Ages we see two Churches, not

one Church: the monastic Church and the secular Church." "Allow me," replied he, "to put a more accurate expression into your mouth, the monastic clergy and the secular clergy." "Well," said I, "at any rate there were two elements in the Church in perpetual conflict; and might not that danger be incurred again?" "You seem to speak," said he, "not very modestly, as if there were no monastic orders in the Church now. You forget that the greatest part of Christendom, east and west, is full of them; and that in this, as in some other things, your own particular Church has not feared to make a very marked distinction between herself and the rest of the catholic body. However, what you say is very true. Only it is no objection to religious orders, because it was not an evil inherent in them, but arose from other circumstances. The secular clergy were in a most awful state of corruption, and almost the whole episcopate lost in the grossest simony. Consequently, the austerities of the monasteries were a living reproach to the seculars, and bred a feud between them. There is a twofold division in the priestly office, which is not inaptly typified by the monastic and parochial lives; and what does but embody two offices of the one Church may seem as if it were dividing the Church into two. The doctrine of appeals was carried injudiciously far; and the decretals, much as they served a temporary end, brought forth evil fruits at last, as acts of questionable morality generally do. The appeals to the pope,

which from the awful corruption of the bishops were at first a safeguard of pure discipline, soon became a screen for evil livers and unseemly strifes, and did but throw impediments in the way of a summary suppression of scandals." "And," said I, "surely many of the popes fanned the flame of discord between the regulars and seculars in their own war against episcopacy, making use of the orders against the bishops, just as the kings of that day made use of the burghers against the aristocracy." "Perhaps so," replied he: "at any rate such a danger is easily avoided with the peculiar constitution of your Church, by tying monastic orders in each diocese to the several chairs of the respective bishops. By placing them under the complete control of the bishops in every respect, and not in the nominal way in which colleges are connected with their visitors, the danger you apprehend would be met and avoided. Your Church is at present nearly destitute of a monastic voice, or speaks very faintly with it in your universities. Much of what would be spoken by it, did it exist, is now spoken in fantastic ways outside the Church."

"What then," I asked, "are the advantages which you would anticipate from a revival of monastic orders among the English?" "Why," replied he, "my last words will lead you to one of them. I think they would form a safety-valve for much to escape, which now condenses into dissent. You are a Church without penances, the first the world has

ever seen; and there are many penitents whose ill-instructed enthusiasm, in itself laudable, leads them to show openly, by some strong step and by taking up some obviously new position, their horror of the state of sin from which they are emerging. They become dissenters. And however ignorant they may be, however sad the consequences to themselves, I do not think there is in your Church sufficient provision for such men; and they are probably not few. Almost any modification of monastic orders would meet this. Again, you have a great deal of zeal for teaching and visiting, and being actively useful in a Christian way. Such a zeal, however ill-mannered its bearing may be at times, is surely not culpable. And now it either separates off from the Church, or thwarts the clergy. To make such persons subordinate clergy, would probably secularize the clergy, and, besides that, the case of pious, zealous women, would not be provided for. Monastic orders would satisfy this want fully. Indeed, the principle of obedience, developed in its very strongest way, is the life of monasticism; and religious orders would, with God's blessing, be very likely to create that principle among you. This, of itself, would go far to kill dissent. Men would be monks who now are field-preachers. Men would seek to satisfy the cravings of penitent zeal in the strict submission of a monastery, who now seek to do some great things for the Lord in the wild and impure sect of the Independents. How wonderfully has the Roman Church

ever embraced and contained in unity very heterogeneous religious elements! The monastic orders alone explain this."

"Another advantage would be an ability to cope with the immense manufacturing population of your country. I see no other means by which you can cope with it as a Church should. Picture to yourself the huge moral wildernesses of countless souls, who throng the earth around the English factories. What spiritual lever do you apply to these masses of corrupt yet energetic life? In each district two or three churches, with perhaps four priests, men of soft habits, elegant manners, and refined education. This forms what is called the English Church in that manufacturing district. Surely it is unnecessary to point out the absurd inadequacy, or genteel feebleness, call it which you please, of such a moving power; neither have you, nor are you likely to have at your command, the pecuniary means to multiply churches and priests by hundreds and by thousands. But set down one or two ecclesiastical factories amongst them, in the shape of monasteries; combine in them much of the rough, rude energy, which now evaporates in chartism or dissent, and you will soon see a very different state of things indeed. Transplant the monastery of Camaldula from the bleak Apennine frontier of Romagna, with its cenobites and hermits; let there be one incessant round of prayer, preaching, education, roughly, in season and out of season; send the poor monks out among the

poor from whence they have been taken, interfere for the weak against the oppressor, let charity and sympathetic watchfulness, which is even more prized than almsgiving, run over exuberantly, and be flowing night and day from the gates of the monastery." "Ah!" said I, "did you but know England, you would see what a dream you are dreaming!" "A dream! young man," he answered sternly; "am I then to believe, what I have been told on many sides, that your Church is but a dream, and your churchmen dreamers, with an unrealized theology, not a branch of the catholic Vine, true, healthy, strong, vigorous, growing, pliable, gifted, tangible, substantial? What! cannot it adapt itself by great turnings and bold measures to altered circumstances? Has its political establishment crippled its powers? Ah! Have you not, perchance, made an illuminated transparency, a soothing sight for quiet times, and sat before it so long and so complacently, that you now venture to call it a catholic Church?"

I hid my face in my hands, and after a while I said, "What have I done? You have never spoken in this way to me before. How have I made you angry?" "You put forward," replied he, "the highest possible claims for your Church, often in a tone of pharisaical self-conceit, as though the usages and beliefs of the greater part of Christendom were of no account whatever in your eyes: you repeatedly indulge in a very offensive sort of commiseration of Rome, forgetting, on the one hand, that you are very

young, and, on the other, that Rome's communion is much more extensive than your own, and comprehends wisdom and holiness which must demand the respect of every thoughtful and modest man. And yet, while you talk so largely of your own Church, you put no faith in her. This it is which angers me. It is a kind of hypocrisy. You do not believe that she dare loosen the pegs of her tent-cords, in order to enlarge it, lest a rough wind should blow it over in the mean while. This is a very bad sign indeed. For, remember, there are many suspicious characteristics which lead foreigners to think, that your Church is only a Church upon paper. You are not a fasting Church; yet every other Church in the world has been so from the earliest time. Your clergy, as a body, do not own their apostolical lineage as essential to the construction of a Church and the administration of the Sacraments. Your Church cannot excommunicate, and shrinks, very uncharitably, from anathematizing heresy. Your people do not believe that infants are actually regenerated by Baptism. The commemorations of the departed are disused, and that too *since* your Reformation. You do not elect your own bishops. Your clergy venture upon the liberty of marriage, without respecting the example of all the other Western Churches. The glory of the sacrifice of the Altar is clouded among you, which must lead, in the end, to a clouding of the Sacrifice of the Cross. You do not honor tradition, which must, in the end, lead to a dishonoring of Scripture. Nay, do not

speak, I know what you would say. You would show me all these things on paper, and in the lives of a few men. This suffices not. I will consent to judge no Church by documents merely, or a small party, which has from time to time been put down among you. You say Rome is not to be judged by synodal acts or Tridentine documents; so neither are you to be esteemed according to a ritual discountenanced and neglected, or doctrines at best only permitted, and put down when that can be done decently. The measure ye mete to Rome shall now be meted to yourselves: better had it been for you, that ye had meted that measure more mercifully. Nay, I tell you, answer me not. But if you would have me speak to you as before, show me that you believe in your own Church, and put faith in her system, and doubt her not, however much she may be hindered." "God forgive me," I replied, "for ever doubting her; but she is hindered by her children's sins. It is we who, by our low practice and disobedience to our Mother, whose political strength has made her spiritually feeble, are preying upon her inner life and consuming her blessing. But recall your fearful words: I put such faith in my Church, and have such awe of her voice, that I believe her rather than you. Yet recall your words. Do you, indeed, think her no Church?" "No," said he, "I did not say she was no Church, neither do I think so; but I spoke hard truths, because I would humble you. But," he added, laying his hand on me, "I

forgive you, for that you say you will hear your Church rather than me. That is well. Beware of ever doubting her. If you ever begin to doubt her divine commission, increase your fasts and vigils. There is but one thing more wicked than doubting your Church, it is—leaving her." "Nay," said I, "such a thought never entered into my mind without abhorrence; I have scarcely heard of an apostasy without tears. I have difficulties, but my sins account for them. O dear Mother Church! in whose womb of sanctified water I was regenerated, at whose plain Altars I have received my Lord, and made His Body for His people, how should I leave thee, the guide of my boyhood! how should I depart from the grave of my father and my earthly mother, who lie in one of thy consecrated yards! Oh, no! It is a better lot than such an one as I have deserved, to walk with thee to my grave these few years that are left, in somewhat of dimness; the threescore furlongs will soon be passed; and, as on the road to Emmaus, it is not that Jesus is not with us, but that our eyes are holden that we should not entirely know Him. Towards evening He will turn in with us, and tarry, and in the breaking of bread we shall some day recognise the Bridegroom, in the east part of the Bride's house. Clouds of controversy may beset our uneasy and forward youth; but holy living will cleanse the air, and the afternoon will be very tranquil, and we shall see to great distances and in a clear landscape."

"It grows late," said he, "and the gondola is waiting. Let us enter. I will finish there what I have to say about religious orders." We glided for a little way quietly over the water, when he resumed: "A third advantage, which I think would arise from such orders among you, does not require many words, and yet is of considerable importance. They would strengthen the hands of your bishops. The Church of England in the idea of its constitution is not so much one Church, as a collection of diocesan Churches using the same ritual, with a nominal primacy, and a political unity given them by the state in order to make them more easy to deal with. The language its constitution seems to hold is a chain of propositions of this sort. There is one Church, visible and invisible, with an invisible Head, Jesus Christ in Heaven, with a visible head on earth, namely, each bishop within his own see, exclusively supreme. It is, I think, the model of primitive episcopacy, a little exaggerated, or at all events it seems so, while your communion is so limited. This would be the opinion of one of my century. Now your Church fails somewhat in the very point where it should be most strong, the power of the bishops. Monasteries, utterly and in all respects and without appeal beneath their control and real visitation, would increase their moral weight in the diocese immensely; they would by numbers and example control the secular clergy in the exercise of that far too wide freedom conferred upon them by the laws

of the land; they would present a perfect company of priests, evangelists and other laborers ready to go here or there at all hours, and supply chance wants and those intervals so common in your Church between the growth of a population and the satisfying of its wants, intervals which schism exhibits an instructive adroitness in occupying. In short, religious orders would do for your bishops as much as they did for the pope, in extending and realizing their government of the clergy. And besides that, they would form a very efficient counterpoise to that bane and pestilence of your Church, lay patronage. These advantages are worth considering."

"But," he added, "you are perhaps not ripe for this. Indeed there is a cloud over you just now, which if it fall in hail rather than fertilizing rain will blight your expected harvest. I fear me it is charged with something heavier than summer rain. There is, however, an approximation to monastic orders, which is easy of adoption anywhere, and among poor clergy and a dense population of the utmost service; I mean, the cenobitical life of the secular clergy. Four or five, or six or seven, young unmarried priests might, by hiring one house, make very small stipends go a great way, might edify each other very much by piety of life and due observance of the rites of the Church. A few bye-laws made by themselves, with the sanction of their bishop, might give somewhat of a collegiate mould to their lives which

would tend to strictness of life, and increase their spiritual influence. The little time left by parochial duties for theological studies might be made the most of by one priest taking one question in hand, and another another. The sense of loneliness pressing upon men in hard work and driving them to take refuge in early and imprudent marriages would be somewhat assuaged and made easier to bear. Thus where a number of poorly endowed parishes were contiguous, a central position might be taken up by the curates of the parishes, and the little college be a far more effectual power for the Church than the same number of disunited curates would be. This is that cenobitical life of the secular clergy of which St. Eusebius of Vercelli is said to be the author; and it was organized and shaped anew by St. Chrodegang of Metz in the seventh century; and if my memory does not fail me, it was recommended and enforced by several provincial and diocesan synods from time to time."

The noise of the walkers on the Schiavoni now became audible, and we both sank into silence, and separated as soon as we landed.

Soon after, we embarked for Trieste. We stood upon the deck, waiting for the heaving of the anchor. It was past ten o'clock on a beautiful night. We were leaving Venice, perhaps to see it no more. This is a common thought on leaving a foreign city. But there are times when common thoughts draw from some unknown sources in our

own spirits a power and majesty far above their own. So was it now. I was very sad. Perhaps a gentle chord had been touched within me. Our last day at Venice had been our sunniest, because of the unexpected and pleasant companionship of two friends returning from Greece with weary joy to their own land. Leave-taking bequeaths a legacy of soft feelings at all times. However, I was very sad at quitting Venice.

Beautiful Venice! on that still night the lights from thy windows were tremulously pillared in the calm waters. The music and songs of those that kept Easter came softened to us. The arches of the ducal palace were dimly traceable; by gazing one could find out in the hollow blue sky the mighty form of the Campanile, and the grey domes of St. Mark's were visible

> "In the light that half conceals
> The shapes that it reveals
> To our meditative eyes."

That cold dark window, through which nor fire nor taper shows, belongs to the room where we have dwelt so happily: that light near the second bridge is the lamp that burns before the Madonna of the shipwrecked. The vision stirs. Venice seems to be unanchoring. Her palaces are breaking up, and parting like the vessels of a fleet. St. Mark's trembles. The winged lions on the columns stoop to drink of the green sea. The whole city bends

with one mighty bending to the deep. She is free: she floats at large upon the Adriatic. It is ourselves. It is the restless-footed rack of the cloudy, wind-swept sky which sails so quickly, not the matronly round moon. Oh! my fellow mortals! We ever delude ourselves thus. The change is within us, not without us.

The jutting sand bank is past, and Venice has changed into an image of fairy-land. Farewell, beautiful city! Thy slumber is beautiful, thy dreams glorious and very pleasant. It is no dishonor to be one of the Kaiser's cities.

END OF BOOK II.

BOOK III.

THE ADRIATIC AND ÆGEAN.

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It was our first morning on the Adriatic; a beautiful morning after a stormy night. No land was in sight at day-break, except the Julian Alps, for we had been driven from our course. Yet it was a delightful morning for lovers of the sea. On one side of the little vessel the sea was all molten silver, weltering about in the eye of the sun. On the other side it was of a purple green, and as the small boat rode, and dipped, and tumbled like a frolicsome gull, it was a joyous thing to watch the great waves, just before they maned themselves and tossed their wet white hair into our faces, grow more and more transparent, and, at the instant when the green was going to be of magical beauty, the waves gave way, struck our boat over on one side, and then went sidling off with a loud surge and long murmur towards Ancona. And there was the head of the Adriatic, hedged in by a snowy palisade of Alps; and presently over the bow was to be seen the picturesque town of Pirano, seated on a headland of Istria. Soon after noon we entered the harbor of Trieste.

The whole of the head of the Adriatic is afflicted by a plague of wind, especially in the spring. At Venice the weather was a continual alternation of fiery sun and cold cutting winds. Till the middle of May the wind from the unthawed snow upon the mountains is so strong, that the sirocco cannot get up from the Mediterranean, except in fits, but is repelled by the snow-wind. But about the middle of May the sirocco gets the upper hand. All the trees in spots exposed to the sea-breeze were green and sprouting, whereas not even buds were apparent in the places open to the north, or where buildings intercepted the sea-wind. The gardens beyond the Piave, which is not many miles north of Venice, are a full month behind those of the city, and the region of the Piave is called the Siberia of Italy. Trieste, in like manner, is subject to a very peculiar wind, called the Bore, which only prevails in that corner of the Adriatic; and after some days' experience of it, it may be pronounced a very miserable visitation. The elements and their visitations in England are not on a grand scale; winds, hail, water-spouts, meteoric stones, river-floods, land-slips, and so forth, are on a very small scale compared with those of the continent. This is one of our common blessings which we disregard because of its commonness.

Trieste is, in modern phrase, a handsome town; that is, the streets, though not broad, are regular, the shops gay, the houses lofty, spacious, and luxurious. It is interesting as being the great Austrian

port; though at present it is suffering the lassitude consequent upon over-building. It may remind the traveller, in the way of geography and scenery, of Genoa. It stands at one side of the head of the Adriatic, much in the place which Genoa occupies in the corresponding indentation of the Mediterranean on the west coast of Italy. So, in point of scenery, it is shouldered off into the sea by treeless mountains, just as Genoa is, and, though much, very much inferior to Genoa in beauty, the scenery is very pleasing, especially at sunset. The cathedral will not repay any one the climb which it entails through narrow and unsavory streets, neither is there anything picturesque in the Piazetta di Ricardo, where Richard Cœur de Lion was confined. But the mountain behind Trieste, called Ochrina, commands a fine sea prospect on one side, and a turbulent waste of barren mountains on the other, looking

> "Onward where the rude Carinthian boor
> Against the houseless stranger shuts the door."

Coming upon Trieste after Venice, the contrast is very striking. Plain, useful, active, noisy, handsome, new Trieste is a type of the times in which it has risen, quite as much as beautiful, fantastic, gorgeous Venice is of the centuries out of whose bosom she sprung. Beauty there is none, except nature's, at Trieste. Handsomeness there is none at Venice. For handsomeness is beauty without the propriety of art, beauty utilitarianized.

The coast of Istria was hidden in the night, and the snowy tops of the Julian Alps had faded duskily away. I was on the bosom of the Adriatic. I walked up and down the deck with feelings of the greatest exultation. We were now fairly started for the east, the land of our dreams, the thing to see, and be content for ever. I recalled also many an hour at school beneath the churchyard elms, when under the tuition of the kindest and gentlest of masters I was gaining a knowledge, of all kinds of knowledge the most delightful, of geography. There I had dreamed of the shores of the Adriatic and the bays of Greece, and the localities of many classic lessons: and now I was on the Adriatic, free of the whole of that famous sea, and about to traverse its full length. A mountain climb and a sea voyage are both times in which one feels the elastic exhilaration, born of animal health and spirits. There is something half intoxicating in the very wind of the hill side, or the vast field of the blue billows: and the descent of night upon the shadowy ocean makes it appear even more boundless. The sun rose up out of the sea, and a few hours afterwards we entered the bend of the spacious elbow of Ancona.

At a distance Ancona looks like Whitby in Yorkshire, the cathedral occupying the same kind of position which the abbey does over the sea at Whitby. On a nearer approach the castellated hill to the north of the town gave the whole place a resemblance to Stirling, and in one moment fancy

bade the Adriatic disappear, and the "mazy" Forth to lie pictured before me with all its several windings faithfully "unravelled." Every town built on a hill side has from the sea an imposing aspect; but let no one tempt Ancona further. It will but reveal a concatenation of miserable and filthy streets, without any grotesqueness of architecture to compensate for the dirt. The flower-market was the only pleasant sight the town afforded, and that was probably from contrast; for it was not one half so picturesque as a Saxon flower-market. I returned therefore in haste to the deck of the Mahmudie, from whence the half-moon of the city was really very beautiful.

Yet Ancona was by no means without interest. It was the only city of the papal dominions we had seen. The view of it therefore afforded materials for thought. I was almost the only occupant of the deck; and was therefore a little startled when I felt some one touch me on the shoulder from behind. It was the venerable stranger. How he had approached or whence I could not tell, and it was a question which I felt an impropriety in asking. "You are now," said he, "leaving behind the last avenue to Rome. The road by Spoleto would soon lead you across the narrow peninsula to the eternal city." "Certainly," replied I, laughing, "it requires an effort to pass by Rome; but I shall console myself with the thought that 'earth has something yet to show,' the haunted hills of the legitimate capital of Christendom." "Are you not afraid," said he "to

acknowledge that title?" "No," I answered, "Rome has been a marvellously fruitful mother, and the curious diligence of antiquarians cannot alter the fact, that all we of the west at least are her children. I am the more forward in confessing our mother's dignity, because I question or would limit the exercise of some of her maternal rights."

"There are," said he with a very thoughtful expression of face, "sometimes important steps taken by us in life, steps which turn our feet unconsciously into a new path; and we have afterwards fears and misgivings about them, for no other reason than that their importance, perhaps inadequately realized by us at the time, now alarms us. Their grandeur overshadows our spirits, and envelopes them for a season in gloom. Glimpses of possible consequences sometimes breed a panic within us. Something of the same sort of feeling occasionally oppresses me when I reflect on the history of the papacy. One while the idea elevates me by its greatness; another while it dejects me by its boldness." "It is," said I "really an awful page in the history of man, and the lower we stoop to decypher the mysterious characters in which it is written, the more manifestly do they appear divine." "This," said he, "seems to have struck the world so early as the council of Chalcedon in the middle of the fifth century." "Yet," I replied, "the fathers of Chalcedon strove to make out the primacy of St. Peter's successor to be a political matter only." "But," he answered, "the feelings of

the Christian world did not respond to their notion. It was, I think, thrown out by them as a feeler. However, it did not satisfy men, and carried no influence along with it." "Had it been but an affair of politics," said I, "it would not have kept its wonderful hold upon the reverence of the faithful when Belisarius and Narses had reduced Rome into one of the provincial cities of the eastern empire." "And yet," said he, "we must not press the feelings and indistinctly realized sense of antiquity into a doctrine or formal statement. It will not bear it. The early fathers saw something about Rome, they hardly knew what; something which distinguished her from other Churches. One of the heathen emperors, Aurelian, if I mistake not, referred a dispute to the bishop of Rome in some such way as to show a belief in his mind that his Christian subjects looked up to the chair of Rome. He was doubtless expressing something which he had observed. Some of the fathers, as Tertullian, speak of the peculiar *happiness* of the Church of Rome, where the two Apostles were martyred, and St. John confessed. Others seem to regard it in a peculiar way, as the only clearly apostolic chair of the west: others again as being in type as a Church what St. Peter was as an Apostle; and indeed this is true, for Rome is a type of the whole Church. I too see even in early times something distinguishing that Church very honorably, an almost miraculous fecundity in planting Churches, and this of course paved the way for the subsequent growth of the papacy. Then, other early writers

noticed her long freedom from heresy as something peculiar, and called her the virgin Church. Her conduct in the Arian troubles during the pontificates of Julius, Liberius, and Damasus, would also deepen and consolidate her influence throughout the universal Church. Indeed, a passage in Gregory Nazianzen's poem on his own life shows with what affectionate reverence even the eastern doctors regarded her; and it is the more striking in that Gregory himself was patriarch of Constantinople." "Yet," said I, "it is not possible for Rome to substantiate the present claims of the papacy out of primitive writers." "It is a mistake," said he, "to attempt it. The papacy should rest its cause on other foundations. It has, rightly viewed, very solemn justifications. But to say nothing of Gregory the Great's language, and that of other popes, or many passages of the fathers, or the ideas of Church polity which came out in the course of the Donatist schism, I think Firmilian's letter is quite enough to show that the papacy under its present aspect cannot claim primitive countenance. All I say is, that even in primitive times Rome was not regarded either in the east or in the west as a common Church. No matter what it was of a distinctive kind which the fathers saw about her, or whether they agreed in their account of it. Something they did see, and acknowledge. This sort of reverential instinct of antiquity in a measure prophesied of what was to come; and it affords no slight consolation now to those who adhere to the mediæval idea of the papacy.

"This was the first epoch of the papacy: its primitive epoch. I do not know that you will go along with me in what I have said of it. You will probably do so much less in what I shall afterwards say. But I wish to show you what a section of thoughtful men in the holy Roman Church once held on this matter; and that it was nearly as far removed from modern Roman views as from your own. It is an historical subject, and therefore I will first of all give you a rapid sketch of the history of the papacy, according to my view of it. The second epoch of the papacy may be called the barbarian epoch. This was one of great importance. It tended much to build up the edifice of its power. Rome was the head of all that was intellectual, spiritual, and mysterious in the world. And the northern barbarians were not backward to recognise another power than that of physical force, by which they had broken the empire. The kingdoms of physical and moral power were sundered, and Rome was the symbol and capital of the moral kingdom. There was also among the barbarians an awe, a sort of rude reverence for the empire which they had destroyed. Its name alone had long been a shadowy and charmed bulwark against invasion. Rome retained all the advantage of the name; and they may have regarded her as in some way the cause of the mysterious life which the empire had so long possessed. Besides which, even in a political point of view, she gained much by her situation among the barbarians. Her

dependence upon the empire became merely nominal. Indeed, the feelings which the great St. Leo inspired into the dreadful Attila were a type of the feelings with which Rome was regarded by the barbarians in general. Then followed the third epoch of the papacy, the epoch of Greek iconoclasm. The influence which the papacy had been long nurturing, now broke out into bold and fierce action. The pontificates of the second and third Gregories, and, indeed, the whole of the eighth century, formed the crisis of the papacy. It now assumed to itself, actively, the responsibility of governing Christendom. The naval victory over the emperor by Leo, before Ravenna, represented the moral conquest which the papacy had now gained: a conquest marked, on Rome's side, by singular moderation and an evident unwillingness to separate from the east. Boldness for that step was not yet come. The fourth epoch requires no explanation. Its immense importance has caused it to be well known and thoroughly examined. It is the Carlovingian epoch. The Church was then, like some chantries, on every stone [1] of which the founder's arms have been carved, written all over, within and without, with the name and seal of Charlemagne. Yet, however great his influence was upon the Church, one mighty point was gained by the papacy. From henceforth the Roman empire was to be regarded as a magnificent

[1] e. g. Bishop Cosins' chapel at Bishop Auckland, in the county of Durham.

creation of the Roman Church, a power issuing from her, and consequently revocable by her. She governed the world in and through it, as though it were her legate. Its fifth epoch was one of uncertain and disastrous independence. With Berengarius, early in the tenth century, the title of emperor was disused; this, conjoined with the imbecility of the sovereigns of the day, led to the separate existence and independent agency of the papacy. It was during this time that the pernicious elements of Charlemagne's system bore fruit with a mournful abundance. I will not dwell on the epoch of Theodora and Marozia. It is sufficient to say, that the independence of the papacy soon became nominal. The Church, who had so long subjected emperors to her yoke, was now the slave of the rude Counts of Tusculum. It was a brief epoch; but long enough to blight all that had gone before. The subsequent evils I refer to this epoch, as their obvious and legitimate fountain. The sixth epoch was that of the Franconians. Herein was shown the marvellous vitality of the papacy. It was an epoch distinguished by a perpetual war of principles. The Franconian emperors regarded the Church as the most dignified feudal institution in their empire; the Church refused to be so regarded. She demanded to be to the house of Conrad the Salic, what she had before been to the house of Charlemagne. This was not conceded; and the whole epoch was one of incessant struggle in consequence. The seventh

epoch is that of the Hildebrandine Church. It marks the victory achieved over the emperor by Gregory VII., in conjunction with his immediate predecessors and successors. The mediæval idea of the papacy was now realized, not entirely, yet as far as it was destined to be realized. In truth, it was left incomplete and unfulfilled. And here I shall stop. It is unnecessary to prolong the sketch. The rapid enumeration of dates which I have given, will be enough to refresh your memory."

"It is, indeed," said I, "a singular history. The idea of the papacy is truly a magnificent one; yet it was an awful thing for the Church to shift from the ground of primitive episcopacy to that of the mediæval papacy." "Will you," replied he, "hear me quietly on that point. What I shall say will seem bold, and I am not prepared to discuss it. It lies rather in my mind as a feeling, or a half truth, than as a conviction which I would reason upon, or press to its consequences. Will you hear me without interruption?" "Most willingly," said I.

"The law of Moses," he began, "placed the Jews under a pure theocracy. It was the divine polity under which they found themselves, and which they could not change without sin. Yet the law, from the earliest, contained hints and provisions for a totally different polity, contemplated the people under that new polity, and in some measure provided for them accordingly. The theocracy remained just as much as ever the divinely appointed state of things,

which could not be changed without sin, and which change would emanate from the self-will of the people, not from God. Yet was the new polity by these preparations divinely sanctioned in some lower sense than the other. God's mercy vouchsafed to sanction, to bless, and to put virtue into the degenerate system which wilful men had substituted for His own. Thus, then, the regal polity of the Jewish people was, after some sort, divine; and it does not appear that any new change could be attempted without again stirring God's appointment." "I see," said I, "where you are leading me: but the last clause ———." "Let me proceed without interruption," said he: "when I have done, account it as a theory, a dream, or what you will. I know not whether it be much more.—Now, in a like way, primitive episcopacy was the pure theocracy of the Church; and the mysterious reverential instinct towards Rome, implanted in the early Church, was, in my view, equivalent to the hints and provisions made in the law for the future kingdom. The mediæval papacy sprung out of sin. That is not to be questioned. Yet it restored and re-invigorated the faith and manners of the Church. It was, like the Jewish monarchy, the best possible state of things for degenerate ages. The state of the episcopal college during the Carlovingian, and again during the Franconian epochs, was appalling beyond all measure. Charlemagne strove, in his day, to improve, by feudalizing it. This feudalized episcopacy was the cause

of all the flagitious wickedness which characterized the bishops of Franconian times. In short, the second era of episcopal corruption sprung from the secular means adopted to remedy the first. The episcopal college thus, in some measure, like the wicked sons of Eli, forfeited its rights. The wilful Church, for it was really the sense of Europe, and not, as is often said, the artful ambition of sundry popes, called for a king, and received one, who repaired the breaches and built up the waste places of Zion. Solomon's temple marked the new Hebrew polity, the magnificence of the Church characterized the papal monarchy. Might not this be a kind of sanction? The power of order and government resides in the Universal Church, deposited with the multitude of the faithful. The episcopate was the divinely appointed means of expressing this. But the papacy was not the first step towards shifting from this ground. The patriarchal system of the fourth and fifth centuries is surely some modification of the primitive episcopacy. In it the power of the faithful was vested somewhat more exclusively, gathered up into fewer centres of unity. I speak not of sacerdotal powers, or acts of consecration, blessing, or malediction, but of order and government. The patriarchal system was in some, though not in essential points, a departure from the primitive episcopacy. In the papal system the power was vested more exclusively still: it was gathered up, the power of the whole multitude of Catholics was gathered

up, most awful venture! into one frail old bishop. This was not done without the sanction of the Church. That sanction was never given in a formal way: yet was it really and sincerely given by the consent of the episcopal college, first here, and then there, and also by the well nigh universal sense of the faithful. Rome received a call. I would fain see, in the primitive reverence for her, in the patriarchal system, permitted by the Universal Church in council, and in the providential ordering of historical circumstances, a kind of divine sanction of the new ground which the Church had taken up, a divine sanction of Rome's answering her call."

"This," said I, "is bold dealing with history; but I will not vex you with any further objections than are necessary to my getting a clear understanding of your meaning. For my own part, I would rather say of the papacy what one of our divines has said of it, that 'as in the building of Babel the Lord hath confounded their language, and the structure stands half-finished, a monument at once of human daring and its failure!'" "Perhaps so," he replied:—"it was, in truth, very venturesome; and some of the lines of history seem to stand out with too much hardness from my view. Yet I do believe, when lovingly studied, and hatred of Rome is a feeling I cannot even by any power of imagination realize, the lines of history will come to blend without unfaithfulness in the view I have laid before you." "But," said I, "there are one or two very unexpected things in your

view, which you must explain. What you say seems to me inconsistent with the doctrine of the pope's infallibility; and that doctrine is the cement whereby the whole of the edifice is held together." "It is," he replied, "made so to be in these days, and for a long while past. But I do not think the pope's infallibility at all essential to the idea of the mediæval papacy. In a word, I do not believe in that infallibility, further than that I think the pope the legitimate president of a general council. To cut short controversy and to extirpate heresy many more subject matters have been drawn within the sphere of the papacy than were originally intended. These would not bind together with the other branches of the papal office, and the doctrine of the pope's infallibility was brought in to compel the whole system, thus exaggerated and added to, to adhere together. I believed in my day that the power of the empire emanated from the pope, and therefore was revocable by him: so, in like manner, I believe the power of the pope to be the power of the faithful, vested in a particular way; and as that investment of it was permitted by the Church, so is it alterable and revocable by the Church. How far such a change can take place without sin, I am unable to say." "You believe then," said I, "the Church to be infallible." "Yes," he replied; "but unity is necessary to that infallibility. The sense of the entire catholic body must, I believe, be overruled for ever by the indwelling Spirit to infallible decisions upon catholic doc-

trine. The promise goes thus far. The same sense, unfairly and inadequately represented, has no such promise. Do you not also believe this? "Yes," I replied; "I do believe that a really general council is infallible, when its decisions have been received by the sense of the whole catholic Church. But this imprimatur is necessary. The Church cannot err, and a general council, being her most adequate representative, is not likely to err; but the general council itself must make over its decisions to the judgment of the catholic world. Till that judgment is pronounced by the final reception of the decrees, the infallibility of the council is not duly signed and sealed. Yet I cannot think the promise in Scripture extends thus far; at least, it does not seem clear, though wise men see it there. It is a holy and catholic opinion, that the Church in general council is infallible, and the opposite opinion is very revolting; but I cannot bring such an opinion, however pious, beneath the shelter of the written promise." "But," said he, "the subsequent acceptance of conciliar decrees is not formal, and therefore difficult to be ascertained." "The same," I answered, "may be said of many gifts, which yet are unquestionably divine." "At any rate," said he, "the doctrine of the pope's infallibility is not essential to the true idea of the mediæval papacy, though it is so to the true idea of the modern papacy; neither do I believe in such infallibility: although the pope is the natural organ which the Church would

make use of to express her infallible judgments. I honor the papacy most deeply, and I tremble before its authority: yet I ever recognise it as a throne set up in a shadow which falls upon it from a cloud above it, that cloud is the authority rising up out of the universal congregation of the faithful." "But," said I, "had such a view as yours ever an historical existence in the Church?" "Yes," replied he, "I believe it was held very extensively in my times, its holders occupying a middle place between those who were recklessly advancing the papacy as a political matter, and those who, like the Lombard churches, were, for good and evil reasons together, advocating the rights of the episcopate."

"Whatever view," said I, "we may take of the papacy, there is still lying at its door the charge of having degraded the episcopal order, and clouded the doctrine of bishops being in a very real and solemn sense representatives of the Lord, the Invisible Head of the Church." "This," replied he, "is a grave charge; but it belongs to the modern, not to the mediæval, papacy. In my day the pope was not regarded as the vicegerent of Christ, but as the vicegerent of St. Peter." "Then," said I, "in the matter of the papacy, as in some other things, the Church of Rome has interposed additional veils between the Lord and ourselves." "Mayhap," he replied, "the weak vision needed them." "Nay," I answered, "it was not so. At any rate this was not well." "It is," said he, "but a fresh proof that the

Church was consciously taking up a lower ground when she substituted the mediæval papacy for primitive episcopacy. But recollect that the mediæval papacy, in its true idea, concerned governance, not sacerdotal acts. The pope, as bishop of Rome, was Christ's representative; as universal vicar, St. Peter's. The two things must not be confounded. The doctrine of the pope's infallibility confounds these two things. *Now* the pope is St. Peter's successor, and Christ's vicar; *then*, he was St. Peter's successor, and vicar also. He was, in St. Bernard's words, Potestate Petrus, unctione Christus. The difference seems verbal; but there is a great deal in it." "And the notion," said I, "of a sort of half temporal, half spiritual kingdom, inherited from St. Peter, has been the cause of this distinction: as a bishop, the pope, it seems, inherits from Christ through apostolic lineage the spiritual sceptre, the Keys; as the ecclesiastical monarch of Christendom, he inherits, from St. Peter through legitimate succession this half-temporal sceptre, the jurisdiction of the papacy in the civil affairs of catholic states; and both are to be regarded as divine." "Yes," said he, "but not in an equal sense, nor in the same way. However, both the temporal power and infallibility admit of being separated, although, historically, they may never have been so, from the idea of the mediæval papacy. Stripped of both these things, it is a magnificent object to contemplate." "I fear," said I, "that the holy Apostle is made to play the same

part in this portion of the Roman system, which the blessed Virgin is made to do in another. Christ is obscured, and their memory is dishonorably wronged." He leaned against the rigging of the vessel, overcome with very deep emotion; at last he said, "Time was when the Church loved her Lord; the time came when she began to fear Him: if at your home they would fain copy that primitive love, beware, my son, you be not familiar with Him. Yet must I say, and be not you high-minded, the wise and holy Roman Church has come to fear the Lord, Whom once she dared to love. Farewell! This is not a time for more words; they do but gender perplexity."

I sat, for a long while after he had left me, absorbed in thought. I was disturbed by the noise of persons coming on board. I looked up to Ancona, and said to myself with somewhat of fresh interest:—"This is a papal city."

It was a beautiful evening and a calm sea when we left Ancona, and we had pleasant views of the Italian coast till nightfall. We saw the far-famed church of Loretto on its heights above the sea. On the ensuing day we saw no land, except islands, and part of the coast of Apulia. We passed Pelagosa, leaving it some way to our right: on our left, we had very distinct views of Lissa, Cazza, Curzola, Lagosta, and some other islands above Ragusa, forming part of the long chain of islands which lie along the coast of Dalmatia. I felt as much pleasure in coasting by

these unhistorical islands, as if they had been places of a hundred associations. Great as the pleasure is which a traveller derives from a knowledge of history, that which arises from a knowledge of geography is even greater, though it does not admit of so much being said of it. It lies deeper, and lasts longer. Dalmatia, however, is not quite an unhistorical country; for that shore of the Adriatic which now furnishes Austria with fine tall mariners, once furnished Rome with a cluster of emperors, who seemed for a while to bring back the palmy days of her glory. In later times, the Dalmatian shore, about Spalato and Sebenico, was studded with magnificent villas. It was the retreat of the wealthy and elegant Romans, who consoled themselves in almost incredible luxuries for the absence of every social right and duty, which could alone have elevated them to the moral dignity of Roman citizens.

We passed close along the shores of Albania. The coast is very mountainous, and the hills barren, stony, and with a few exceptions, woodless. They belong, in point of scenery, to the same class of mountains as Blencathra in Cumberland, and present the same sort of scathed appearance. There was one particular point of view which, for a sea prospect, could hardly be exceeded. Albania was on our left, Fano and Merlera on our right, and the broad north end of Corfu facing us. Yet this view is far exceeded by the roadsteads of Corfu. There must be few such scenes in the world. With the exception

of one or two at Constantinople, we saw nothing so magnificent for a single view, as that from the rock at Corfu, standing on the top of the fortifications, and looking northward. Below is a beautifully shaped basin of blue sea, covered with the white sails of picturesquely rigged boats, with two or three men-of-war amongst them. The north promontory of Corfu and the wild high headlands of Albania lock one within another, catching on their different folds of green mountain-side various lights according to their distance, shutting the outlet of the straits, and giving the sea the appearance of a large and glorious lake. It is a most wonderful combination of mountain and water. The fortified rock itself, the Adriatic Gibraltar, is a beautiful object, from the quantity of luxuriant plants of every possible green, which cluster and wave from the crevices.

What traveller does not know the delight of getting among foliage whose shape and hue are not like that of his native land? The interior of the island of Corfu was to us a sweet foretaste of oriental foliage. We rode amongst strange hedges of huge cactus, fields of a blue-flowering grain, occasional palms, clouds of blue and white gum-cistus, myrtle-shoots smelling in the sun, little forests of the many-stemmed arbutus, marshy nooks of blossoming oleander, venerable dull olives, and lemon groves jewelled with pale yellow fruit. It was a dream of childhood realized, and brought with it some dreary remembrances barbed with poignant sorrows. Dreams

alas! are never realized till the freshness of the heart is gone, and their beauty has lost all that wildness which made it in imagination so desirable.

Corfu is, indeed, a charming island, full of lovely views, rude mountain pictures, and most choice sea bays: but Albania and the roadsteads might be gazed at untired for ever.

I sat upon the deck of the Mahmudie, looking on the grey forehead of St. Salvador, and deciding, contrary to authority, that it could not be Istone, because of its distance from the site of the town. But my topographical perplexities were dispelled by the commencement of a vigorous cannonade from an English man-of-war. When I saw the smoke and the flash, and the balls ploughing up the bay, and throwing up white water-spouts, and heard old Albania with her hills at work, like some gigantic drums, and the echoes travelling fainter and fainter inland, and many an English flag stooping languidly from masthead or battery, I could not help thinking of what Shakspeare calls the revenges of the whirligig of time. Those ill-looking, meagre crowds, which line the shores, are the sons of Corinth's supercilious colonists. These blue glassy bays and those mountain sentinels of old Epirus, were, of a truth, the scene of that fearfully interesting and most bloody deed, the Corcyrean sedition. Little did Cœur de Lion dream, when he landed here on his return from Palestine, and kept the Feast of the Nativity, that in a few centuries

the children of the foggy rock beyond the gates of the west should be lords of fair Corcyra, and the head of a daughter of a barbarian house beyond the Rhine be the reverse of the flying horse of Ephyre upon the silver of these Ionian islands: while here and there a mutilated stone bears traces of the winged lion of St. Mark, a witness and memorial of Venice, a name passed away, but the wakes of whose vessels are still dimly to be seen upon the faithless Adriatic. I thought, too, as a scholar should, of the sadly faithful pages of Thucydides; but the Christian poet recalled me to a graver lesson. He bade me to remember, whenever I read of these acts of multitudinous carnage, crime, and suffering, that what history contemplates calmly, as masses, religion regards with awe, as individual souls, each this April day as much alive as I am, with all his hopes, fears, memories, about him, dwelling in the dark or luminous circle wherewith his own acts have encompassed him.

"I sat beneath an olive's branches grey,
And gazed upon the site of a lost town,
By Saint and poet chosen for renown;
Where dwelt a race that on the sea held sway,
And, restless as its waves, forced a way
For civil strife a thousand states to drown.
That multitudinous stream we now note down,
As though one life, in birth and in decay.
Yet is their being's history spent and run,
Whose spirits live in awful singleness

Each in his self-formed sphere of light or gloom?
Henceforth, while pondering the fierce deeds then done,
Such reverence on me shall its seal impress,
As though I corpses saw and walked the tomb[2]."

Farewell to thee, noble Salvador, thou false traditionary Istone. We must down the straits dreaming Pheacian dreams from the Odyssey. Such dreams as those may well last to Ithaca.

Soon after leaving Corfu we passed the island conjectured to be Sybota, the station of the Corinthian fleet. Here again was a perplexing piece of topography; for it certainly cannot with accuracy be said to be opposite even to the harbor of Old Corfu. Still no other island is. That island, however, has no more title to the honors of Sybota than St. Salvador to those of Mount Istone. We passed Paxos and Antipaxos; but the hot and heavy-breathing sirocco took away the enjoyment of the voyage. On the shore we saw Parga, Ali Pasha's stronghold, with its white houses on the declivity. Soon after we were off the Albanian town of Prevesa, and then passed the mouth of the Sinus Ambracius, now the Gulf of Arta, where the battle of Actium was fought. We glided past Santa Maura, and ran between Calamo and Ithaca; leaving Cephalonia on the right. Ithaca was gloomy, indistinct, and misty in the evening; not the εὐδείελος Ἰθάκη of Homer, the Ithaca of pure and fair twilights, the land of cool, sea-born even-

[2] Lyra Apostolica, p. 55.

ings, which to a continental Greek would look like a mote of dusky gold in the radiance of the sinking sun. I felt an unwonted stir, almost an awe, in gazing up to the dusky cliffs of Ithaca. But again another beautiful note was struck from the same rough lyre whose admonitious had been obeyed at Corfu. Now it sounded an excuse for my enthusiasm, and made it Christian.

"Why, wedded to the Lord, still yearns my heart
Upon these scenes of ancient heathen fame?
Yet legend hoar, and voice of bard that came
Fixing my restless youth with its sweet art,
And shades of power, and those who bore their part
In the mad deeds that set the world in flame,
So fret my memory here,—ah! is it blame?—
That from my eye the tear is fain to start.
Nay, from no fount impure these drops arise;
'Tis but the sympathy with Adam's race,
Which in each brother's history reads its own.
So, let the cliffs and seas of this fair place
Be named man's tomb and splendid record-stone,
High hope pride-stained, the course without the prize[3]."

At five in the morning we dropped anchor off Patras. The morning haze cleared away; behind us were the flats of Missolonghi, the mouth of the Gulf of Lepanto on our left, and before us the magnificent curve of the Morea, terminating with Kastel Tornese. The Bay of Patras is very fine indeed

[3] Lyra Apostolica, p. 53.

from the bold front presented by the mountains on the opposite side of the Gulf of Lepanto. Patras itself is but a poor town, yet it received a fictitious interest from being the first place where we trod the veritable earth of Greece. The ruins of the old Turkish castle are somewhat interesting, with occasional fig-trees in the ruined courts, and the whole luxuriantly overgrown with African marigolds. We went to see the Cave of St. Andrew, his traditionary burial-place and well; and our Greek servant was very urgent with us to drink of the Apostle's well, that we might not miss a blessing from St. Andrew. The Greek population of Patras contrasts very pleasingly with the islanders of Corfu. They are handsome, clean, erect, and singularly graceful in all their movements. They seemed to spend the day in hanging about the streets with a good-natured indolence. Here, as well as at Corfu, we observed the doors of the Jews marked on the doorposts and lintels with the blood of the paschal lamb[4]; and the mark was always made in the shape of the Cross, which is interesting; for the death of crucifixion is a most unlikely death now, and so the mark seems a witness against themselves. It is Christ's

[4] Or rather the roast meat which they use instead of it, roasted in a peculiar manner. The Jews of Daghistan beneath the Circassian mountains are said to be the only ones who sacrifice the proper paschal lamb; or use the old method of circumcision, the rest of the Jews following the method introduced after the time of the Maccabees.

death lying at their doors. It is a mute echo of the awful, prophetic, self-invoked curse: "His blood be on us and on our children."

Patras is a place of some importance in history. It was one of the old Achaian cities; and the highest mountain behind it, Mount Voidhia, occupies the most likely place for the ancient Mount Panachaicum. It was colonized by Augustus after the battle of Actium. It saw the battle of Lepanto, and played a prominent part in the War of Independence. But the part of the history of Patras, which has sunk most deeply into the minds of the people, is the siege it underwent in the eighth century in the times of the Iconoclast emperors. A considerable portion of the Peloponnesus was then occupied by some predatory bands of Sclavonians, and they in conjunction with the African Saracens, who were invading the country by sea, formed the siege of Patras. In such a conjuncture the inhabitants needed more than earthly succor, and while with the courage of despair in men who fought for hearths and homes they were cutting down the Sclavonians and forcing the Saracens to their ships, they saw in their front ranks St. Andrew the Apostle leading the charge and ensuring the victory. The Saracens sailed away, and the Sclavonians were made hewers of wood and drawers of water to the church of St. Andrew in Patras.

As we stood in the broken courts of the Turkish castle on the hill, we saw some singularly magnificent effects of haze, shadow, and ragged storm-cloud on

the opposite mountains. It was here too that the excessive clearness and beauty of the atmosphere, as well as the brilliant coloring, of Greece were first displayed to us. Spring comes in Greece with a multitudinous retinue of flowers, of aromatic scent as well as bright hue. The swallows, too, of which we had seen none in Lombardy, were here filling the air with blithe twitterings. There was something very beautiful in the old Greek custom of boys catching some of the earliest swallows, and going with them from house to house, as Christmas carollers, or the garlanded kings and queens of May-day among ourselves, demanding presents of food and dainties, boyhood's earliest and merriest earnings, in return for a sight of the first swallows, a pleasant surety of springtide. From house to house with a swallow in their hands they sang a quaint song, demanding largess with somewhat of a rude, railing sportiveness. The song is given in one of the common schoolbooks from Athenæus. I would I could have heard it sung in Patras, for the swallows were but newly come.

Ἦνθ', ἦνθε χελιδὼν
καλὰς ὥρας ἄγοισα,
καλῶς ἐνιαυτὼς,
ἐπὶ γαστέρα λευκὰ,
ἐπὶ νῶτα μέλαινα.
παλαθὰν σὺ προκύκλει
ἐκ πίονος οἴκω
οἴνῳ τε δέπαστρον,

τυρῶ τε κάνιστρον
καὶ πύρνα ; χελιδὼν
καὶ τὸν λεκιθίταν
οὐκ ἀπωθεῖται. πότερ' ἀπίωμες, ἢ λαβώμεθα ;
αἱ μέν τι δώσεις'—αἱ δὲ μή, οὐκ ἐάσομες'
ἢ τὰν θύραν φέρωμες, ἢ θὐπέρθυρον,—
ἢ τὰν γυναῖκα τὰν ἔσω καθημέναν.
μικκὰ μέν ἐντι, ῥᾳδίως μιν οἴσομες.
ἐὰν φέρῃς δέ τι, μέγα δή τι καὶ φέροις.
ἄνοιγ', ἄνοιγε τὰν θύραν χελιδόνι!
οὐ γὰρ γέροντές εἰμες, ἀλλὰ παιδία.

It was probably the answer of some stingy churl to these swallow-bearing children that afterwards passed into a proverb, One swallow does not make a spring. It does not sound like the hopeful wisdom of a good Greek.

We left Patras with regret, and perhaps retain a fonder remembrance of it than it deserves. But the first landing-place on Grecian soil, the first sight of the Greek costume, the first Greek soldiers and the first Greek priests, somewhat ran away with our judgment. We passed the lights of the town of Zante, but it was too dark to see anything of the face of the island. On our left we saw the Cape Klarenza, from whence since Edward the Third's time the title of Clarence has been in our royal family. During the night we crossed the Gulf of Arcadia from Cape Katacolo, and at four in the morning we dropped anchor before Navarino. It is a beautiful bay, and the topography of course very interesting. The deep yellow cliffs of Sphacteria

were before us, tufted with rich herbage, and lying across the mouth of the bay. So accurately is the locality described in Thucydides, that I had nothing whatever to add to the previous picture of the place in my own mind, except the peculiarly deep yellow of the cliffs. What concentrated suffering was borne upon that narrow bar of grassy rock, what a tumult of fear vibrated from it through the streets of unwalled Sparta, and what drunken pride did it beget among the restless assemblies of Athens! The rapidity with which in advanced years we can read these passages of history is very unfavorable to their making a deep and lasting impression, compared with the painful diligence and arduous degrees by which in a series of many lessons we master them at school. Even from Herodotus and Thucydides the glory has passed away. How curiously history in its revolutions seems to touch and leave a romantic light in otherwise obscure places! Here is this round bay on the west shore of the Peloponnesus. Here has been no great city or commercial town; but what interest it excites! It was the Pylian kingdom of old Homeric Nestor; it was the scene of that important affair of Sphacteria, which the graphic power of Thucydides has made immortal; and upon its narrow waters was the battle fought, the accidental decision of the liberties of Greece, whereby it saw the pale of Christendom once more enlarged to the eastward. The foot-prints of destiny are not so very numerous upon the earth as to be

familiar things; why has her awful step three times rested, in interesting though not critical times, on this lowly shore?

Soon after leaving Navarino we entered upon a most lovely scene of headland views. Indeed the beauty of Greek scenery lies chiefly in sea prospects, and coasting the Morea brings the traveller to many of its most striking indentations. We came to Modon, and bright with an almost ghastly brightness shone the morning sun on the white towers of Modon, running out into the strait. From thence, looking back on Modon nearly the whole way, we passed through a strait, calm, blue, and with feluccas skimming like clean-winged gulls all over it. The mainland was on our left, and on our right were the islands of Sapienza, Santa Maria, and Cabrera, as green as possible, yet spotted with yellow cytisus flowers, and with creeks of the most enchanting tranquillity, the very scenes for Greek idylls. And it was really Greece. This was the uppermost thought. But it shifted like the scenes in a play. We bounded beyond the little island of Venetico, cleared Cape Gallo, and were in the broad Gulf of Kalamata. Low-lying Koron was on our left, and in front were the high, wild, snowy mountains of Maina, the grassless fastnesses of those gallant pirates the Mainotes, and very pale, over the bow of the vessel, was Cape Matapan. It was a very striking scene. The longer we gazed, the more we doubted. Was it really Greece, the true Pelopon-

nesus? That misty blue mountain-top, is it real? has it caves where Dian might have slept or Pan abode? had Dorian shepherds seen him there? had Helot feet wearily trodden its crooked paths? Its double peak, with the morning sun upon it, has the Dorian Apollo ofttimes visited it, when eyes saw the shining, and believed in the god? Is it really Greece? And then to hear, and from a Greek too, "Over that mountain is Sparta," did but increase the doubt. It is in a land like Greece that the doubt of its reality and the delight of being there meet and struggle within us, and sometimes in the stir enthusiasm becomes over-childlike. Yet when Greeks are the only witnesses, a man should be ashamed of having been ashamed of tears.

In the afternoon we passed Cape Matapan, and, crossing the Gulf of Kolokythia, we ran between the islands of Servi and Cerigo, the far-famed Cythera of Aphrodite. Dr. Johnson might well say, "The shepherd in Virgil sought love, and found him a native of the rocks," for the side of Cerigo towards the continent is most sterile. The splendor of nature may have passed away with the beautiful goddess herself. After passing Cape St. Angelo, Cerigo soon faded from us, and we set our faces towards Hydra, which was just visible when night fell: and such a night! Its beauty was extraordinary. The sea was as smooth as though satin tapestry had been thrown over it; large lustrous stars were shining down into the deep water like moons, and the air at midnight

was warm and fragrant. My thoughts wandered to the bright nights of the English autumn before we left home, and though enchanted with the marvels of this night in the Gulf of Nauplia, I reverted to the different beauty of those cold autumnal nights at home. But they deserve a metrical apparel.

Evening hath gone, hath died upon the hills,
The plain, the river—no one knoweth where ;
But her last lustrous breath hath passed at once
From land and sky. The sombre earth is now
But the gray twilight-curtained chamber, where
That death is daily died. From every point
Huge palls of black, continuous cloud are drawn
Onward and upward till they meet above
And rest upon the heights, roofing the earth
With awful nearness: like the closing round
Of the strong wings of many Seraphim
To guard the slumbering world ! With what a weight
Night seems to lean incumbent on the earth,
The earth still beating with the sun's late warmth !
All things are hushed, except the waterfalls,
The inarticulate voices of the woods,
And the scarce silent shining of the moon.
See how she hangs,—the very soul of night,—
And from the purple hollow showers on man
Her radiant pulses of unfruitful light.
O that I had the night-bird's wing to flee
To many a dreadful glen and fishy tarn
Which I have seen and feared by day, that so,
Where night is working her chief miracles,
And with gray shadowy lights is laying bare
The very nerves of darkness, I might drink
From the deep wells of terror one chaste draught

To chill the overlightness of my heart.
Round me are hills whose summits seem to reel
In the unsteady atmosphere of night,
Clothed in soft gloom, like raven's plumage: there
'Mid the strong folds of ether, and the zones
Of mighty clasping winds that gird with chains
The naked precipice and leaning peak.
Great things and glorious pomps are going on
Up in the birth-place of the storms and calms;
Where light and darkness fetch their utmost powers
To meet and clash in war unspeakable.
And now and then throughout the quiet night
Fragments of breezes with a liquid fall
Drop to the lowlands, whisper in the reeds,
And are drawn in beneath the silver lake,
Bearing, it may be, messages and words
Of wondrous import from the lines arrayed
Upon the unseen steeps.
But hark! the owls
Shout from the firs on Wansfell, and the eye
May trace those sailing pirates of the night,
Stooping their dusky prows to cleave the gloom,
Leaving a momentary wake behind,
As with white wing they part the darksome air.

The scene was changed indeed, and night, wonderful night, was working far other spells. There were no mountains with cold, clear, black outline, no firs swathed in mantles of kindled mist, no sobbing winds and stars struggling through the rents of cloud. But the pale outline of the highlands that run round the gulf of Nauplia was on one side wavering and indistinct, on the other the smooth and luminous fields of the open Mediterranean, and our

wake was dancing with phosphoric bubbles. There was little sleep among us foreigners on board, but a happy, wakeful silence. One thought, one word, one look, in every mind, from every tongue, on every face, —the morning sight of Athens!

At day-break, and while everything on deck was wet with the heavy dew, we saw the pale green Salamis, and dropped anchor in the Piræus. But our enthusiasm lost us the day; it was wasted in hurry and excitement, while our minds were surrendered to an inundation of vague and joyous sensations, which left no distinct or profitable impressions behind. To say what thoughts we had at Piræus, on the olive-screened road from thence to Athens, between the desolate columns of Olympian Zeus, beneath the Propylæa, by the divine Parthenon, and old walls of the Acropolis, upon the bema of the Pnyx, and stone steps of the Areopagus, would be to indite a mere rhapsody, a chain of exaggerated epithets which would leave no character to anything. The day came to a close in Athens; we had laid hold of nothing, realized nothing, in a true sense, enjoyed nothing. But the tranquillity of evening brought with it soberness, and with soberness came wisdom, and with wisdom pleasure. We went out in the starry twilight, and found the little shrunken pools of Ilyssus, and drank from them; and when we saw the pale blue sky of the early night through the weather-colored columns of Olympian Zeus, a ruin most glorious, we could have dreamed we were

at Palmyra: for we had already seen camels browsing between Athens and Piræus. Even yet Athens was quite as much a dream as Palmyra, but when beneath Hadrian's Gate we were saluted by a Greek with the old Ἑσπέρα, the dream was realized. From our lofty apartment, a glorious scene presented itself by night, more than equalling the one at Venice: Athens is below gleaming with irregular lights, the moon, Sir Patrick Spence's moon, "the new moon with the auld moon in her arms," hanging over Salamis and Egina, with one large star by her side, the Acropolis standing out sharp, bold and dark against the night sky, with a star twinkling among the columns of the Parthenon, and Hymettus with clear and liquid outline beyond. Here, as in some other very famous localities, faith and sight forego their usual offices. Sight brings doubt, and destroys faith with a very trouble of unbelief. Of what use truly in moral unbelief would a visible miracle be? It would but feed the profane craving for fresh proof. Am I not surrounded by a thousand visible proofs of Athens, and yet I am bewildered? I demand a sign. Those sixteen stone steps on Mars' Hill—has the sandal of the wonder-working Paul left no trace behind? Where the murmur of the people rose as he explained the faith, is there no sound now more ghostly than the wind waving the barley-fields? We must leave Athens then, and visit it a second time, when we can make it a familiar place, and ponder on its ruins with a solemn, unexcited pleasure.

The road from Athens to Marathon lies over the rocky foot of Pentelicus. For some time after leaving Athens it is very uninteresting; but the poor village of Marousi nestles pleasantly among leafy gardens and flowery lanes. Beyond, the stony ground was overgrown with pines, arbutus, lentiscus, and many other evergreen and blossoming shrubs, and the whole soil was carpeted with pale pink and white gumcistus. A most aromatic smell rose from the shrubs, and the "odorous undergrowth" of Attic sage and thyme. Nearly the whole way it was as if we were in a conservatory. After leaving the few houses which form the village of Stamata, we crossed Mount Anathema. It is a defile of wild beauty. The ragged pines, the strange foliage, the masses of yellow cytisus, the giant heaths, and wildernesses of lentiscus and oleander were around us; and at our feet lay the flat plain of immortal Marathon, whose eastern edge the brilliant blue sea was gently laving without a billow or a murmur. Beyond was the fine outline of Eubœa. We rode over the plain, mounted the Persians' grave, and idled on the shore. Upon the actual plain of Marathon with the sixth book of Herodotus in hand, the barley-fields and quiet shore and scattered olives, tenanted by very nations of little pigeons, soon gave place to a more stirring scene. There Hippias coughed, and married his mother, the earth of Attica, with that strange bridal pledge, a tooth. There was the sacred precinct of Hercules, where the Athenians stood under arms, and

the Platæans came to their aid all in a body, the whole arm-bearing multitude of that little patriot state. There stood the wise Miltiades, and there he reasoned with the modest, self-distrusting Callimachus. There in front of the precinct rose the sacrificial smoke: nay, the herald's voice was yet almost audible, when in front of the five-deep lines he stood, and cried, ἅμα τε Ἀθηναίοισι γίνεσθαι τὰ ἀγαθὰ καὶ Πλαταιεῦσι: and the bold sons of Athens shuddered even at the fashion of the Medish vestments.

But a truce to classical remembrances: we are entering the low vine-clad convent which is to be our home for the night, and the priest is descending from the small chapel on the hill, where he has been saying the afternoon prayers, and the little boy who makes the responses is with him. He leads a happy life, yon old priest. From sunrise to sunset, except at prayer times, he smokes a cherry-stick pipe, and is happy. He threatens the cattle with evil eye, and the people with anathema, and kids are brought him, and he is fed, and paid, and feared, and the cherry-stick pipe never goes out, and he sits under the shade of the convent fig-tree, and he gazes on Marathon always. The green lizard on the wall beside the tank is not happier than the long-bearded convent priest. But what if more be required of the one than of the other? Then it is not so well!

Nature's most fearful and most sweet sounds blend

into one harmony, and nothing remains to offend the ear. Throughout the bright night was the air filled with the howling of wolves and the singing of nightingales, and the two were pleasant together. The woody mountain side was alive with nightingales, and they sang incessantly and loud. I was at rest in a Greek convent on the south-western verge of the Marathonian plain, kept wakeful by this rough and tender serenade, which overpowered the low voice of the shrunken brook. There was enough novelty in my position to make me feel no want of sleep. About midnight the stranger appeared. I was the first to accost him. "What!" said I, "in a Greek convent?" "Not a word of that," replied he. "Come forth into the starlight." "Is there no fear of the wolves?" said I. "No," he answered, "they are too far up the hill; and they fear the village watch-dogs." "But," said I, "is there no fear of the dogs? For those mongrel descendants of Eretrian, Molossian, Argive, Locrian and Arcadian ancestors made my attaining the convent from the plain this afternoon a feat not far inferior to the battle of Marathon itself." "No," he answered, "there is no fear on the hill beside the chapel. I come to remind you of Latin thoughts and things. I will not trust a western amid the bewildering glories of pagan Greece, or the novelties of the oriental ritual, without an occasional admonition."

"Have you," continued he, "thought of what I said to you at Ancona?" "Yes," replied I, "the

present state of my own Church, and the doubt and distressing perplexity which now beset the path of an English churchman, compelled me to think more deeply of it than perhaps I otherwise should have done." "And have you," he asked, "come to any conclusion?" "I believe I have," replied I; "I fear it is not altogether what you would wish. I appreciate the magnificence of the idea of the papacy, and am not slow to admit the many blessings of which it has been the cause. But I think the experience of the Church has shown that it was too venturesome a wisdom: and however separable it may be in a scholastic point of view from a mutilated doctrinal system, yet there is a mutual sympathy between the papacy and popery, in the English sense of that word, which interpenetrates both. They are as inseparable as body and soul. However much of divine sanction there was in it, and that there was such a sanction I by no means deny, it has yet been, as in the case of the Hebrew kingdom, insufficient to preserve the Latin Church from degeneracy, from captivity to secular principles, and from the galling yoke of rude and irreligious Asmonean princes. The papacy certainly is a captivating idea in these days, for it seems a shorter road to the recovery of unity than any other. It is an engine ready to the hand. Whereas to human eyes primitive episcopacy is so little realized and apparently so little adapted to the organization of modern Europe, that it appears to lead towards unity only by a circuit of many generations. Yet perhaps what ap-

pears to human eyes the most unlikely instrument whereby to retrieve unity, may be in the divine dispensations the most likely. Besides which the papacy has been, to use my old word, a failure. It did much, but it did not do all even that it might have done, and moreover it did less than primitive episcopacy had done before it. It did not stop the fearful issue of sin within the Church. It was the physician on whom the Church expended all her substance for her healing, and was none the better, but rather the worse. It hindered her from pressing through the crowd to touch His hem, which could alone from its indwelling virtue close the issue. I think it were better for us all to repent deeply, and revive the withered blossoms of episcopacy, and put trust in them. Unity is far off. We must not hurry towards it. If we do we shall fail in our own work, and perchance frustrate the will of God. We shall be like undisciplined penitents striving to shorten our penance. I acknowledge therefore the magnificence of the papacy, and reverence Rome and Rome's primacy because of that reverential instinct which I find in the writers of antiquity. But they do not amount to making it a duty to adhere to the chair of St. Peter; and if they did, my conscience, in submission to the authoritative tradition of the Church, compels me to admit the prior duty of keeping pure the deposit of sound doctrine, and I am so unfortunate as to think a jealousy for the old deposit inconsistent with a subscription of even the written system of Roman theology. God for some mys-

terious purpose permitted the early Church and even the Apostles to believe that the end of the world was very nigh, and yet it is deferred. In like manner He may have permitted this sort of reverence towards Rome to exist in the primitive Church for some purpose, which it does not appear has been hitherto realized." "You think, therefore," said he, "that it is safer to adhere to the model of primitive episcopacy which exists in your own Church?" "I might," I replied, "say *yes* to such a question; but it is better to say that it is no matter of thought at all to me: it is a plain duty, wherein, whatever I had thought, I must have submitted. My submission to my Church were worth little if it did not restrain and control my private opinions." "But," he answered, "may not your episcopacy be considered Erastian rather than primitive?" "No," said I, "I do not think so, if the matter be candidly considered. The Church in England has not debased episcopacy, but she is under a civil pressure, which she cannot break, but hopes to break, and yearly begins Lent by a heart-broken expression of that hope. But let us defer this subject for the present. I have said that an English churchman's path just now lies through dim and tangled places; and I dare not talk to you with an unprepared mind." "You do not know," said he, "where you will emerge." "I am," I replied, "a catholic Christian, and shall not lack guidance."

While I was speaking I could see by the light

that the expression of his countenance changed very much, and when I ceased, he glided into the little chapel which was open, and left me leaning on the low parapet of the wall in front. The howling of the beasts had ceased, and there was an interval in the sweet nocturns of the musical brotherhood upon the mountain side. Below, glittering here and there in unwoody places, the little brook was flowing down to the plain with a pleasant murmur. A thin haze covered the battle field, and beyond, an indistinct brightness marked the sea, whose soft murmur was just audible where I stood. I thought of home and the difficulties and perplexities there. The future seemed cold and shadowy; and nothing came to cheer me but a cowardly comfort, that I was too far removed from holiness to take up the sword of zeal and do great acts among the foremost. It was a base thing to be comforted by a thought like that; and so I breathed a good wish for the holy men whom God shall call to do His work in difficult places, and on eminences at which all arrows will be aimed. Oh! how soothing is the invisible character of our spiritual warfare. And yet, while principles are battling and moral elements meeting in dire and stormy contest, and multitudes are disquieted, and changes being engendered, and Saints have difficulty in making good against the enemy the sanctuary and stronghold of a peaceful conscience, how strange it is the earth should have so little sympathy with her children! Above, below, around, what beautiful

tranquillity! The brook, the stars, the million of lustrous leaves in the evergreen wood, the night-blossoming plants, the clambering convent vines, the silent plain, the voiceful sea,—they lie bare to the eye of night, they wait for the day-break, when the steaming lands send up a fragrant thankoffering for the dew. They have no sympathy with the toiling race of man. Their impatience for the manifestation of the sons of God works not as yet visibly upon the surface.

While I thought these thoughts, the Stranger was again at my side with the usual mild benignity on his countenance. "Yet once again," said he, "I will trouble you about your Church: but not here. Do not distrust me. I have no wish to make you discontented with your communion, or lead you to sin by leaving it. You have spent your youth in the noise of controversy, and thereof has come a pride and harshness of opinion about you. What I seek is to make you feel that it is not your purity which severs you from other Churches, that the temper of controversy is uncatholic, that there may possibly be a culpable private judgment of particular Churches as well as of individuals, that there is a catholic body above and beyond particular Churches, which is capable of being realized, that your Church is in a crisis wherein she must act humbly, albeit humility has not been one of her characteristic graces. This is what I wish to make you feel. It will not unsettle you in the

end; but the reverse. You do not yet know where you will emerge; and I wish to keep you from emerging where you ought not. But now and then with unconscious rudeness you jar a chord which disturbs me." "But why," said I, "all this mysterious sympathy for me?" "More," said he, "is not done for you than for others. The spirit of catholic Europe may detach from her centre many a voice to many a traveller; it will speak to him in the accents of the language he best comprehends. It will speak in curious places, and at uncertain distances; yet like echo, it follows laws. Think you that no voice speaks to the heart of yon young sleeper; think you that there leaps not from brook and waterfall and rocking trees and billowy ocean and city hum a voice that thrills his inmost soul; think you there flashes not from the glossy pinion of the foreign bird or painted wing of the unwonted butterfly or the glistening back of innocuous snake a light of truths and meanings which shall live within him for ever? Yes: earth neglects not her children." "Yet," said I, "I was just now blaming earth, so tranquil as she is to-night, for not sympathizing with her troubled children." "And all the while," he replied, "she was soothing your trouble, reminding you of the eternal God, and turning doubt to prayer, argument to intercession. See how you wronged her."

"I have yet," said I, "some questions to ask you on the subject of our conversation at Venice. It

has struck me since, that monasteries have ever been nurseries of intolerance and persecution." "True," he replied, "they have; and can any virtue be higher than an intolerance of evil, and a hunting it from the earth? Why be frightened at words? Persecution belongs not, strictly speaking, to the Church. Her weapon, and a most dire one, is excommunication, whereby she cuts off the offender from the fountains of life in this world, and makes him over from her own judgment to that of Heaven in the world to come. But surely it is a duty of Christian states to deprive such an excommunicate person of every social right and privilege; to lay on him such pains and penalties as may seem good to the wisdom of the law; or even, if they so judge, to sweep him from the earth: in other words, to put him to death. The least which can be done is to make a civil death to follow an ecclesiastical death; and this must be done where the Church and State stand in right positions to each other." "I have always thought," replied I, "that no capital punishment whatever was allowable, except for murder. In that single instance God's revocation of a man's right to life is made known, and the judge, being God's vicegerent, executes the sentence of Heaven and so publishes it upon earth." "Philanthropy," said he, "will end in establishing a system of tyrannical mercy. Even now those who wish to abolish capital punishments do so for the most part because they deny the judge to be the representative of the

Almighty, and would degrade his office into a mere instrument for the prevention of crime. They strip him of his office of vengeance. This falls in with the whole course of things. It is another instance of your putting Heaven further from you; another instance of your wanting boldness to realize your relations with the spiritual world. However, you need not fear a persecuting spirit rising now from any monasteries. There is a new spirit of persecution springing up which will devour the old one. The persecution of the literary, indifferent, and secular-minded men: men who wish not to be troubled with great truths, with controversies involving painful erudition, with rubrics which bring awkward practices in their train, with large unselfish expenditure of money; men who wish to stand well with the State, and with great people. There are sufficient elements of persecution there. But the temper, which would be called the temper of persecution, might be rekindled among you by monasteries, and would be not the least important blessing which would spring from them: a jealousy for truth, a charitable plain-spokenness, a willingness to rebuke, an honoring of creeds, a humility which would not be ashamed of the monitory anathemas, the periodical delivery of which the Church in charity commands, a modesty to receive, without rude criticism, the awful and instructive language of the inspired Psalms. All this would be of great service to you. Spurious charity and worldly-minded courtesy have screened

the truth from many an erring soul, who did but require to know it in order to obey it. O why will men veil the countenance of the holy Church! This, I say, is the modification of the temper of persecution which monasteries would breed among a literary or commercial people. Judge yourself if it be indeed an evil; for it was not wont to be so accounted of." "But the burning of heresiarchs,"—said I. "Never mind that," interrupted he: "I could say some little in its defence; but it is useless. You will have no more of it. No," he added with a half smile, "you have too many heresiarchs now; there is safety in a multitude." "All I meant to say of the burning of heresiarchs," replied I, "was to draw a distinction between the temper out of which persecution sprung, and the particular acts which, in your times, were the fruits of it. The temper I willingly acknowledge to be holy; but there appears in the Middle Ages to have been a roughness in bringing it into action, quite uncongenial to the mind of the primitive Church. The case of St. Martin and the adherents of Ithacius should be the model for all succeeding ages in this matter." "But," said he, "I did not defend extreme penalties as acts of the Church, but of the State. The State must often imitate the Church, and will, of course, do so harshly and rudely." "I cannot see," I answered, "that the State has any such right to follow up the sentence of the Church, as that which you concede to it, specially to the extent of putting to death, though

of course the State is bound to silence heretics whom the Church has condemned." "Study the Theodosian age more," said he, "and you will not so limit the powers of a catholic State. But let the matter pass; you have no cause for fear. Taking Europe in her breadth, the heretics, if they do not outnumber the catholics, certainly work harder and thrive better."

"But," he continued, "let us away with this cynical strain. It ill beseems either the hour or the place. To sit in judgment and pass hard sentences is an unfitting boldness amid this tranquil beauty. It is we who sympathize not with the earth, not earth that sympathizes not with us. Listen to that long howl above yon copse. What a power silence has to absorb and incorporate with herself every sound which comes not from man or human toil! The wild howl of the wolf and the dissonant baying of the watch-dog do not interrupt the deep tranquillity. They enter into it, and form part of it. How divine a thing is silence!" "Yes," replied I; "and with what wisdom did the authors of monastic observances make it a part of their discipline!" "You will generally find," he answered, "most deep sagacity in the ascetic system of old times. It is a profitable study, because of the numerous holy uses and spiritual meanings consigned within it, the gradual contributions of many generations of Saints." "It seems," said I, "at first sight strange, that so large a portion of the practical rules of Scripture should concern the government of the tongue." "And," replied he,

"what a key-stone to the arch of all such precepts is made by those words of our Blessed Saviour, 'By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned!' And as in Scripture, so in the Latin hymns of the Breviary, how numerous and beautiful are the allusions to silence as a penitential or elevating discipline, and in what singular combinations do they many times occur! We grow into an intelligent apprehension of them. It is very wonderful to observe the deeply scriptural character of all the systems of antiquity, whether dogmatical or ascetic. A lively regard for and reverent custody of tradition seem to bring, as a natural consequence, a deep understanding of Scripture and an affectionate dwelling upon it and realizing of it in its minutest parts." "Yes," said I, "whole portions of Scripture, Levitical details, topographical catalogues, or Hebrew genealogies, appear to have been full of Christ, full of outlines of His Church, to the affectionate temper of early times, where now to us the lamps have gone out. Even the genealogy of the Lord Himself is often left unread in church, as having no springs of heavenly meditation flowing from it. Yet if we open the commentaries of the fathers, what exuberant and beautiful wisdom springs beneath their touch from the dry desert of hard names, overflowing it all, and making it green with spiritual herbs good for the use of man!" "And," said he, "this use of silence, as part of the old ascetic system, is another instance of the fidelity with

which the mind of antiquity, as a pure mirror, received the faintest shadows of scriptural objects upon itself. Its uses as a penance, and again as an habitual restraint of a dangerous member, are very obvious; but such views as these fall short of ancient ideas on the subject.' "I have often been struck," said I, "with the word *fed*, as applied to silence, as if there were some way in which silence feeds the soul." "And cannot even you," said he, "in these times see ways in which it feeds the soul? A silent contemplation of heavenly mysteries, without shaping them into thoughts or melting them into words, may be to the soul what a silent study of some surpassing model is to the artist. It becomes a source of beauty, unconsciously transferring itself to the spirit of the beholder. It is like a stamp, whose reversed images are unintelligible till they are impressed upon another substance, when we may read and interpret them. St. Ephrem is very bold and majestic; he calls silence the language whereby the Father and the Son converse, understood by the coequal Spirit only, and above even angelic comprehension."

"But," he continued, "it is not only Scripture which is with such affectionate fidelity represented by the mind of antiquity; the objects of external nature are filled with a sort of symbolical theology, and elevated into the ritual of the Church. Earth's mysteries are sufficiently interpreted to enable us to consecrate common objects, and through them our daily life, which lies among common objects. Doubt-

less tradition was one great fountain of this knowledge to the ancient believers; but this aided them also to discern much in the deep places and bye paths of Scripture. The religious character of wells and mountains, and of various trees, such as the palm, the vine, the fig-tree, and the olive, is recognized even in different modes of paganism. But the one which I would specify now, as connected with the public and private devotions of Christians, is the frequent recurrence in nature of the powerful and hallowed sign of the Cross." "And this," said I, "is one of the safeguards against sin in common use among the ascetics." "I should hope," he replied, "that there was no Christian who was ashamed to sign himself with the sign of the Cross, especially when, from any sudden and apparently causeless irruption of unchaste thoughts, he has reason to believe his chamber filled with unclean spirits. Surely it is a great privilege not to be forbidden the use of that effectual token. To a serious man, how quickly it raises a fence between the world and *himself*! How does it remind him of his New Birth, when he rises in the morning! How does it meekly defy the evil angels when he leaves his chamber for the duties of the day! How does it bless his bed when he retires to rest! How does it, as it were, absolve him in the dead of night from the guilt of miserable dreams! How does it stay fits of sudden anger! How is it a very real and felt contact with the invisible world! O blessed Sign! how art thou

like the finger of the Lord, the touch of One Whom we love and fear!" "How fearless, too," said I, "was the use of this dread admonition among the Saints of old! For what is wanting in Tertullian's catalogue? 'At every stir and movement, at every coming in and going out, at putting on the clothes and binding on the sandals, at the bath and at the banquet, at the lighting of the lamps, at lying down or sitting, whithersoever the conversation of our life leadeth us, we do wear our forehead with the sign of the Cross.'" "And nature too," he replied, "was full of this sign to them, when they walked abroad. Not only were the pools of water and the fields of corn instructive shadows of the Font and the Altar, and the olive-yards of their holy unction, and the vines of the redeeming Blood; but the Cross, too, was every where among the boughs, and in the clouds, and on the plains, and on the skins of beasts. If St. Ephrem saw a little bird fly, he remembered that with outstretched wings it was making the sign of the Cross before the eye of Heaven, and that, if it closed its wings and marred the sign, it straightway fell to the earth. If he trusted himself on shipboard, he looked up to the mast, and, behold! a Cross; and when they spread the sail, it was like the Body of One hanging on the Cross, propelling the ship, and forthwith the ship became the Church, and the fierce sea the world, and there was One on board, Whose Presence is our haven." "I would," I replied, "that I could win the habit of so regarding the beautiful

scenery of my daily walks, that when my body is driven out into the air for recreation, my soul might feed on beautiful symbols, and be kept pure by images of heaven, and be drawn to Christ by a thousand sacred admonitions." "This," said he, "is not a matter of the intellect. Such a habit must be won by continual meditation on divine things, by a love of Christ, and an imitation of Him. Leave off wrangling, and let go high-mindedness. Throw yourself into antiquity; its controversial witness is a great thing, but its beautiful spirit is a far greater. Strive to imbibe it; incorporate yourself into it. Fearlessly contract habits of thought alien to those you have now; and realize the truth, that there is neither space nor time in the Communion of Saints."

At this moment the rim of the sun appeared above the mountain. "The earth's bridegroom cometh," said the stranger, and he made the sign of the Cross in the air. We descended towards the convent.

"There is still," said I, "in the untutored heart of man, a longing to read Christian meanings in the signs of earth: the peasants of my own land cannot cleave a fern, while digging peat upon the moors, but they behold in its beautifully mottled root Christ entering Jerusalem upon the ass. Yet there is a common fear lest applying mystical interpretations to Scripture should lead to a trifling with the letter." "And yet," he answered, "does not the history of the Church, in all ages, show the vanity of such a fear? We were saying but now, that a true reve-

rence for Scripture seems unattainable without a great honoring of tradition. And in almost every case mystical expositors have been also the most literal. We have been talking of monasteries and the ascetic system. One of the most ridiculed parts of this system may be adduced, whatever objections may lie against it on other grounds, as an instance of the general union between mystical and literal expositions of Scripture; for ascetic observances, and the liturgies of ascetic times, are very treasure-houses of mystical exposition: I allude to the discipline, as it is called, that is, a taming of the frankness of the flesh by voluntary scourgings. The extravagances of the flagellants, established by St. Antony of Padua in the thirteenth century, have made this discipline a scandal and reproach; yet in its first origin it arose from a literal following of Scripture. The ascetics, feeling that each Christian should imitate our Blessed Lord's Passion, introduced voluntary chastisement among their austerities, as finding scourging to have been one of the Lord's sufferings. This was the true origin of the custom. I pass no judgment upon it, but adduce it here as an extreme, and therefore instructive, instance of the union between the mystical and literal interpretations of Scripture."

"Is not," said I, "this little monastery a useless burden to the poor valley and circumjacent villages?" "At present," said he, "the lamps are gone out within it, but they may be rekindled at any time.

And be careful how you ever pull down a form wherein a spirit has once abided. A hundred lichens and medicinal mosses may cling and find nourishment between the stones." "The priest," said I, "seems to have a low notion of a happy life." "Yet," he answered, "who shall say that the recitation of the liturgies makes no stir in the invisible world, and brings out no blessing from it? The days may be at hand for this monastery, when the true happy life shall be lived therein by a pious brotherhood of Greeks." "What do you call the true happy life?" said I. "The life," he answered, "whose days are bound one unto another by a threefold cord of obedience, silence, and humility; the life, in short, which is lived by the spiritual children of St. Benedict in the west. Thus their days are passed[1]:—'The monks rise at the eighth hour of the night, that is, at two in the morning, to join in the nocturnal office, or vigils. The time which remains from vigils to matins, which are celebrated at sunrise, is employed in learning the psalms, in holy reading, or meditation. The vigil service commences with, *Deus, in adjutorium meum intende! Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina!* next, *Domine, labia mea aperies, et os meum enuntiabit laudem tuam,* thrice repeated. It is followed by the third Psalm, the *Gloria Patri,* the ninety-fourth Psalm, and the Hymn of St. Ambrose. Twelve of the Psalms are to be chanted immediately

[1] From an Analysis of St. Benedict's Rule, in Dunham's Middle Ages, slightly altered.

after the Hymn of St. Ambrose. On finishing six, however, the monks are allowed to sit, and after the *Benedicite* by the abbot, they are made to read, each in turn, three lessons, at the end of each all joining in a response, and rising at the *Gloria Patri*, in reverence to the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity. Then come the six remaining Psalms, followed by a lesson from the New Testament, and the *Kyrie Eleison*. On Sunday this vigil service is deemed insufficient. After the *Deus in adjutorium* and six Psalms, come four lessons and four responses, after the last all rising to chant the *Gloria:* next come six Psalms with the antiphony, and four other lessons with the responses; then three canticles from the prophets, the *Hallelujah*, the *Deus in adjutorium*, and the *Benedicite*. Four lessons more from the New Testament, with their responses, are followed by the *Te Deum*, which the abbot commences; and the same dignitary reads the Gospel, all standing devoutly, and then begins to chant, *Te laus decet*. The service ends with the Benediction by the abbot, but only to commence with matins. On Sunday, this second service commences with the sixty-sixth Psalm, then the fiftieth, with the *Hallelujah:* next come the one hundred and seventeenth, and the sixty-second, followed by the *Benedicite*, the Laus, a lesson from the Apocalypse, the Response, the Hymn of St. Ambrose, an article from the Gospel, and the *Kyrie Eleison*, which concludes the service. But the services, besides the vigils, were seven, in con-

formity with the practice of the Psalmist, *Septies in die laudem tibi dixi.* At primes, tierce, sexts, nones, vespers, and complines, which, as the names import, are celebrated at the first, third, sixth, and ninth hours, at sunset, and before retiring to rest, hours corresponding to six, nine, twelve, three, half-past four, and about six o'clock, and which are called the diurnal hours, a certain number of psalms, canticles, and responses are chanted, in such manner that the whole Psalter is read once a week. This (says St. Benedict) is as little as we can do, considering that our forefathers read it wholly every day. At matins there is also mental prayer, which continues for some time. Thus there are four hours of uninterrupted spiritual exercise, while the rest of the world is buried in sleep. After matins, in summer, come four hours of labour, from six to ten o'clock, either in the fields, or at some mechanical employment; then comes reading, followed by sexts, at twelve o'clock, or mid-day, when the brethren dine: after dinner, meditation during about one hour; and though it is then only half-past one, the nones, which should be celebrated at three, are now repeated, that the monks may again go out to labour, until half-past four, when they return to vespers, which consist of Psalms, the *Pater*, and the *Benedicite.* If the brethren, during their labors, are near the monastery, they repair to the oratory at the canonical hours; if they are distant, they kneel in the fields, to repeat

certain prayers. In winter, after the tierce, which is said an hour earlier, namely, at eight o'clock, the monks go to their agricultural labors; and, with the exception of the sexts, which, if near, they attend at twelve, labor until nones, or three o'clock, when they dine. Their meals are two only, dinner and supper; and at both, flesh meat is prohibited. Each meal some brother reads aloud from the Scriptures, the expositions of the fathers, or any other edifying book. As to the vestments, each monk has two tunics, two cowls, and a scapulary, one for the night, and the other for the day. Each has a separate bed: ten or twenty sleep in the same dormitory, which throughout the night is lighted by a lamp, and superintended by one of the deans, who is always an aged man. After confession, no word is allowed to be spoken by any of the brethren, but one of the number usually reads aloud. Mental prayer concludes the arduous service of the day, a service which appears too much for human nature. No monk is allowed to receive letters or presents without the superior's permission, and if the necessary business of the community leads him outside the walls, he first commends himself to the prayers of the rest, and on his return passes some time prostrate at the foot of the Cross, to expiate or to recover from the distractions of which he may have been guilty; neither is he allowed to mention any report, any news, any transaction which he has heard or seen in the

world.' Such is Benedictine life, and no less beautiful to my eyes is the Benedictine temper:—'[2] To honor all men, to do as we would be done by, to deny ourselves so as to follow Christ, to discipline the body, not to follow pleasures, to love fasting, to fill the poor with joy, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick, to bury the dead, to rejoice in tribulation, to console the afflicted, to keep aloof from the world, to hold the love of Christ beyond every other tie, not to be angry, not to be deceitful, not to neglect charity, not to swear, to utter the truth always, not to return evil for evil, to suffer injury with patience, to love one's enemies, to bless those who curse us, to suffer persecution for righteousness' sake, not to be proud, nor a wine-bibber, nor a glutton, nor a sluggard, not to murmur or to slander, to trust in God, to ascribe whatever is good in ourselves not to our own merits but to God, always remembering, however, to take credit to ourselves for any evil we may do, to feel the last Judgment, to dread hell, to have death daily before our eyes, to long with a spiritual lust for eternal life, to watch our actions every hour of our lives, to feel that God is every where, to open our evil thoughts unto Christ and to some spiritual elder, to keep one's tongue from evil speaking, to refrain from much speaking, not to jest, not to love laughter, to hear with pleasure holy

[2] Dunham, i. 188.

reading, to be frequent in prayer, to confess past sins with tears and groans, not to fulfil the desires of the flesh, to hate our own will, to obey the precepts of the abbot in all things, not to aim at being thought holy, but to be really such, to fulfil daily God's commands, to love chastity, to hate nobody, to avoid jealousy, envy, contention, and pride, to reverence the old, to love the young, to pray for our enemies with the love of Christ, not to let the sun descend on our strife, never to despair of God's mercy.' This is the Benedictine mirror of the Gospel. This is what I called the true happy life, the life which may one day be lived here in this classic valley, a glory better far than that of Marathon."

We parted on the flight of stone steps which descends from the mountain side into the court of the convent. "*Suscipiat te Dominus,*" was his farewell, "*secundum eloquium ejus, et vivas; et non confundat te ab expectatione tua.*"

The sun had not risen high when we left the convent at Marathon, the priest beneath the fig-tree, the lizard on the wall. The sea was gleaming like a "silver shield." We examined the remains of the Athenian monument; and then took the road to Oropo, recrossing the plain to the village of Marathon. The course of the river Marathona is very agreeable, and wild flowers and gum-bearing shrubs with pleasant smells are there in great abundance. We followed the course of the stream for a con-

siderable distance, and found two old Venetian towers on its banks. After leaving the river we went over a tract of rugged, sterile ground, with occasionally a flowery, aromatic hollow, and almost always with fine views of Pentelicus and Parnes. On reaching the heights above Oropo the view was really magnificent, mountain, wood, plain, the Euripus, and the lofty headlands of Eubœa over the sea. Indeed, both on the road from Athens to Marathon, and again from Marathon to Oropo, the scenery was more interesting than we had expected to find it.

Oropo, the scene of the old Amphiaræan games, retains no vestiges of antiquity to interest and delay the traveller. We left it the next morning and proceeded to Egripo. The road lay along the shores of the Euripus, the scenery of which very much resembles the salt-water lochs of Argylleshire. We passed under Mount Ktypa, crossed the narrow bridge from the continent, and entered Eubœa, the modern Egripo. The town of Egripo is singularly oriental. The old walls and fort do not seem Turkish; but the mosques with their thin pillar-like tower, and the crescent still standing on them, the cypresses of the Turkish cemetery, the ruins of old Turkish palaces, and one tall palm-tree which hangs its fan-like leaves over the wall, give the place a completely eastern character. The water under the bridge, though a strong current, does not run so vehemently

as we had expected. We were almost vexed to find it so like other currents: yet the green hills of Eubœa, and the exquisite sky of Greece, and the memory-peopled locality, made our visit to Egripo very pleasant.

When we surmounted the lower part of Mount Ktypa, a hill abundantly peopled with land-tortoises, harmless colonists, we gained our first view of the strange, green plains of Bœotia, with Helicon beyond. As we ascended the mountain several of the views were very fine, and one of them quite magnificent. When we reached the bottom, we entered upon a large, waterless plain, which seemed as if it had been the bed of a lake, the mountains rising up from it as from the level of the sea. The greater part of the Parnassian range lay before us. We counted nine distinct layers of mountain-ridge with different lights and mists upon them according to their distances; and on a green hill, backed by some bolder mountains, stood the straggling, disjointed houses of modern Thebes, amid beds of tall nettles, and mounds of ruined masonry, half grass-grown. As the sun set, it threw over all the huge ribs of Parnassus floods of dusky gold, illuminating the ragged mists, and shedding something like a glory over the home of Pindar and Epaminondas. But a few narrative sentences are but spiritless representatives of the feelings of a man riding towards nightfall among the sheep-flocks on the plain of Thebes.

From Thebes we turned our steps to Lebadea, the Trophonian city. We passed through a most uncheerful country, skirting great part of the lake Topolias, the ancient Copais. It would not be easy to exaggerate the misery of this place. The lake is about fourteen miles long, and in some parts nearly as many wide, at least so we were told, though it did not seem so to the eye. Notwithstanding its size no water is to be seen, except here and there as the wind waves the giant sedge. And it appears a hopeless place. It receives as many as five or six small rivers, but has no vent whatever itself. During the midsummer and autumnal heats the villages around are most unhealthy, and Livadia itself, though some miles removed, is at those seasons by no means a desirable place to halt at for the night. The situation of Livadia, the old Lebadea, is most striking, and the remains of the large castle on the rock form a very splendid and imposing ruin. A little river, the most considerable we had yet seen in Greece, runs through the middle of the rugged town, out of a rocky defile.

In this defile was the famous oracle of Trophonius; and the selection as well of this place as of Delphi for religious purposes shows how deeply a dread and love of external nature were impressed upon the old Greek mythology. The sacred cave of Trophonius, the large rocky chamber called the Throne of Memory, and the empty niches, are described with

sufficient accuracy by all the modern topographers. It was not nearly so gloomy and savage a spot as we had beforehand conceived it. Indeed, the evening we visited it the whole ravine was brimful of golden sunlight. Of the two fountains which issue out near the half blocked up entrance to the adytum we did not drink; for we were indistinctly certified which was the Fountain of Memory, and which the Fountain of Forgetfulness. However it was of slight importance. The Waters of Forgetfulness we were too young to want; and yet not so young but that the Waters of Memory would have called up too many a sin and sorrow to make the draught pleasant.

If it be true that these two fountains and their supposed properties formed part of the religious machinery of the place, it would be a curious attempt on the part of heathenism to satisfy the hungry pangs of remorse, a seeking in nature for a ritual substitute for what was only well revealed in the Gospel, the medicinal virtue of repentance. Earth, with her animals, was a treasure-house of expiations.

The sun was sloping westward. Oh what a beautiful day it had been! such a day as could scarcely be seen except in Greece. The sky, the clouds, the wind—all had been of such a marvellous purity, lightening the heart, and acting on the body with an unwonted exhilarating power. It was Plato's εὐκρασία τῶν ὡρῶν, God's blessings as bountifully outpoured upon the desert peace of this joy-

less land as ever they had been during its glory and prosperity. The sun was now sloping westward, as I passed from the adytum of Trophonius, threading my way up the defile in the course of the sparkling rivulet, here leaping from stone to stone, there clinging to the steep foot of the precipice. The water in its stony channel gushed through the impeding rocks, or threw itself up in little jets of brilliant amber. And I thought that the pebbles at the bottom of the pools, glancing and wavering in the troubled water, which was full of sunbeams, were, stirring or still, in their beautiful uncertainty, like the truths that lay deposited by venerable tradition in the bed of the old pagan faith. The cliffs were a deep rich yellow, and irradiated now by the afternoon sun, glowed like masses of unhewn gold. The very grass upon the rocky platforms and the junipers in the clefts had their green vesture gilded. I passed onward till I grew fatigued; for I had ridden many hours since sunrise, and was anxious to rest. At last the cliffs opened out for a few yards, and then closed again in a gorge more gloomy than the one below. But in the interval there was a little open lawn, between the brook and the cliffs, and across it a tall, fantastic pinnacle of rock threw a dark, cool shadow. There upon the odorous turf I lay down to sleep, my rocky chamber roofed by the blue sky, and the tumbling brook gurgling merrily through it; and I had a tuft of wild thyme

for my pillow, and none to see me but the clambering goats, who might, for aught I could know, be Pan and his "gamesome brood;" and it was something that the oracle of Trophonius was hard by.

Do you ask if it was a beautiful place where I laid down to sleep? It might not appear so to many eyes; but to me it seemed as though the very spirit of beauty haunted it.

The out-door sleep of a traveller in the south is not heavy, and his dreams are pleasant. I had not slept long when methought I saw a female figure come to my side. She was clothed in a long flowing garment, which was clasped with a golden grasshopper on the shoulder, and fell down to her feet in many and graceful folds. She carried in her hand a branch of palm and olive bound together by a sweet-smelling flag from some river side. Her hair and eyes were dark black, and very lustrous: her complexion dark also, yet her skin was very transparent. She wore a wreath of white ears of long-bearded barley, with an aloe flower upon her forehead; and she had antique sandals on her feet. She was very beautiful, and the expression of her face was staid and grave. She touched me on the temple with the long leaves of the feathery palm-branch, and said, "Stranger! thy heart is ill at ease. Thou art filled with a longing for the beautiful, which thou findest not. Thou art driven forth upon the earth to search for beauty, and without beauty thou canst not live.

Many and fair are the lands thou hast wandered in. But the beautiful is still absent. Wilt thou go to thy home, and rest in the cold faith that beauty hath elsewhere another earth, and dwelleth not with mortals? Wrong not the good gods in this way. Beauty hath left ruined tokens of her presence all over this land of hushed songs, stilled dances, and extinguished sacrifice. But she hath fled before the presence of barren-hearted generations. Yet there are places which the beautiful still haunts. Come with me. I am sent by the gods to show thee the home of beauty." I rose, and at her bidding laid hold of a long tapering leaf of palm, wherewith she raised me in the air. When we had risen above the top of the precipices, it seemed but midday, and the sun still high in the heavens. We travelled through the regions of ether, and it appeared that our course was eastward. At our feet we saw the white towns, and the green uplands, and the blue bays, and the bright ships sailing; but no noise came up to where we were. Then we beheld at our feet an azure sea, studded with a hundred gleamy islands that wavered on its misty bosom in chains and circles, like leaves strewn upon the tide with a playful purpose. But again land came, and we descended. When our feet touched the ground upon the shore, my guide broke some shoots from a bushy myrtle, and set fire to them with the end of her wand. She scattered them round us while they burned, and there came up from

them a pleasant smoke, a thin veil of blue vapor, which encircled us, and kept us invisible, while we were enabled to see all things only tinged with the hue of the vapor, like far-off mountains in an afternoon. We walked onwards by a water-course, the valley growing narrower and narrower, till we entered among the lofty mountains, and we came to a defile, when suddenly the mountains opened out leaving a large plain with four broad hillocks in it, and the river flowing at the south side. The mountains were adorned with frequent Greek temples of white marble, which shone among the dusky foliage of the stone-pines. The plain was covered with browsing camels, and spotted here and there with black olive-groves. The whole country was beautiful, and reminded me of the pale green valleys and glossy underwoods of the sea-washed Ionia. "This," said my guide, "is the home of beauty. Here the beautiful still haunts in manifold shapes and forms. So have the good gods allowed. It is a hollow sealed from the knowledge of the barren-hearted who dwell around." The hillocks were covered with multitudes of people; they were however indistinct. But my guide led me to the hillock nearest to the west. At the top was a magnificent Ionic temple of Parian marble; and its shining columns, with the glowing blue sky between them, were marvellous to behold. I could not gaze upon it but a very tide of joy and cheerfulness and brilliant images flowed in upon me, so bright were

those columns, so bedded in the blue of the yielding sky. "See," said my guide, "it almost speaks, and it has a song-like voice. Look at its resplendent unity. It is the unity of mortal life; see, how clear, how transparent, how unsorrowful! what assurance it brings to the mind, what a wise confidence, what a holy alacrity, how easily is it comprehended! Oh! it is a revelation: it is the mute music of Olympus, god-built, god-endowed, god-visited; itself a god-like thing, a type and symbol of the intelligence of the gods. Gaze upon it, O mortal! gaze, gaze, kneel upon the sod, and worship it: then will it speak to thee; its columns stand in lines which may be read; they are a symbolical language: the secret of beauty is shrouded within that marble shape, and it breathes beauty out this very afternoon into the warm blue air. Gaze, mortal, O gaze and worship. Beauty is truth, and truth is a divinity, and yonder is her image." As she spoke a procession began to wind up the hillock towards the temple. "See," said she, "in the temple beauty enshrined, still, and awful, and intelligible; in the procession beauty, stirring, expressed in blythe or solemn movement, modulated by the god-invented flute." In truth it was a glorious sight. First came young men of surpassing loveliness, clad in delicate apparel, and riding on noble and but half-tamed horses; then two and two were matrons walking: who could have dreamed so much life and music could be thrown into a solemn walk? Behind the matrons were the young Canephoræ with

beautifully bending arms, and women carrying gorgeous canopies, and vessels for the sacrifice, and elegant stools. Then followed bands of young men, and the ministers of the games, and patient animals, (how beautiful too the still or stirring attitudes of patience!) all garlanded for sacrifice; and then a huge ship, rolled on rollers, with the woven peplus for a sail, whereon the combat of Athenè Polias with the giant Asterius had been embroidered within the consecrated precinct by four little girls, who had not yet seen their eleventh summer. Oh it was a beautiful sight to see! I could almost dream I had seen it elsewhere upon an old frieze; and amid all the emblems it was strange to behold how Athenè shone out all over the procession in varying shapes of beauty and in divers sweet offices. There she was skilful Erganè, here the farm-protecting Budeia, and another while devout symbols acknowledged her the gleaming Promachos of stout warriors. At the foot of the hillock was another small temple of a circular shape. As we passed it, my guide said, "There also is beauty, though what it signifies is a mystery. The ring is a beautiful admonition given us by the good gods to remind us of the Eternal and the Infinite. It is among our temples what destiny is in our theatres, the expression of the unknown and uncomprehended!"

We mounted the second hillock. On the western slope of it was a theatre of white marble, open to the blue sky of heaven. "Here," said my guide, "is

the beauty of intellect. Here is the beautiful in art giving proportion to power, and symmetry to inspiration. Let us enter." We entered, and remained there a long time, as it appeared. Many tragedies were exhibited; and in the recitative, the chorus, the dance, the pantomime, the dress, the decorations —in all was the beautiful visibly enshrined, making by its hallowing presence even amusements religious. "Surely," said I, "never can a people have been on earth whose discernment of the beautiful was so accurate as in yonder audience. Surely beauty can never be a universal growth, can never be developed in the mighty heart of a multitudinous nation, pervading every member of it." She smiled, and led me into another theatre where the wildest comedies were being enacted, and every verse covered poignant satire and manifold allusions. Not one seemed to escape the auditors. The very rapidity of apprehension appeared to me miraculous. "With the barbarians," said my guide, "the soul of comedy is the grotesque, with us it is the beautiful. Judge thou between us."

The third hillock was covered with people at play. "Even our games," said my guide, "are part of our religion." In one place were men engaged in athletic exercises of every sort, displaying in various ways the beauty of strength and limb, and still more the gracefulness of strength, where energy never degenerated into vehemence. In another place, boys and maidens wove Ionian and Doric dances, and a

book is not easier to read than were the movements of those dances in their beautiful intricacies. Love-stories and the visits of the gods and the deeds of heroes were told by the rapid feet of the faultless dancers. This was beauty in its lowest province, beauty guiding and shaping the limbs of men.

Close to the spot where the games were going forward, on the same hillock, in natural and significant juxta-position, stood a splendid building, entitled the Schools of Sculpture.

O! divine art of sculpture, clothed with the truth of form, and whose ideal color[2] never marred, save in the tinted marbles of Rome's degenerate splendor! Who, when he sees the world of all times and climates brought to his feet by the serene compulsion of history, and beholds the marvellous attributes of heroes half divine, from goddess mothers sprung, or mortal maidens honored above their kind,—the dauntless bearing of city-building kings and killers of baleful wild beasts and nymph-instructed law-givers,—and here and there the groups on the Nile-banks, or quays of Ionia, or in the agora of Athens, or schools of Magna Græcia, or the forum of young Rome, whose attitude and gesture, caught and detained at some critical hour, some turn of the tide, some last point of endurance on the one side and oppression on the other, express an entire epoch of eventful history; who, beholding these things in an

[2] The chryselephantine statues of antiquity are no true exception to this.

ardent dream of his old school-days, does not desire to have a sculptor's hand, that art might defraud blunt memory, and his spirit live chastened and overawed amid a very grove of marble statues, an abiding gallery of all the best glories of the earth before him in awful presence and transcendant form?

I looked around. The wish was almost fulfilled in what was before me. There I beheld the reverential stiffness of the antique sacerdotal sculpture, redeemed by accurate proportion from the uncouth significancy of Egyptian models: and it reminded me of the first beautiful, timorous shyness of early Christian art. There too was the majestic bareness of the ideal of Phidias, austere, sublime: the image of such lineaments as are seen in those who sit in Olympus, the immortal councillors of cloud-compelling Zeus. Have I forgotten the steep, breezy slope, that choice elm-girdled field, where one bright school-day, the Monday dedicated to Homer, that same coronal of deities looked down upon me out of the blue sky, imprinting their beautiful features and symbolical attire deeply and with separate distinctness upon my memory, while my worn and blotted Iliad lay beside me, and I was not sleeping? Could I not then judge the works of Phidias, when I had seen in pure vision that beaming assembly?

There too was the art of Polycletus, radiant in many a marble shape of exactest beauty and juvenile gracefulness. And Myron of Eleutheræ had added there the lifelike calmness of many an unimpassioned

figure. And Calamis too had wrought there: the pious Athenian who worshipped, while the world heeded not, the old wise and devout stiffness, forgotten in his studio, like the good Umbrian masters with their chaste Christian easels among the shady coverts of the Apennines. And then the severity of the Athenian sculptors was succeeded by the sweet softness and uncommon beauty, not wholly mortal nor yet without austerity, of the artists of Sicyon, won to gentleness by the eternal sunny blue of that voluptuous gulf of desolate Basilico. More human truly are these works than those of Phidias, yet not uncongenial with the style of Myron and Polycletus. But still the energy of mortal action is reverently absent from the marble. Though the ideal looks out more intently upon the earth, it still looks down from Olympus, and breathes a godlike repose into the statues. Yet, Scopas, thou ever-faithful worshipper of Dionysos, with thy beautiful Mænads! thou art not far from the footsteps of great Phidias. And Dionysos too was the inspirer of Praxiteles, the daring sculptor, who with beautiful degeneracy turned back the majestic manhood of Apollo into the intellectual loveliness of a Lycian youth, and stripped Dionysos too of many of his revel-wasted years! for ought the wine-cup, so thou askedst, to take revenge upon the youth of gods as it does upon the youth of us mortals, whose lives are short though our thoughts be high and our aims wonderful? O Praxiteles! did they feel even in thy days that

their gods were growing old? Surely the desolate dawn of cold light was earlier out among you than I had dreamed, quenching the stars of balmy night, and disengaging from the earth the sweet moon-cast shadows! But away with those Alexanders of Lysippus, despite their heroic beauty! Away with them; remove the profane littleness of portrait sculpture from the statues of the gods and godlike ancients! The royal-featured Macedonian himself should not enter here, desecrating the home of the Ideal.

My guide led me into a broad hypæthral porch, where the sunny light was so bewildering among the white marbles, that I could not at first distinguish anything with clearness. The porch was filled with statues and groups representing the legends of the pagan faith. In truth it was a delightful and enchanting assemblage. I gazed, and lingered, and interpreted, and loved, and understood.

O! ye beautiful births of Greek faith, most radiant legends, springing from every hard and barren spot, like unnumbered springs out of the Parnassian caverns, or the leafy sides of Cithæron, or the bee-haunted slope of pale Hymettus! How dear to me is that land now, since I have wandered through it with my memory full of these graceful beliefs, peopling with my choice and favored ones many a light green bank, many an amber-watered brook, where the plane trees dip and drink; many a deep pool, where the glossy leaves of the lentiscus-

curtain and crimson oleander are mirrored in separate faithfulness from morn to eve, and across which the stars move silently all night, and where the face of the silver moon shows monthly; many a rocky moor, too, with tufts of thyme between the stones, where none but land turtles, a populous and harmless colony, dwell now; many a slumberous noonday group of flat-topped stone-pines, with their everlasting soft sighing, as though they had a soul, those elegiac trees; and many a sounding cove in the blissful gulf of Corinth, chiefly on the Locrian shore. Ye, O legends, have usurped my boyhood! Ye, and not the haunting traditions of the castellated Rhine nor the peasant-faiths of the English forest-lands can dethrone the beautiful tyrants now. The very gnomes and fairies, and mine-guarding genii, and nightly dancing elves, do homage and pay vassal service to the bright faces and foreign features of the southern usurpers.

In one corner of the porch sat a virgin of Colophon, bending over a piece of embroidery. Why she sat there I know not, unless it was that her spirit might drink deep draughts of beauty from the cup of art, eternally full, eternally sparkling round her. She was marrying in her embroidery the legends of Dionysos and Eros, the most symbolical of unions. The inwrought threads related many of the freaks of Dionysos, the celestial enthusiast. They interpreted in many a compartment of the tapestry his wild worship, and how it set forth the

mighty gifts of mother earth, and her frantic stirrings of uncouth inspiration from the divine breath with which her uneasy pores are filled. They showed likewise Dionysos standing in Naxos by the sleeping Ariadne, gazing on her with an eye as feminine as her own, like Artemis looking on Endymion, the moon-stricken sleeper on the mountains. Then the wise mute threads brought Eros to the Dionysiac revels, to tame the god, and give back to earth the calm power of self-government which she forfeited beneath the primal dynasty of gods; and thus they showed that love and enthusiasm are the wisdom of the world and the acceptable worship of Heaven. After that the same threads pursued through many a rich and various compartment the legend of Eros and Psyche. With seemly reverence those threads embroidered not their quarrel, but they showed Psyche mourning her sin and seeking her lost Eros, like a little weeping girl. And then she was a butterfly, and Eros tormented her like a wanton boy, for the cruelties of boys in their holyday afternoons fulfil divine purposes and the predestination of the gods. After that Psyche is the little girl again, and Eros hunts her; and he catches her, and she kneels, she, a goddess too, humanity divine, yea, and a suppliant divinity too! Strange foreshadowings! And he forgives her, and then (the threads were at that time working it) Eros and Psyche embrace; and their embrace is the blissful, long-delayed consummation of human destinies. The maid of Colophon

looked up, and she saw my barbarian costume and hair and features, and she shrunk when she thought of the rude belief of the cold West, and she murmured as though it were a hymn to Psyche, a very passionate, faltering aspiration to the youngest-born of the Olympians.

Sweet maid of Colophon! Eros and Psyche have embraced, but not here, neither in thy faith!

We ascended the fourth hillock. It was a place of interment. How ungraceful are the outward acts of mourning! Yet here was sorrow variously, yet ever beautifully, expressed. We saw a slow procession mount with a subdued and musical wail, bearing the dead body of a young man. He was crowned with a garland of withered grass and wild flowers enwreathed with fillets of white wool; by his side was laid a honey-cake, to appease the watch-dog of Hades, and an obol for the surly boatman: and ever and anon the wail of voices died away, and the plaintive flutes touched the hearts of the mourners with a pleasant trouble. The body was not burnt, but committed to the earth. There were many graves around. Some were adorned with a water-jar, marking the resting-place of such as had never tasted the joys of marriage and the bridal-bath; others had statues on them, others vases, others sweet inscriptions. The sunniest mound of all the four, and the one nighest to the rising sun, had been chosen for the dead. Death was so beautiful to the people, that they needed not sadness to keep alive

solemnity. There was even playful hope expressed in the honey-cake for Cerberus, almost satire in Charon's obol. Surely these people dwell in a land where the sunsets are never cloudy.

From the top of this eastern hillock we could see beyond an olive grove a gorgeous city, like the city in the Fairy Queen:

> "High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
> Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
> Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
> Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
> Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries."

"That," said my guide, "is the city where the worshippers of beauty dwell. There you cannot enter, for you are a barbarian. The whole nation may be considered as a priesthood, whose every act and every movement is a priestly act in the service of beauty. And when you see how beauty thus pervades, as an intelligent instinct, even the athletic struggles of manhood and the pastimes of youth, think you not that beauty must pass into their polity, their laws, their subordinations, their responsibilities? Think you not that beauty must be the compacting bond of their State? And will not the same beauty pass also into their moral life, commuting it from jarring discord into a heavenly harmony? Wrong not, then, the good gods again. Beauty has a home on this earth. Beauty is the sun of the moral world. It consists in the absence

of fear. Fear is gloom's twin-sister, and doubt is their brother; and they would fain be worshipped with the savage ritual of barbarian faiths. Go back now to our old ruined home, and be a neophyte among our broken temples, and learn among them the theology of beauty; and when thou canst curse fear from thy heart in all sincerity, then shalt thou be admitted within the gates of yonder city."

As she spoke, a luminous exhalation rose from the Ionic temple, and began to shape itself into a wonderful figure, like that of a vast spiritual being. I gazed bewildered and ravished with the show, so surpassing all words was the beauty of that appearance. But the intense light dissipated the blue vapour which had encircled me, and I became visible. Whereupon a loud shout arose from all the four hillocks, "Let the profane depart."

I awoke, and turned round on my couch of fragrant herbs. The sun seemed nearly sunk. The brook murmured, the rocks gleamed, and I saw the bright eyes of the goats looking down from the ledges. I buried my face in the tuft of wild thyme, and again sleep stole over me.

A second time I dreamed: and I saw in my dreams another female draw near. She was clothed in the habit of a Sister of Charity, of the order of our Lady of Mercy. Her face was exceedingly beautiful, but wan and pale, with an expression which might have been caught from long contemplation of a Mater Dolorosa by some Umbrian painter.

Over her white head-dress she wore a wreath of ears of wheat, which had been stained in red wine; and in her hand she carried an ebony Cross wreathed with ivy leaves and sprigs of yew gemmed with red berries, and it seemed as though she had recently dipped it in the brook, for it was covered with bright water-drops. She laid the wet Cross upon my forehead, and said, "Awake, sleeper! thy heart is ill at ease. Thou art filled with a longing for the beautiful, which thou findest not. Thou art driven forth upon the earth to search for beauty, and without beauty thou canst not live. Yet understandest thou not that beauty is to be sought through holiness? Come with me. I am the priestess of beauty; and I will show thee, not her home, for she hath no abiding-place here, but the spot where she sojourneth, and whither her children resort in pilgrimage. I marvel she hath not schools in thy land; for surely if she had thou wouldst not have wandered hither. Perchance she hath fled before the presence of barren-hearted generations. Come, I will show thee where she sojourneth, replenishing Sound, Color, Form, Motion, and Time with her fertile presence." She took me by the hand, and we rose up above the defile of Livadia, and passed over many countries and huge lines of mountains, and here and there we saw gleamy lakes, and three large shining rivers which looked like the veins of the earth; but we crossed no sea, though we saw a pearly haze to the left, marking where it lay. At length we came

to a fourth river, which flowed from the south-east to the north-west, a river of many and romantic tributaries. Here there was a city built on both shores, and on the southern bank a large plain, along the river, a mountain at one end and the city at the other. The mountain was covered with a thick wood, beautifully discolored by the cold nights of autumn; and here and there among the trees you might discern a chapel or a hermitage of Gothic architecture, or a sculptured Cross or mossy Crucifix; and on an island in the middle of the river there was a peaceful convent embowered in lime-trees, whose shady branches almost screened the building from view; yet a continually ringing bell betrayed it. The city appeared both old and new. Indeed it looked as if it had been many times rebuilt in different epochs, and some edifices of the more ancient times had been in each case preserved. It was quiet, almost gloomy, and it was easy to see that it had, some centuries ago, been much more populous than it was now. On the plain, close to the river's edge, mid-way between the mountain and the city, was a small conventual town, in which were the schools of the young, and on the plain were four forests of oak, in a line from the mountain to the city, the first beginning at the base of the mountain and the last touching the battlemented walls of the city. A clear and bubbling brook, with a strip of grassy moor, divided the forests from each other. The plain was surrounded by a high wall, except

where the river defended it. The wall was covered with sculptures of hideous and grotesque appearance, representing the powers of the world and the symbols of secular dominion. There were seven gates by which the enclosure might be entered; watchmen stood day and night on the seven watch-towers, and told the hours and the new moons with a wailing yet musical cry, and a watchman on the tower of the island convent ever answered them in a harsher tone. Over all the gates was written in Gothic characters, "The Schools of Beauty and Discipline," and beneath the title were these four lines engraved:

Was stets und aller Orten
Sich ewig jung erweist
Ist in gebundnen Worten
Ein ungebundner Geist.

My guide led me in, unquestioned by any one, and we entered the forest nearest to the mountain. The glades and alleys among the ancient trees, the grey pillared trunks, the ample branches, like the mossy rafters of a building, and the green roofing of leaves, presented combinations of the most beautiful description, far exceeding the feathery palms and spiry cypresses of Turkey. "These forests," said my guide, "are fountains of beauty; light, and color, and darkness, and form, and sound, are here. This is their marvellous workshop. The sunbeams gliding down the stems, and coiling themselves up like green gilded snakes at the foot of the tree, and the majestic

music of the winds, whether it be like the faint surge of a far-off sea, or like the loud anthems of choirs of spirits, or like the thunders of a battle-field, are sources of beauty. We disregard them not: we bid our pupils walk here for contemplation. But it is beauty without discipline; therefore we admit it not inside our schools: it girds and encompasses them, a beautiful screen, and yet but a screen." This forest was called the Forest of Sound; and in the centre of it was a beautiful Gothic chantry, with a statue of a lady at an organ above the door. We entered, and it was full of people, men, women, and children, in groups around different musical instruments, yet was there no confusion. In one place we heard a choir of virgins singing a hymn, which began with *Pange lingua gloriosi corporis mysterium*, to music of the most exquisite beauty. In another, a band of little children round a priest were chanting with feeble voices and in solemn strains, *Dies iræ, dies illa.* Here were three men chanting a sorrowful history in parts, a tenor, a bass, and a contralto. There, with wonderful modulations, was a youthful choir singing the *Christus factus est;* and a little removed from the rest was a young man practising the *Improperia*, and the two-noted harmony of the *Trisagion.* But now all was hushed; the many candles burning in the place were extinguished, and all the people collected beneath one gallery, kneeling in the twilight and shrouding their faces with their hands. Some musical service commenced. It was but a chant

twice varied: one verse being in four parts, and another in five, till both unite, in the final swell of nine voices. The notes were simple and unadorned. At first the voices entered into full but peculiar harmony, softly swelling in emphasis on each word, till the middle of the verse, when a gradual separation of each part took place, preparing for the first close. You might have heard them, as though weaving among themselves a rich texture of harmonious combination; one seemed struggling against the general resolve, and refusing more than a momentary contact with another, but edging off upon delicious dissonances, till the whole, with a waving, successive modulation, met in full harmony upon a suspended cadence. Then they proceeded with the second portion of the verse, upon a different, but even richer accord, till once more they divided, with greater beauty than before. The parts seemed to become more entangled than ever. Here you might trace one winding and creeping, by soft and subdued steps, through the labyrinth of sweet sounds; then another dropped, with delicious trickling falls, from the highest compass to the level of the rest; then one seemed at length to extricate itself; then another, in imitative, successive cadences. They seemed as silver threads, that gradually unravelled themselves, and then wound round the fine, deep-toned bass, which had scarcely swerved from its steady dignity during all their modulations, and filling up the magnificent diapason, burst into a swelling final cadence, which

has no name upon earth. After verse had thus succeeded to verse, ever deepening the impression once made, without an artifice or an embellishment to mar the singleness of the influence,—after the union of the two choirs had made the last burst of condensed, but still harmonious, power, a prayer was recited in melancholy monotony, amidst the scarcely expired echoes of that enchanting, overpowering, heavenly strain: and the mind remained in a state of subdued tenderness and solemnity of feeling, which could ill brook the jarring sounds of earth, and which made it sigh after the region of true and perfect harmony." The candles were now lighted again; and while preparations were being made in another gallery, a choir sung, in a strange rhythmical way, *Pange lingua gloriosi lauream certaminis.* Then commenced some music of the most divine character. It was in six voices, with two basses and two tenors. The human imagination could not go beyond it. It seemed a very laying bare of the mystery of sound. "I do not wonder," said my guide, "that this overpowers you. It is, perhaps, not altogether human. Know that it was once nearly decreed to pull down this school, and fell the Forest of Sound, when a young singing man stood before us, and said, 'Ere you decree the extinction of an art which Heaven has allied to devotion, and before you silence that gift of the Almighty, which He designed to elevate the soul of man, to inspire it with pure and holy thoughts, and to connect it with Himself, listen to its spirit,

and hear what you are about to destroy. I will reveal it to you, for to me it has been already revealed.' This was the piece of music which he composed, and saved our school. But, mark you, it is not beauty without discipline. These sweet sounds are so arranged, knitted to such holy words, and incorporated into such sublime liturgies, that they lead the soul onwards, disciplining it for other harmonies in another world. Read the inscription over the great organ." I looked up, and on a scroll was written, in blue and gold letters—

Render è questo voce a voce in tempra,
Ed in dolcezza ch' esser non può nota,
Se non colà dove 'l gioir s' insempra.

"And," continued she, "to show you that it is not beauty without discipline, one of our greatest pupils, whom we honor this day with the highest honors we dare render unto mortals, has thus in his holiest book addressed God: 'How many tears I shed during the performance of Thy hymns and chants, keenly affected by the notes of Thy melodious Church! My ears drank up those sounds, and they distilled into my heart as sacred truths, and overflowed thence again in pious emotion, and gushed forth into tears, and I was happy in them. Sometimes, from over-jealousy, I would entirely put from me and from the Church the melodies of the sweet chants which we use in the Psalter, lest our ears seduce us; and the way of Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria, seems the safer, who, as I have often

heard, made the reader chant with so slight a change of note, that it was more like speaking than singing. And yet, when I call to mind the tears I shed when I heard the chants of Thy Church, in the infancy of my recovered faith, and reflect that at this time I am affected, not by the mere music, but by the subject, brought out, as it is, by clear voices and appropriate tune, then, in turn, I confess how useful is the practice.'"

We left the school, and began to thread our way through the forest, in order to cross the brook to get to the second forest. In one quiet leafy opening we found a number of little children with yellow hair and light blue eyes, singing—

An dem Kreuz die Mutter stande,
Schmerzen fühlt sie vielerhande,
Aufgelös't des Herzens Bande,
Wie der Heiland überwande.
Kommt mit mir zum Sehnsuchtslande!

When they saw my guide, they ran up to her, and kissed her hand. "Blessed children!" said she; "so, when this school is closed, shall ye go, four and four, singing, Holy, holy, holy, or join the countless choir in hymning the Lamb slain, in another world." We went on, and at last cleared the wood, and found the brook and narrow strip of grassy moor; and still upon the wind we heard, from time to time, the song of the children:—

Ach! Maria, welche Leiden
Musste deine Seele schneiden!

The second forest, into which we now entered, is called The Forest of Color. In the heart of it was a school, much larger than the first, and built in the shape of a Cross. We went in, and, except that there was no Altar or any of the customary signs of worship, I might have fancied myself in a church. The whole building was filled with pictures. In the part which should have been the choir, the subjects all concerned the Lord; in the nave—a much larger space, but less sacred—they exclusively concerned St. Mary. The north transept was given up to the Apostles and male Saints, while the south transept was filled by virgins and pious women of other times. The ceiling was covered with frescos, illustrating the ministry of Angels; and the pavement was rich mosaic, and represented various events from the Old Testament history. There were a few people here and there, some standing, some kneeling with clasped hands. "This," said my guide, is a school almost disused; yet is it a special fountain of beauty. Here are enshrined, in color, the sweet traditions of our Lord, His Mother, and His Apostles, which have ever lived in the Church. Everywhere around you is softness, sweetness, grace, majesty, But there arose in a southern city a school of false beauty in color, which allied itself to all that was bold, grand, effective, in the art of antique paganism; an evil generation merged it in the old school of true beauty, which it debased by casting out fear; and fear among men is the only safeguard of love. A few of our pupils

fled, with the old types and hereditary models, into the Umbrian Apennines, where the school of true beauty expired. You will see their pictures in silver frames, easily discernible among the golden ones. Alas! the barren-hearted times influence even our schools; unless there be a great revolution, this one will shortly be closed altogether. There is beauty here still, but divorced from discipline, and she refuses to manifest herself rightly when her divine companion is neglected. Let us pass on." As we went through the wood I observed a great many chapels of different shapes, and several new ones building. I enquired of my guide what these meant. She said they were full of painted glass. "Here we encourage our pupils to assemble more frequently, since the decay of the principal school. The neglect of the world has fortunately prevented imitation from mixing alloy with this kind of beauty, and discipline is not yet divorced from it: the colored lights still create and vary the temper of devotion."

We now crossed over into the third forest, which is called The Forest of Form. The wood was filled with images, and Crosses, and monuments, the beauty and chastity of which delayed us a long time. On most of the monuments the figures of the departed were lying on their backs, with their hands clasped in prayer, or stretched in the shape of a Cross upon their breasts. But there were some on which the figures were lying on their sides or kneeling. "These," said she, "are the works of ill-taught pupils; we

admit none inside the school but those lying down. In the others fear is weakened, and beauty is wanting in proportion. Alas! if this goes on, and boldness is thus permitted to invade the sanctuary of beauty, we may one day see a statue, not of a Saint, but perchance of a philosopher, standing upright and undaunted in a consecrated house of God, gazing towards the Altar fearless and king-like, the very marble beaming with the rays of strong intellect. This will be the type of a false religion, which will in effect deny the last Judgment." We entered the school, which was crowded with people; but it would be impossible to describe the architectural magnificence which was displayed there. Here were Fonts and Altars of the most beautiful shapes, and covered with allegorical sculptures; there were monuments, niches, and canopies of the most delicate stone-work. In one place were models of cathedrals, chantries, and monasteries; in another an assemblage of door-ways, and the stone-work of windows. Some priests were lecturing young artists on the symbols of architecture; and I was astonished to hear how every little decoration, in itself or its relative position, was made to give up the secret beauty which ages of prayer and discipline had consigned to it. I thought of the Ionic temple. As we passed out through the wood, I saw one or two ruins of Gothic churches, and demanded why they had been left there. "To show," replied my guide, "the harmonious unity which pervades our art. Let chance, or time, or violence break

it where it will, the edifice is unable to assume any but a beautiful form; it is instinct with beauty which no mutilation can impair. The one, you see, is kept bare, to exhibit this more obviously to our pupils; the other is crusted with weeds and flowers, clasped with ivy, and greenly masked with branches, to show with what a kindly feeling of relationship beautiful nature receives into her bosom the beautiful art which, with divine help, we first drew from it. May this art be long preserved in union with discipline, and be unto us for ever a teacher of awful theology!"

In the heart of the fourth and last forest, which was called "The Grove of Discipline," stood an immense cathedral; there is none like it in any of the cities of the earth, save an imperfect remnant by a famous river-side. It was built in the form of a Latin Cross, with a round east end, and a western door of incredible beauty. It had three towers, surmounted by decorated spires; and the side buttresses were of such a boldness, as to strike awe into the beholder. The bells were ringing as we entered, and had tones unspeakable. "This," said my guide, "is the home of discipline, and the school of time and movement." We entered by a side door, and found there many people, in separate crowds and in different parts of the building, all engaged in some rite of worship. At first I was bewildered by the variety. The priests and some of the worshippers were gorgeously apparelled in cloth of gold and many-colored

raiment; some had crowns upon their heads, and others baronial ermine over their shoulders. Side by side with these, a strangely beautiful spectacle, were uncouth artizans, and ill-clothed paupers, and diseased persons. Law-gowns and martial insignia mixed here and there among the kneelers. In time the appearance which the interior of the building presented became harmonious, and the many chants, which had seemed so dissonant at first, became distinct and intelligible. Here was a little child being presented for Baptism; a candle was in its hand, and a few grains of salt lay upon its lips. There was a priest signing the sign of the Cross upon the coffin wherein a dead body was enclosed for burial. At an Altar the marriage ritual was proceeding; and divers other services all over the church. I gazed long and ardently upon the scene, and the tranquil movement which was going on all through the edifice; and it seemed to me as though I beheld the schools of music, painting, and sculpture in movement. The groups upon the Altar stairs, in their ritual attitudes, were the same I had seen in the pictures. Some uncoffined dead bodies, brought in on flower-strewn biers, were the types of the true monumental beauty; the children kneeling round the confessional were the models whence mortal artists imagined angelic fear, angelic love, angelic adoration; the various postures of the solitary kneelers here and there had, from old ages, been to sacred art the language of contrition, intercession, beaming ecstasy, mute rap-

ture; the strong lights, subdued through stained glass, intercepted by the columns, pierced by blue spires of smoking incense, mottled by the checquered pavement, broken into shadows by the images and tombs,—these were the lights of beautiful art; and the swinging lamps, throwing a fiery and uncertain illumination upon the countenances in a dark Altar-piece, had suggested some of the most affecting pictorial marvels. "Yes," said my guide, "this is beauty in movement, and in the school of discipline. And no less is it the school of time; for what is the work in which all these are engaged? There is a divine influence abiding with these walls, permitting holy and consecrated hands to fetch portions of eternity out of Heaven, and link them with portions of time, detained by the faithful, and brought here to be made immortal. Time flows onward, and, like the Rhine-stream, is lost in the sands. But the time, which the faithful bring in here by the way of the west, is taken to the Font, the confessional, or the Altar, stamped with the living signet of immortality, and is permitted to sink underground at the east, where Angels lay it up for an eternal fruit-bearing. Our beauty is not like the beauty shown you before. Ours is imperfect; it witnesses ever with all sweet arts and winning disciplines to its own imperfection; it witnesses to another land; and though not to another beauty, yet to itself in another place and a new home. Beauty has no home on this earth; but she sojourns here, the guest of discipline, like a noble

lady with her steward in some distant possessions. Beauty is the moonlight of the moral world, creating shadows for the consolation and perfection of her worshippers. She consists not, as you were erewhile taught, in the absence of fear, but rather she is wedded to it. Fear is gloom's twin-sister, and doubt is their brother; but our great mistress has ennobled gloom into penitence, and doubt into faith; and lo! they are joined with her in all this worship. Go back now to the ruined temples, and judge thou between these two beauties; go back and be a neophyte in schools like these; and when fear is working perfection in thy soul, and thou canst acknowledge from thy heart that beauty is adoring fear, fear acting adoration in ten thousand ways, then shalt thou be admitted within the gates of yonder city." Just then the great bell tolled in the tower above, and the vibration dwelt for long in the building, till the very pillars seemed to absorb it, while the light trembled at its presence. "Sound and silence," said my guide, "are our ministers." As she said this the western doors were thrown open, and the organs burst into a tumult of the loudest music. A procession entered, and we all knelt. From the mitred patriarch, through the priests, and incense-burners, and banner-bearers, and choristers in scarlet vests, through the Crosses and the pictures, and the burning candles, and the monks, and the nuns, and the poor, and the devout lay-folk, down to the little white-robed children strewing rose-buds, white and

red, with a pretty solemnity, through all that long waving line, as it bent and swayed and drew itself, like one creature, onward to the Altar, the very soul of chastest spiritual beauty ran, and thrilled, and circulated. "*Salvete flores martyrum!*" sang the choir. I burst into tears, and immediately awoke.

The sun was making gorgeous preparations for his setting, yet the ravine of Livadia seemed dark and gloomy. I tried to think of the oracle of Trophonius, and the wild grace of pagan faith; but it was impossible. I had but one thought—where shall I find such schools of beauty? And instead of the liquid folds of strophe and antistrophe in silver-syllabled Greek, the rude tongue of the great-hearted barbarians haunted me, and uttered mournful doctrine.

"Alles was je geschieht
Heutiges Tages,
Trauriger Nachklang ist's
Herrlicher Ahnherrn-Tage!"

The vacant, listless hours of twilight were spent in contemplating, from the balcony of the miserable khan, the placid elegancy of two storks, who were building their nest on the top of the muezzin's tower in an old ruined mosque. Few of the votaries of Trophonius were ever admonished by a more stirring oracle than the one pronounced to me in my dream. My evening amusement consisted in making a beautiful Greek child, whom his father wished to have examined, and would not take ignorance of Romaic

for an excuse, read some Herodotus; which he did with the utmost fluency, and considerable music, but without understanding a word of it. On rewarding him with half a drachme, my hands were covered with kisses. I remembered my school-boy days, and confessed again that this was one of "the revenges which the whirligig of time brings in."

The place for which we made after leaving Livadia was of course Delphi, the modern Castri. We began to ascend, or rather to cross, some roots of the Parnassian range almost immediately after starting; neither were we sorry to quit the thick air and gloomy flats of Bœotia, and the wretched vicinity of the lake Copais. The day was cloudy and overcast; and though we regretted the absence of the summits of Parnassus, keen and glittering against the blue skies of Greece, yet overcast days are generally the best for mountain coloring. We passed first through four or five basins of mountain-land, filled with bog-plants and evergreens, and separated from each other by gentle ridges. It was interesting and peculiar scenery. We then wound along the upward course of a brook, and shortly began to climb in good earnest. At last we reached a high mountain valley. The sun was now very bright, but the wind so strong we could scarcely sit on horseback. On one side rose Parnassus, with his huge rifted steeps, and his broken tops all smoothed with deep snow; on the other was a lesser mountain, belonging to the Parnassian range, with its tall yellow cliffs tufted and

belted with ilex and pine, and every variety of evergreen foliage. Here unfortunately the promise of favorable weather for the splendid scenery was blighted. We were obliged to take refuge in a filthy khan. But the storm only increased, and we were forced at last to take our departure in whirlwinds of sleet. Riding over the rough stony mountain-paths soon became rather difficult. The wind moaned angrily among the summits; sometimes it was lulled for a while, and in a moment broke upon us with a hollow thundering, as if all Parnassus were coming down. Indeed, there was peril in our passage; for we had to cross several mountain torrents, turbid and foaming, where we heard large stones being rolled along at the bottom, and where the ledge over the precipice was but a few feet wide. However, caution would not have been wisdom here. There was no room for delay. The torrents were swelling every instant; and it would have been an extreme instance of poetical ambition to have coveted a houseless night so high up on Parnassus.

The storm at last began to break, and we had sunny glimpses of some scenery of savage beauty. Indeed, it was altogether a most striking defile. Disappointed of reaching Delphi, we were compelled to make the lofty village of Arracova our home for the night, and the demarch received us into his house with great hospitality and an intuitively elegant courtesy.

The next morning we started for Delphi in high

spirits, and full of enthusiastic expectation. Indeed, it would not be easy to approach this famous stronghold of the religion of intellectual Greece without enthusiasm. The road from Arracova is full of fine views, both of the mountains above and of the roughly wooded defiles below. Near Delphi we turned aside into a corn-field to see a very beautiful sarcophagus. Part of the lid is remaining, on which had been the figure of a woman reclining; the pressure of her arm upon the cushion was wonderfully executed. The sight of this fragment of antique beauty reminded me of a very classical poem by Keats, whose real merits false principles of taste and a singularly feeble dominion over his mother-tongue have perhaps too much overshadowed. It is on a Grecian urn, and is pervaded by the true spirit of Greek antiquity.

"Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Science and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

"Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

"Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Leadst thou that heifer lowing to the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town, by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built, with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

"O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches, and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayst,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

The convent below Delphi, standing among venerably contorted olives, is a very romantic spot, and has more shade than is common in Greece. Near to it is the far-famed Castalian spring, bubbling out into a small tank near the entrance of a little chapel. The water came forth in a copious stream,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim :

and our Greek guide compelled us all to drink seven times of the inspiring fountain. It is to be hoped that something will come of those seven draughts, for the sake of the "faded hierarchy" of Olympus. Müller seems now to have settled that the site of the temple is in the village: not out of it, as had been supposed before. The villagers, from superstition it was said, had filled up his excavations with rubbish, so that we profited but little by them. The inscription, however, in copying which Müller lost his life, was still uncovered. He remained during the heats of a summer day on that hill-side facing the south, with his head bent down, decyphering and copying. The blood mounted into his head; and he returned to Athens only to be honored with a grave at Colonos. It is said that he had made several fresh and important discoveries, which would have gone a great way to rectify the classical topography of Greece. He has probably left papers behind him, but it will be difficult to find in another his elegant imagination to weave them into one body, and build,

as he could with singular felicity of combination, brilliant theories upon a daringly light substructure of facts. Delphi is full of ruins and vestiges, from the Castalian spring to the burying-place of the priests, but they are so broken that a detail of them would be dry and uninteresting, without such a commentary as would exhibit a degree of scholarship which I must not pretend to. The beauty and wisdom of classic customs or remains do but reluctantly unfold themselves to such travellers as have built fanes within their minds for the worship of Gothic art and Gothic wisdom.

The high, terraced part of Delphi, anciently called Pytho, was the spot where the Pythian games took place every third spring, and which were chiefly musical. It is near the site of the temple, and between the Castalian spring and the burying-place of the priests. The name Pytho recalled the time of serpent-worship, when the dragon was the oracle, and guarded the steaming chink of γαῖα πρωτόμαντις, and the games were to celebrate Apollo's victory over the serpent, the establishment of a better oracle, and the coming of Divine Themis to dwell there: an allegory singularly capable of a Christian turn.

At the burying-place of the priests I parted from my companions, who returned to Livadia, and from thence to Platæa. I proceeded to the sea-shore to embark for Corinth, attended by an Athenian boy and a mule driver. We descended the mountain, and in a short time reached the town of Crissa, and

then set foot on the famous Crissæan plain: a cause of war in old Greek history for its great fertility. Indeed, it seemed to answer to the Scripture phrase of corn and wine and oil, though the vines were few in comparison of the corn and olives. It is not a valley, but, as in Attica and Bœotia, strictly a plain, from which the mountains rise straight up, as if the Bay of Salona had at some time relinquished part of its bed. It consists of two bowls, an outer one in the shape of a horse-shoe, and an inner one of a more compressed form. On the right was the town of Salona, and on the left a village called Xero Pegadia. The heat was very oppressive; and although the plain was half filled by a superb olive-grove, immense trees, shady, and glistening with their blue silvery leaves, like a quiet summer sea when not an air profanes the quivering field of waters, yet the path perversely kept just on the outside of the wood, and out of the shadowy reach of the boughs. I envied some camels tethered under the trees, browsing on the young shoots, which they cropped by help of their long necks with the most languid gracefulness. There was one young one, a very beautiful animal, who seemed wandering the wood at will, stalking about in the shade, and nibbling here and there; for his neck was not long enough to reach the shoots at all times.

At Scala Salonæ I took boat, and in an hour was landed at Galaxidi, a miserable town on the eastern promontory of old Locris. From noon till two hours

from sunset the time was spent in a violent and angry quarrel between the townspeople and myself about leaving the place, where they were anxious to detain me. My scanty knowledge of Romaic, of course, aggravated the matter, and some rough handling and shaking, as well as demonstrations of further violence, drove me out of the town to the base of the mountain, two miles off, where I waited till after dark, half-famished, my Athenian boy having rendered me no assistance; for the sympathy which he expressed by weeping was rather provoking than otherwise. After dark I returned to the town, paid two mariners exorbitantly for a boat to Lutrarchi, found my craven-hearted Athenian, and, more weary with anger than hunger, I persuaded the mariners to put me on board the boat, which was at anchor in the bay, where I would await their coming, a little before sunrise. Through their agency I obtained some brown bread and a handful of dates, which I ate, maintaining Xenophon's warning to apply only to the green fruit. My own stores produced me tea, which, even without milk, was a real luxury.

I made my repast on deck, with Parnassus before me, and the moon behind; and while I gazed on the rocky cleft above Delphi, from time to time I decyphered, by moonlight, a quaint old oracle out of Herodotus. The whole night long I was serenaded by the crowing of the cocks, and the lonely-sounding wail of the curlews, all distinctly echoed back from the Parnassian range opposite.

There are some who could more easily chronicle their lives by nights than by days. Since that night, when I gazed on Parnassus as one might gaze on an altar, and in that long gaze transferred every rift on its huge side to memory's faithful keeping, how many a fair moon has come to me with calmest visitation among the secret woods and by the lonely water-courses of the English mountains! How many a cloudy night with merciful sternness has forced peace upon my spirit, chastising a repining heart and a doubting intellect! How often has the majesty of venerable night, enthroned in all those everlasting clefts, taught with authority some truth which in the heat and toil of study had seemed uncertain, and almost false! How often, when the midnight mountains were solemnly shadowed in the stedfast lake, have I held communion with the departed, such as I once believed not to be held on earth! Oh! be not backward to confess the power of night! In that sunken lane between the wood and the wall, where the mountain brook comes down to meet the river as it bends westward, most often has it been my lot to receive the influence of night. Emerging from the screen of gloomy firs some moonlight night, how wonderful is that scene! The two meeting mountains in front, with glistening stones and dark spots of holly and juniper, the mighty cove, scooped out by some fierce agency in long past ages, lying to the right, with the wood and park in front, and then the river-side meadows on the left: how beautiful all is,

how very beautifully calm! Look at the vast outline of that cove, knoll rising on knoll, brought near in shade or thrown far off in light, a very heavenly benediction of radiance spread upon it. Did the earth alway so appear before the curse pressed heavily on it, and it grew aged? Does it not look as if just fresh from the Creator's hand? Might they not, for untroubled beauty and exceeding calmness, be the hills of Eden? Was there ever such a mystery as the nightly world, so different in all things from the world of day, as if the old elements had vanished, the old substances waxed thin, the old forms been filled with new spirit; another empire, and subject to other laws? How mysterious are these pauses of darkness wherewith God has chequered this stage of our eternal course! How different is the nightly world from the patient, suffering world of day!

Can there be an inhabitant of the vale before whose eyes night has not worked a separate marvel at every turn in that winding road from the large to the lesser lake? And when I reach the garden-gate, and mount the mossy bank, can I pass the young beech-tree half-way up, without turning to look upon the slumbering village? The wet roofs are glistening in the moon-beams, Wansfell yearning over more near than in the day, as if the guardianship of the hamlet were entrusted to it for the night, and the shrill church-clock numbering to the vale the hours that have elapsed since its creation, or rather since its Creator died to make creation new again. O ye far-

off lands which I have traversed! can I not name villages, one, two, three, four, nay many, most like to this one, and whose nightly appearance, buried in the roots of the Carpathian mountains or among the Carnic Alps, now rushes back upon me? O glorious region, fair provinces of the great Kaiser! since it was given me to wander among your lawns and woods and round lakes, I have seen nothing beautiful anywhere, but I have said to myself, as though it were a standard of natural beauty, Such is Styria! O earth, earth, thou hast too many ties to fasten our affections to thyself! Thou art dowered above measure with majesty and loveliness!

Yet it is wronging nature, and specially wronging night, so to speak. The same sunken vale is haunted by other influences. There are timorous spirits on whom night leans somewhat heavily at times, on whom it has leaned heavily in that sunken vale. Reverend night has touched them there with a more awful sceptre, a touch more weighty than the slender pillar of a star or the tremulous flaky shower of moonlight. Night in that lane, as some have not been ashamed to witness of themselves, has more than once drawn them within the confines of the spiritual world. There, though every mood of night was familiar to them and every mutation in her temper dear, she has sometimes overshadowed their spirits with a fearful panic. The silent trees have seemed possessed by a spiritual indwelling, and the woods filled with legions of airy beings, the hoary

lichen-covered stones in the wall have become as faces, and there was a sound of footsteps close behind, and a breathing upon the shoulder, and a sudden sound in the wall, as though some one were handling the stones, and a vibration in the air, as though wings were parting it, and an ominousness in the hollow sound of the waters struggling under-ground, and a meaningness in the leaning mountains,—all very fearful, so that it would have been a relief to cry out, if they had dared to do so. But what might have followed? That one cry (for the spirit of the panic whispers strange things) might have shaken down the last partition between the world of matter and of spirit, as a rash voice may invoke the ruinous avalanche in an alpine pass, and they might have been in presences and with associates which would be death to a stained soul. The inner world might be all but evolving out of the visible shell wherein it is wrapped up, a womb in which, to thoughtful spectators, it many times stirs perceptibly. Or could it be (for even this has fear suggested) that the day of Judgment was beginning, and that they were in the outskirts of the trouble and preparation for that advent? Was it not enough to make them flee home, like chased animals? Yet of those panics there comes health to the soul.

Thou art not, then, dowered overmuch, O earth! for while thy beauty ties us to thee, thy terrors wean us from thee. Thou art ever witnessing of another world, and linking us to that. Thou art a preacher

who wins our love first, that he may afterwards do his high office better.

The cool darkness restored tranquillity to mind and temper, for the gradual cooling of the air after the fierce sun of the day was very grateful and reminded me of Wordsworth's lines,—

> Evening now unbinds the fetters,
> Fashion'd by the glowing light;
> All that breathe are thankful debtors
> To the harbinger of night.

The night seemed a very short one, for the spirit of the place was on me. With my eyes fixed upon the cleft above Delphi, clear in the yellow moon-beams, I mused on the old paganism of this wonderful region.

The fortunes of paganism are a strange page in the history of the world, full of beauty and mystery. Beginning with the worship of the stars, the generations of fallen man seemed to testify to a belief that in the golden age, the scriptural Eden, the symbols of nature were a language read and understood by their forefathers; and from the movements of the heavenly bodies were probably drawn the Babylonian mystery of numbers, and the arithmetical combinations in which almost all nations supposed the cycles of destiny and the secrets of prophecy to be enclosed. Indeed, it is difficult to fix the thoughts for any length of time upon arithmetic or arithmetical calculations, without a feeling of the mysteriousness

of numbers forcing itself upon the mind; and we are therefore not surprised at the frequent recurrence of certain numbers in Scripture, and the way in which attention is called to them. The worship of the elements would, of course, be anterior to any pagan system which impersonated the functions of nature and made each attribute a god, with first a name and then a local habitation. Indeed, between element-worship and the delicate Ionian mythology, which is generally meant when we speak of classical paganism, there intervenes the agrarian religion of the Pelasgic herdsmen, which to the last occupied the Athenian acropolis, while the later system had its temples and altars down below. The Doric worship of Apollo seems to have been, like Buddhism, a fearful imitation, on the part of the Evil Spirit, of the peculiar doctrine of the Gospel. The invention of nymphs of the hills, woods, wells, and sea-deeps, was not so much the making of a new system, as a carrying out of the Ionic principle and a filling in of the vacancies which marred the harmonious entireness of the Ionic system. The deification of enthusiasm, embodied in the Parnassian worship of Dionysos, would belong to an age subsequent to a pastoral one, and confining upon civilization. There would be much among a lively people, under the pressure of civilization, which would find a grateful vent, from time to time, in this worship of enthusiasm. The beautiful ritual which the gloomy beech-woods of Thrace contributed to Greek paganism, in

the worship of the Muses, may be regarded as the only romantic element that ever found access to the Greek mind, and was welcome there. Lastly came the worship of heroes, whether legislative or martial. Oracular places, at the end of paganism, kept testifying to the belief which was expressed in its earliest worship of Sabaism, that earth was the vehicle of revelations to man, whether it were by her own vaporous breath, or the whispering in the oak branches, or the flight, voices, or entrails of her creatures, or the sportive cycles into which the wind strewed the inscribed leaves. The same principle was also the fountain from whence the magnificent pantheism of antiquity arose, which worshipped earth herself as the only divinity; not the instrument of One behind her, but the self-originated treasure-house of all power and all knowledge, in whose awful centre, over which that very Delphi stood, all beneficial and all malignant virtues were permitted to battle, for that there was beauty in the strife. Whatever splintered, yet shining, fragment of divine truth it was which came uppermost in this or that pagan system, whether it were the morning stars that sang together at the creation, or the vile serpent, or the primitive command to sacrifice, or the flood and ark of Noah, or the divine intelligence which connected blood and expiation for crime, or the hallowing power of water, or the promise of God's Son, or the reverence of the good dead, still one principle is alike expressed in all:—that earth

was the divine repository of mysterious virtues and a supernatural knowledge, which had once lain upon her surface, but was by some convulsion among gods or men now delved deep into her soil, and that there were appointed means by which she could be constrained to give up what she withheld, as well as furtive ways, such as a mephitic steam in some sequestered cleft, by which this dread intelligence eluded her jealous custody, and escaped to the air wherein man dwells.

The decline of paganism was mournful and undignified. Faith after faith went out, like the extinguishing of lamps in a temple, or the paling of the marsh-fires before the rising sun. From a popular religion it passed into a scholastic philosophy, and straightway degenerated. The theosophites tried to re-illumine it, by filling its empty vases with the many-colored light of moral allegory. But to allegory it is not given to bind into one the ten thousand times ten thousand hearts of men. This attempt did but dishonor it before the people, and accelerate its downfall; for it turned into conviction what had yet been only suspicion of its untruthfulness. Neither were the theosophists competent to unlock the allegorical cabinets which there really were in the old paganism. It is we who keep the key, not they. And accordingly this key was applied by the Christian school of Alexandria, especially by St. Clement and Origen; with what extraordinary success is well known; and a study of what they elicited is indeed

likely to make a man regard every thing about him in a much more solemn way than he has been at all accustomed to. The establishment of Christianity as the religion under whose auspicious shadow the empire was to stand gave the wound to paganism, of which it died with many long and lingering throes. Yet it was not fatal to it, as many historians have somewhat loosely asserted, because the slavish people ran after the faith of the great and powerful, whatever it might be; but rather because the establishment of the new faith led to the abolition of the apotheosis of the emperors, into which hero-worship had been long since commuted, and to which alone, of all pagan rites, the last faint shadow of reality clung in the estimation of the people, especially of the distant provincials. Still paganism emitted two more flashes of indignant brilliance before it was extinguished. The reign of Julian and the seal of God's wrath impressed upon his acts by the globes of fire, which forbade that forerunner of Antichrist to meddle with His people in their awful visitation and tremendous chastisement, intervened between two Christian reigns. The apostate believed the marvellous organization, which he beheld in the catholic Church, to be her only hidden life, and fondly attempted to re-animate the cold and almost lifeless frame of paganism by mere ritual decorum; but, as there was something in the Church which defeated the attempts of persecution to destroy her, so there was nothing in paganism to meet and combine with

a new organization, so as to bring life back into it. The prayers of the Church were heard, and God rid her of the apostate. The last flash of pagan energy was in Italy during the brief usurpation of Eugenius the Rhetorician, the nominee of the barbarian Arbogastes; but the arm of the noble Theodosius suppressed the usurper, and the faith of the vigilant Ambrose overwhelmed the temporary reaction of the old dark belief.

But the cleft above Delphi, and the enthusiasm which such a sight breeds when our school-boy days are yet fresh and unfaded, lead to another question:—What view is it allowable for us to take of the old classical paganism? Many epithets have been already applied to it in the course of the narrative, which may seem very different from the language of the early fathers, to say nothing of certain expressions of St. Paul. This may be worth an explanation. Let us put an hypothesis, and not call it by any stronger name.

The whole of external nature may be regarded as a wonderful assemblage of forms or vases capable of a spiritual indwelling: by which means man, whose daily life is conversant with these forms, is brought in contact with the spiritual world. The varying instincts of beasts, the divers diseases of the world, and sundry plagues and blights may be from time to time, or always, overruled by spiritual agency to an end. There are specimens of this in Scripture. The commotions of the elements, the pomps of

light and shade, the plain admonitions of the seasons, may all be but screens behind which is a world of spiritual agents, setting them all in order and procession. Dreams, we know, are sometimes filled with spirit, and the dead have been troubled and called up and appeared. All these things seem to indicate that the world of matter (as men speak) is animated and interpenetrated with spirit; that we can touch nothing but we come in contact with something greater than we expected; that not only does a world of spirit exist close by us, but that our communication with it is for the most part through the forms of external nature, so that while we look around upon visible objects, we are all the while hemmed in and compassed round with invisible powers, thrones, dominions and principalities. Let any one meditate for awhile on such subjects as these; the close connexion claimed by all forms of paganism with the animals—the real substantial way in which the false gods, their worship and oracles, are spoken of in the Old Testament—the demons of Gospel times—the Church doctrine of guardian Angels—the structure of Scripture language; (as, for instance, when it speaks of Hagar and the well, Elisha's servant and the Angels, it is not said the well was made by miracle or the Angels brought of a sudden purpose, but *their* eyes were opened)—the mention of witchcraft in the apostolic catalogue of carnal works—and the fearfully real and personal character and agency attributed to the evil spirit in

the New Testament. It is not necessary to strain these things, and draw hard statements out of them: but do they not all look one way—to a world of spirit, embracing, animating, compassing, putting an instinct into the world of matter, in which the world of matter is melted down, fused, and well nigh vanishes? Nay, does not even the use of particular kinds and shapes of matter in Church ritual, such as the ring in marriage, or ashes in penance, and the consecrating of churches and cemeteries, imply a capability in matter of receiving blessing in some such way as that after it is blessed it is not the same to us as it was before it was blessed? Let us suppose then the whole of external nature to be an assemblage of forms and vases capable of and actually filled with a spiritual indwelling.

Now the world of spirit is divided into two provinces, not locally distinct, but everywhere conflicting. It is the blending of light and darkness. The angelic orders of the Almighty and the permitted agency of the dark ministers of Satan. In whatever forms of nature, then, there was a good spiritual influence, there the evil was ejected and could not enter; but wherever, for man's sin, God withdrew such a blissful presence, there, as to a house swept and garnished, the powers of evil pressed in, and desecrated it by their unhallowed occupation. Thus the whole of external nature is supposed to be tenanted by spirits, good or bad, as mercy or wrath proceed from the Throne. To the Jew the going on

the top of the mulberry trees is the Lord God going before him to battle; to the Hindoo there is the coming of his god in the rustling of the pepul tree; to the Greek there is the whisper of prophecy in the quivering of the Dodonæan oaks. This is one instance out of many. Where God's truth was held, there was the tenanting of benign spirits to guide and cheer and instruct and restrain: where false religions prevailed, there was the tenanting of malignant spirits, disposing the whole delusive machinery of the foul belief to dazzle and overawe and bewilder and mislead. Yet even in God's own land Satan walked up and down, and had priests and prophets, and wrought miracles, man's sin giving him admission: as in the case of the sorceress of Endor. So likewise in heathen lands may it not be allowable to suppose that God spoke to the heart from time to time through oracles and vain rites; bidding, where He saw anything acceptable in a man's heart, His spirits to use for a witness of Himself the vehicles devised by the evil angels? Let us enumerate a few things which make this seem probable:—that God left not Himself without witness; that the natural seasons and blessings of climate were witnesses; that the heathen conscience was so far preserved in integrity as to be an adequate moral rule; that the history of Balaam looks this way; that the pagan systems embodied much tradition which we can recognize and claim as divine; that many pagan modes of worship, pagan oracles, pagan miracles, were imi-

tations by Satan of the divine method as exhibited in Scripture; that there are, among the heathen, examples of moral virtue so distinguished as that it would be venturesome to disjoin them from some sanctifying aid or other. It is probable, therefore, that God in His great mercy, here and there, from time to time, for the good of this or that soul, for His own glory and manifestation, or any other mysterious purpose above our comprehension, and which it is our business to adore, did vouchsafe to illuminate the old truths and imitations of divine methods imbedded in false religions, and cause His ministering spirits to act upon the soul or senses through those truths and methods. To what extent this mercy went man of course knows nothing; and it will be imagined scanty or abundant according to the peculiar temperament of each person who happens to give a thought to the matter. Supposing, as I should, such grace to have been exuberantly poured out when for particular purposes the true Church was imprisoned in one nation, and supposing a mind fond of laying bare divine traditions buried in the mould of heathenism and tracing the shadows flung from Scripture into the heart of false systems, the use of high epithets and noble names, when speaking of Greek paganism, becomes intelligible; and, if erroneous, at least pardonable: being a wish to write God's name on all things beautiful and true.

On this ground then it is that beauty or delicacy

are predicated of paganism as it existed *before* Christ's coming, because it is believed that there was at times a divine indwelling in it, so that virtue and life were disclosed by it. But *after* the preaching of the Gospel and the throwing open of the Church and the giving to her the new and stupendous power of becoming catholic, it was in accordance with the foregoing supposition, with the jealous temper and exclusive spirit of the Gospel, and with St. Paul's teaching that heretofore God had "winked," that all good spiritual agency should be withdrawn from heathen shapes and forms and collected upon the side of the universal Church of God. Satan too might concentrate and rally his powers on their old domains for the conflict between himself and the Seed of the woman. God's witness of Himself now was single, and, though single, yet more than adequate. The two faiths of light and darkness were no longer now, as in Jewish times, existing side by side in separate localities; but light invaded and encroached upon the realm of darkness at every quarter. It was a struggle of awful import. It is probable then that the influence of paganism became now purely malignant, a concentrated anti-christian element. This will explain the language of the early fathers. Satan fell like lightning from heaven. The presence of the Holy One ejected him from thence at once. But the feeble, though divine, presence of the Church is more gradual and imperfect upon earth. Still, wherever she moved she gained

ground, ejecting malignant influences through prayer and fasting, and chasing the darkness with exorcisms from stronghold to stronghold; and so early had the ultimate victory become apparent, that St. Clement of Alexandria is already able to regard paganism in a somewhat different way from the earlier apologists. It has in it, truly, the indwelling of detestable spirits; yet can he now safely come to the polluted precinct to recover what had been erewhile stolen from the tabernacle of God. Thus the Church went on consecrating and exorcising, till the land was sufficiently subdued for her to dwell in; though it was not cleared of the enemy any more than Canaan, her type. Enough remained for the destruction of the reprobate, and the distress, trial, and perfection of the elect. Malignant objects were and are left, whereon the Church from time to time may make "full proof of her ministry" by miracles.

What has been said will also meet and explain the difficulties which some find in the accounts of occurrences in heathen lands at this day; manifestations, namely, of satanical energy attested by evidence of such a kind and in so many cases, that no one can quarrel with it without shaking all testimony to its very foundations. The case of the magicians of modern Egypt may be cited in point; the presence of the Church being very feeble there, and the whole land being the Scripture symbol of spiritual darkness, the magicians of Pharaoh may well have successors in the valley of the Nile. This

hypothesis, if it does not by this time amount to something more in the reader's mind, will also prevent us from finding matter either for scorn or self-disturbance in what are called, in homely phrase, ghost-stories; and this will not be a slight comfort to serious persons, for there are few of us who have not in our own families instances of these visitations of sights and sounds, so distinguished from hallucination and so authenticated even by parental lips, that we could not reject them without an offence to natural piety.

There is an ancient tradition that our Blessed Lord, when on earth, was never seen to smile. It is an interesting and awful tradition, if it be true; interesting, as concerning our Lord, and awful, as magnifying the work of our redemption, in that it depressed His spirit continually, and as indicating, perhaps, what a fearful place this earth is, could we see it aright. Probably such trains of thought as the above may help to deepen our awe of common things.

I looked up to the cleft above Delphi, and felt uneasy, the coldness of the dawn conspiring with my awe-chilled spirit; yet while the busy operation of malignant spirits trouble the soul, we may look to the Church as our consolation, and say, as I said with the cleft of Delphi before me, "I opened my mouth and drew in my breath; for my delight was in thy commandments."

We left the harbor of Galaxidi at about two in the

morning; but when the sun rose we were only off Cape Djesphinà, the eastern promontory of the Bay of Salona, and going about a mile an hour. The sunrise was uncommonly magnificent: his first beams fell on the coast of the Morea; the dark mountains of Achaia were lighted up, crowding down into the sea with fair cliffs and green headlands, while behind them the lofty summits of Arcadia, all covered with snow, shone most brilliantly. The scene shifted slowly, but was always beautiful; indeed, it is scarcely possible for any coast-scenery to rival the superb shores of the Gulf of Corinth. At eleven we had Parnassus on our left, Lyakoura, as the sailors called it, and we were at the mouth of the Bay of Aspropitia, with the opening to the Bay of Livadostro stretching before us, while our course was to the right, where Capes St. Dimitre and Malangara guarded the mouth of the Bay of Corinth; and Acro-Corinth was visible in the haze. We were now utterly becalmed; and after a sound sleep in the shade of one of the sails, my only occupations were reading Herodotus, and looking over the boat-side into the singular blue water. The blue of Genoa did not resemble it; it was an ultra-marine blue of such powerful vividness, as I never saw even in a picture. The eye could penetrate a great way down; and the rays of the sun struck curiously under the water, producing dazzling images and reflections far below the surface. It realized to me, for the first time, what many think an unnatural simile:—

" I see the deep's untrampled floor,
With green and purple sea-weed strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown."

About four in the afternoon a strong wind descended from the hills of Roumelia; away went our boat over on her side, and slicing the blue waters as clean as a swallow, she ran into Lutrarchi in an hour. From thence, having procured a mule for the baggage and sent it on by the Athenian, I walked to Corinth through loose sands and sea-side ever-greens, with Acro-Corinth before me to cheer me on. In an hour and a half I left the sea-side, struck over the green moor, and entered Corinth, as weary and ragged a pilgrim as ever entered there, or was driven from its gates by the arrogant Bacchiadæ.

The next day was devoted to complete tranquillity; and, indeed, the window of the little inn at Corinth has a view on which a weary man might gaze pleasantly for hours; it commands great part of the blue gulf, and the masses of the splendid Parnassian range, with their three-headed[1] king rising with his snowy diadem above them all. Indeed, there were scenes, also, of a less elevating character. A number of Corinthians were engaged in saddle-mending; they sat together on the ground among nettle-beds and

[1] The epithet "Biceps" arose probably from the fact of the third head not being visible from Delphi itself; you are too much under the mountain there to see the third.

tumuli of broken masonry. Two of them, an old and young one, quarrelled, and after words proceeded to blows, one armed with a hammer, the other with a piece of wood. It really seemed probable that the elder one would have been murdered, if a rescue had not taken place, not on the part of the idle crowd near, who urged the fight, but by a soldier passing at the time. He threw the younger one down, and kicked him till he appeared almost senseless. Yet shortly afterwards, keen and cutting words from the old Greek again brought the young one upon him; and the affair assumed a very serious aspect. Fortunately an officer, attracted by the noise, interposed, and heard the cause, the termination of which was much less solemn than it had promised to be. He seized the young Greek by the hand, dragged him to the old Greek, and seizing the old one also, he made them kiss each other's hands; finally, with great force and much struggling, he laid hold of them both by the nape of the neck, and by gradual and patient compression he forced them to kiss each other on the mouth. The faces of the hostile parties were inimitably doleful; and the officer received the plaudits of the crowd, who, crowd-like, had been urging on the battle but a minute before, and crying, as they cried now, Καλόν! καλόν! "Good! good!" As these compulsory kisses were given at Eastertide, when every one saluted us with Χριστὸς ἀνέστη, it is quite certain the peace will be kept till the forty days are expired. It reminded me of the reconcilia-

tion of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in Henry the Second's synod at Winchester, when the two prelates swore to suspend their anger for five years. When the ἀληθινῶς ἀνέστη of the forty days ceases, then possibly the feud of the saddle-menders will again disturb the desolate tranquillity of Corinth.

It was at Corinth, also, that I was amused, in my own despite, with the anathema pronounced on our young guide by the owner of some horses. The guide knocked him down; the owner, who seemed a great coward, contented himself with this dignified imprecation, "May you never have five leptas, (the twentieth part of eightpence half-penny,) to buy a candle to light your grand-father's sarcophagus!" It immediately brought tears to the young Greek's eyes, and he could scarcely speak of it without a faltering voice for some days.

Travelling in Greece is like wandering in some celebrated church-yard, where the fury of rude religionists has mutilated the grave-stones of the poor, and the stone carvings on the sepulchres of the great. I mourned over poor Corinth; never have I seen anywhere such forlorn desolation. Thebes itself, ruined as it is, is almost buried in the mournful green waste; and Delphi has its natural grandeur; and Mycenæ its huge monuments; and Athens is adorned with beautiful decay; but Corinth, poor Corinth, is indeed most miserable; though even here nature still is beautiful. There are ruins in plenty, but mostly in undistinguished masses of masonry, and

those not of the ancient city. The modern town is small, and one of the poorest in the Greek kingdom. The streets are full of stones, and dust-heaps, and tufts of nettles. An old mosque is still standing in the centre, like the scar of the chain of slavery which is not readily effaced from the flesh. The road to Kalamaki, the old Cenchreæ, where St. Paul shaved his head because of a vow and into which the whole riches of the Levant were once poured, is now a straggling grassy path among stunted shrubs. Such is Corinth now; a sight oppressing the spirits. And old Corinth was the city of intellect, of wealth, of commercial enterprise, of luxury, of art. The most voluptuous of the orders of old architecture took its name from Corinth. It was the Venice of antiquity; a city of which it could be said proverbially,

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."

But the part it played in ancient history, and the high place it occupies among the celebrated towns of the world, are but secondary thoughts to one at Corinth. It was here that St. Paul was expressly sent to preach the Gospel, because the Lord had much people in the place; it was here, when Silas and Timotheus came from Macedonia, that the Apostle was pressed in the spirit. Here he wrought at tent-making; here Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed; here Gallio, like the world in these days of controversy, drove both Christian and Jew

from his tribunal, and cared not that Sosthenes was beaten; it was here that one of the apostolic Churches was planted, a Church, perhaps, above all other Churches in the world, gifted with the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost; and yet inferior to most in what is far more important, the ordinary graces of the same Blessed Person: thereby teaching us that as in common life God often endows bad men with transcending powers of intellect, so even in His Church and her miraculous gifts He observes the same providential analogy. Though they spoke with tongues above other men and interpreted and prophesied, they were disorderly, given to much talking and big words, fond of strife, and apt to run into parties; altogether in need, the Apostle seems to indicate, of more charity, the "excellent way" of Christian perfection. Indeed, schism and dissension appear from the first to have set a seal upon the Corinthian Church, or, at least, upon a very influential party in that Church. From the first, one was of Paul, another of Apollos, another of Cephas; and among the few remains we have of ecclesiastical antiquity, one of the earliest is the epistle of St. Clement of Rome, addressed to the Corinthian Church, in order to appease a schism. And as poor Corinth is to the proud Greek Tyre of classical times, so were those brawling saddle-menders to the quarrelsome schismatics from whom they are descended. And what is the Church of Corinth now? It exists, and is part of God's holy catholic Church: for that

much we may be thankful; for much else we must humble ourselves.

The stars are twinkling on the top of Cithæron, and it is one of those hours when the happiness or the peace of the inward heart runs over upon all things near it, and common objects appear fresh and new. Who does not know the feeling which follows some successful struggle with temptation, or some obedience to an irksome call of duty; when a man goes out into the open air, and the grass upon the lawn, the drooping branches, and the snow upon the mountains seem not themselves, or have a better radiance on them than their own? So lustrous this night are the stars upon Cithæron, twinkling above the gulf, and plain, and mountain-top, and old city. They looked down once on Corinth the opulent, whose merchants were taking late rest, and compassing many lands in their schemes; they looked down once upon a bay full of gallant shipping, where now there is scarcely a boat; they looked down once upon a Church eminent in gifts, whose worshippers were going to nocturnal prayers: perhaps to the house of Crispus to hear the exhortations of St. Paul, to pray with an Apostle. O dutiful lamps of heaven! they are fulfilling their courses still; they still come to their seats above Cithæron at appointed times, seeming to our imperfect vision to swing their lighted censers in the blue dome unsteadily. Their brightness is reproachful. It says that the will of our Father is not done on earth, as it is

in heaven. For His kingdom came to Corinth, and is well nigh gone again. The Altar of Corinth has been laid low, and minished; and the seven-branched candlestick, which once shone in her with an unusual lustre, now burns dim and uncertain in the mist. Cithæron is still an altar, and the heavenly lamps are lighted there in their seasons. For all things are done above, as they were not done in Corinth, "decently and in order." O that there were an heart in us to weep and to pine for the coming of that day, if in God's counsels of mercy there be such a day to come, when the Churches of the world shall be no more imprisoned within the pitiful boundaries of a secular kingdom; when the broken and disjointed Church, now sick and languid and everywhere sinning both in rite and doctrine, shall again be one and entire; when there shall be, what our fathers saw, and the world doubts, and the Saints crave, a Christendom once more! Those faithful stars would not make us mourn then. Who speaks of the stars when the moon is riding through the heavens to receive their homage? And were our Moon, the Sun's bride, lighted once again; were the earthly exhalations purged away which intercept the full glory of His reflection from falling into her capacious and serene bosom, "the light of the moon would be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun would be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord should bind up the breach of His people, and heal the stroke of their wound."

There are no particular remains of interest in Corinth, except seven Doric pillars, with parts of the entablature over some of them. They are of stone, not marble, and monoliths. They are too short to be elegant, and the nettles are of such gigantic growth, that it is not easy to discover whether the feet of the columns are not concealed by an accumulation of rubbish. However, they look well when you are a little way from them, and see them no longer with a background of ruined hovels, but standing out in relief against the glorious blue of the bay.

It was broad noon, and a fierce, glaring sun, when with an indiscreet impatience I commenced the ascent of the famous Acro-Corinth. The path is so steep that it occupied nearly an hour; but the sweet smell of innumerable wild-flowers beguiled the toil, and in the worst part of the climb, when

> There came a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming eye,
> Upward I looked, and called it luxury.

The sentinel kept me waiting outside the fortress. The auspicious veil cleared off from the sun, and I remained without a possibility of shelter in the sultry, breathless, glowing heat. I never felt the real power of the sun before. In less than a quarter of an hour my nose and ears tingled painfully, my lips swelled, my wrists felt as if a cord were tightly twisted round them, my mouth was quite parched up, and all the veins in my forehead distended as if

they were going to crack. The angry glare from the heaps of white rock added considerably to my suffering. It would not have been endurable for any length of time; but when I gained admittance into the fortress, the cool, earthy smell of the low archway was indescribably refreshing, and partially restored me. The top of Acro-Corinth was the first place where I ever felt actual bodily pain from the heat of the sun. I came to a well with an ancient marble top, in which the chains of the water-drawers had by long course of time worn polished grooves. I never felt any sensual appetite so strong before, as the raging thirst was then; and when the soldier drew up a skinful of water, I could hardly refrain from drinking, it looked so bright and cold. I reached out my hand for it, and the soldier held it to me; but the madness was only momentary.

The remains on Acro-Corinth are prodigious in extent, but not very interesting. There are the ruins of two Turkish mosques, and an old Turkish cannon may be seen there; but far the greater part of the remains, walls, battlements, and gateway, appeared to be Venetian, and there are several pieces of Venetian cannon. The summit of Acro-Corinth is a sort of rude triangle, with three summits at the extremities. The one towards the north-east is the highest; that to the south-west, lower. A third point juts out to the north-west, adding greatly to the size; and on this third and lowest height the blue and white flag of the new Greek kingdom was

flying. Acro-Corinth therefore is a rough Greek Cross, with the south-east point abruptly broken off.

The view from the north-east summit is beautiful, simply as a view, but in the quantity of history which it embraces, it is probably unequalled in the world. To the north I saw Corinth at my feet: the Gulf, the long low ridge of mountain ending in Cape Malangara, the Bay of Livadostro over it, Basilico, the old Sicyon, on the other horn of the bay of Corinth; then, beyond, the long line of the shore of Roumelia, with Helicon and Parnassus clear and distinct. Turning westward, I looked down the Gulf of Lepanto, along the shore of Achaia, and marked all the high and snowy mountains of Arcadia; northward, were the summits about Argos, Mycenæ, and Nauplia, almost to the neighborhood of Sparta; eastward, lay Egina, Athens, Salamis, and the little Isthmus of Corinth, with the hovels of Kalamaki, the old Cenchreæ: Pentelicus, Hymettus, and some of the Ægean islands, were hidden in the haze. What a vast proportion of the world's history does this extraordinary panorama embrace!

The whole of Acro-Corinth is overgrown with wild sage, dwarf laburnums, deadly nightshade, and occasional fig-trees, and the herbage is as slippery as glass. During the descent there were some very striking views. An immense thundercloud gradually enveloped the whole of the Morea, and was muttering sullenly. Every now and then it opened its murky womb, and right in its very recesses stood

some Arcadian summit with a strong lurid light upon it, like the shining of ruddy brass, and then the cloud closed again with slow pomp. This was repeated several times. To an old Greek such a solemn storm, brooding over the haunted Arcadia, the land of great Pan, would have been an awful sight; and, wrapping and unwrapping the mountain-heads of that mysterious region, would have seemed fraught with omen and significancy and a divine presence. He might have knelt on the side of Acro-Corinth, and prayed, in the poet's words, unto the great Pan:—

"O! hearkener to the loud-clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsmen: Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribèd sounds,
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows,
With leaves about their brows!

"Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven,

That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a fresh birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycæan!"

After leaving Corinth, we rode for some miles among barren sandy defiles, covered with stunted evergreens, till we came to the pass of Dramadi (?), where the Greeks surprised a body of Turks during the War of Independence, and made a horrible massacre of them. At the northern extremity of the large Argive plain stand three mountains, rocky and bold, but not high. Between two of these are the ruins of old Mycenæ, Agamemnon's capital: the most interesting place, after Athens, which we have seen in Greece. What a very throng of Homeric thoughts and memories come along with the word Mycenæ! We went to the famous Gate of Lions, which is in a very perfect state, and is a striking relique. We found there M. Pittakys, the inspector and guardian of antiquities. He was superintending the labors of some workmen, who were removing the stones and earth with which the opening is filled up. The two lions are sculptured rudely, but with a great deal of character, on a stone above the gate-

way. They are represented in the attitude of supporters to a column, which is carved between; and, at a distance, the whole looks as if the Colonna and Orsini families had made up their feuds, and united their armorial bearings. The blocks of stone of which the walls are built are of a prodigious size. Yet all things ought to be gigantic here; for has not Agamemnon, the type of all monarchs, walked in and out of that gateway, when this stony hillside was the dwelling of the brave warriors of Mycenæ? The next object of interest was the large subterranean chamber: Agamemnon's Tomb, or the Treasury of Atreus, whichsoever the antiquaries will finally decide it to be. The masonry of it is very extraordinary, and, except the walls of Tiryns, the most massive I ever saw. We preferred to consider it Agamemnon's Tomb, as the thought of him was uppermost in our minds. Here we reflected on his miserable end at the hands of the adulteress and her paramour; we thought of the palmy days of the royal Mycenæ; we thought of the fair Helen, and the rough Ajax, and the passionate Achilles, and the cold Menelaus, and the crafty Ulysses, and the dead Priam, and the stouthearted Hector, and the dishonored age of Queen Hecuba: and every name we called up from the embalmed treasury of the Iliad came to us with beauty and power, so that there was a thrill of joy in lingering on the well known syllables. We looked around us; we looked on the gray and green of the moor-land earth, and

the blue of the sky, and Argos afar off, and the bright tongue of the Gulf of Nauplia, and we thought we could verily see the cloud of glorious Greek poetry that hangs, and will hang for ever, upon this cheerless hillside of Mycenæ.

Over and over again is the littleness of Greece, geographically speaking, brought before us very forcibly. How difficult it is to realize those years of wandering, and returns of multiform adventure, which awaited the different chieftains ὅθεν περ καὶ Ὁμηρίδαι ῥαπτῶν ἐπέων τὰ πόλλ' ἀοιδοὶ ἄρχονται, especially when we consider (an undignified modern thought!) that a ship with a good wind, to say nothing of steam, would convey a man from Nauplia to the Troad in fifty hours. But, indeed, the littleness of Greece, and, by consequence, its marvellous greatness, is laid visibly before a man when he sees all on one plain, and within a few miles of each other, Mycenæ, Argos, Tiryns, and Nauplia. Mycenæ was destroyed by Argos, out of rancor, it is said, for the reputation which she gained in sending her contingent to Thermopylæ, which the Argives refused to do. A city could not well have had a more glorious fall; it was an act worthy of the base Argives, the most selfish, unchivalrous, and poor-minded people of all Greece. Certainly, they played an important part at an important time; and by it they destroyed for ever the unity, and, consequently, the predominance of the Dorian feeling—as a *sacred* thing, at least—throughout the Peloponnese; but it was done by a powerful,

ungenerous neutrality. Any one who studies the intricate political history contained in the fifth book of Thucydides must rise up with a thorough contempt for Argos.

We did not go to Argos; we saw that famous seat of Juno's worship on the hill two miles off, with the modern town lying below, and the celebrated Lernæan marsh stretching to the south-east. The plain of Argos is of considerable extent and very fertile; and the view which it presents is by no means uninteresting. The mountains girdle it all round, except where the Bay of Napoli comes in; and there, too, the mountains still girdle the view beyond the bay, the more distant blue hills stretching over like a bracelet, and clasping it all in. Of Tiryns nothing is left but some of the Cyclopian walls with their huge barbaric masonry.

Napoli di Romania is a town of a very striking appearance, and has an oasis of civilization all round it. Two real roads, roads in the Frank acceptation of the word, branch from it, one to Argos, the other towards Epidaurus; and we saw five or six ricketty carriages, the first we had seen since we left the eternal stream of multiform vehicles, in every stage of dilapidation, from the more to the less perilous, which flows with a jingling rumble between Athens and Piræus. There is also an inn at the place, an honor which Napoli shares with Athens, Patras, Egripo, and Corinth, all possessing regular ξενοδόχεια, not khans. The streets are more respectable than

those of Athens; and less full of undignified ruin. The citadel, or palamede, is not exactly at the end of the promontory, but commands both it, the bay, the town, and the approaches from the land. It was built originally by Palamedes, the shrewd Greek who detected the feigned madness of Ulysses, when he was sowing the sea-sands with salt to evade the Trojan expedition. But the crafty Ithacan never forgave him, but compassed his death most iniquitously, while the host was before the walls of Troy. It was at Napoli that Capo d'Istrias was shot, near the door of a church. It is probable that, notwithstanding his zeal for education and the like, he does not deserve all the sympathy which his fate has won for him. It seems not improbable that he would have betrayed the liberties of his country to Russia, and that for gold.

There was once an idea of making Napoli the capital of the modern Greek kingdom; and some writers have complained that Athens was made the capital merely for its ancient celebrity. Napoli, it is said, is better situated for a mercantile port, and Corinth is yet more eligible. However, even looking at the matter in this poor point of view, it would not be hard to raise objections both to Napoli and to Corinth; and time will probably show that Athens has one great political advantage. If the Greek kingdom is to go on and live, weathering the wicked stupidity of its wretched Bavarian monarch, some of its most dangerous struggles will probably arise from

the unkindly feelings between the Roumeliotes and the inhabitants of the Morea. Now, in this case, there would be mutual jealousy if the capital were in the strongholds of either people; but Attica seems to be a kind of neutral ground, and the name of Athens allays petty envies. But, after all, this is a low view of the subject to take. It was wisest, according to the best political wisdom, to make Athens the capital; the glory of her name, the long line of sacred associations, the mighty hold her greatness has upon the imagination of every Greek, and which will increase as education goes forward, are of no slight importance. Greece has little enough whereon to found a national existence; but she must have, as all nations will have, something imaginative, something resting deep down in the mysterious faculties of our nature, to contribute that unity and that soberness which elevate enthusiasm into the love of country, and to give the people that consistency, that political toughness, necessary for battling with difficulties, which every one must now see to be inevitable, if not insuperable. Then again, the Greeks are in many ways the counterparts of the French; and the same disposition which makes, and always has made, Paris to be France, will most assuredly make the Greek capital to be Greece, wherever it be; and by making Athens, which all are compelled by the voice of the world to venerate, and which the yearly influx of travellers will fill with wealth, to be no

longer a city of Attica, but, with all her past, all her glory in war, art, and literature, to be the common property of all Greece, national pride will be enlisted in her behalf; and in her soil alone is it barely possible for a root of unity to strike, where hope of unity seems, to man's eye, desperate. In a word, imagination is worth something, and swells the reckoning some little even in political matters; and this is forgotten by those who condemn so strongly the fixing of the court and cabinet of Greece at Athens.

As we left Napoli, the early morning was bright and clear upon the hills about Mycenæ and the summits which run thence to the sea. My fancy painted them with beacons on the top ready to be kindled as soon as Agamemnon's returning vessel could be seen from shore: those beacons, not an artifice of impatient affection, but the precaution of discreet crime. For how many long years did the watchmen look down on this very same scene, this waste of green undulations with occasional blue fringes of sea, the long lines of goats, the white flocks of sheep, and the bearded barley on the Argive plain! The luminous touch of Æschylus is upon those heights, giving them an interest and nobility which many a loftier Alp and more romantic mountain lack. We rode eastward, and during the first few miles we had several most beautiful views of Napoli when we looked back. But the weather

soon became intolerably hot, and the road led us into basin after basin of mountain-land, enclosed on all sides by hills, and where the air was glowing as in a furnace. No breeze could intrude there, but there were plenty of glaring rocks, and no herbage but withered wild thyme. We rested for some little while at a small khan, where we luxuriated in the shade of a hospitable willow-tree near a spring, and got some of that liquid turpentine which passes in Greece for wine. The flavor of turpentine in this wine, though nauseous at first, soon becomes agreeable; and even when most obnoxious, may be borne with as a practical comment upon the fir-cone which headed the thyrsus of the classic Bacchanals. In the afternoon we reached the site of Iero, the sacred city of Æsculapius. It is in a singular situation, occupying a mountain hollow, open only towards the west. The ground is spotted with lines of trees, principally evergreen, and is somewhat park-like in its appearance. It is full of remains of a most interesting nature, and I have seen no spot in Greece so touching as the amphitheatre of Iero, tufted with bushy weeds and Greek thyme and aromatic flowers, with here and there a stone gently and gracefully displaced by some protruding lentiscus or yellow-blossomed cytisus. Here too is no glory, here no crime, no noisy politics, no boastful literature haunting the grassy hollow and exciting the traveller. It is the tranquil ruin, the pleasant desolation of Greek

domestic life. It was a city whose waters allured visitors from all the provinces, and as with us, so with the Greeks, cities dedicated to health were dedicated to pleasure likewise. In truth it is a pleasant city still, sinking patiently under the hand of calm centuries into the bosom of the flowery hollow from whence it rose. The remains scarcely rise above the level of the ground. Yet all around is solitary and soothing. The mountains stand about it, the mute observers of all its noise, its mirth, and its decay; yet no expression is visible upon them. Long centuries have notched their chronicles upon the cliffs, but the vernal renewing comes and masks these scars from mortal eye. They are as gay and green as ever, careless of silent Iero. It was but a dream to them. They saw the earth grow flowery, after the deluge crushed it, while Greece was yet unpeopled. They saw the mountain hollow slowly fill up from the crumbling of their own mighty ridges. A city was built there, and there were songs and dances and sacrificial flutes for awhile, and then they ceased. And now the fragrant presence of the Greek summer fills the hollow, and hangs upon the mountain ledges, as it did before the land was claimed by that bright race of wonder-working men.

I lay down at full length upon one of the steps of the theatre, unslung from off my neck the bag wherein my journal and writing-implements were

contained, and in that indolent posture commenced writing. When I had finished, I looked up; the green hills were clasping the hollow round about, at some distance the horses were cropping the white, withered grass, in the middle of the amphitheatre our young philosopher and guide, Demetri, lay fast asleep, and barely shaded by some lentiscus stems my two companions with up-turned faces were travelling in the land of dreams: and to that land was I soon called myself, with my face buried in my arms upon the cool step, and fearless: for the serpents in the city of Æsculapius must surely be innocuous.

I dreamed that Iero rose up again out of the bosom of the earth, with its fair temples and sacred grove of planes and olive-trees, its straggling streets and little agora, and salubrious wells, and hill-side farms. It was summer afternoon, and I roamed all over the place at will. Methought I met a young Athenian, who accosted me, and, when I returned his salutation, he was struck with my accent, and asked me if I were not from Sicily. He showed me where I should find the objects most worth seeing. I wandered towards a little separate village, where dying people and women in labor were removed; for within the sacred precincts of the grove, where the bath and temple were, no person was allowed to die or to be born. It seemed to a Greek a profane thing that a man should die in the hallowed city of

health, and yet was it so curious a way of keeping up the fame of Iero that in a Gothic mind it would provoke amusement. But, quaint homage as it was to the power of health, it was quite in accordance with the Greek genius, whose sense of its earnestness would never be impaired by the equally acute sense of its laughable character. The ancient Greeks, and they alone, were capable of ridicule without impairing earnestness.

Near the village was a funeral pyre erected, and the procession bearing the body of a dead man was gathering round the place. The mourners were clothed in black, and the hair of the women was torn, and the faces of the men wounded in excess of grief. They were chanting the Ololugè, till all the procession was arranged in order round the pyre. The deceased was a young Arcadian hunter, who had got a poisonous thorn into his foot, and the waters of Iero had been essayed in vain. They laid his body on the wood, his brother holding the head; and round the body they placed eighteen jars of Megarian honey, nine on each side of the body, to quicken the burning, Then they brought two fine wolf-like Molossian hounds, the favorites of the departed, and slew them at the foot of the pyre. It was a pitiful sight to see, for the huge dogs when brought to the spot fawned upon their master's brother, as they might have done at the banquet when the chase was over. But at the sight of the dogs, a

woman burst forth from the crowd, screaming, and wounding her face with her nails. It was the mother of the hunter. "O my beautiful Toxilides," she cried, "O my long-haired boy! what hast thou done to anger the dread Erinnyes, holiest of powers? O great Pan, wherefore hast thou not protected thy votary? Did he ever climb our native steeps without first breathing a prayer to thee? Did he ever kill one of thy sacred goats which the priest had marked? Oh! never, never. Surely it is the wrath of Dionysos which hath visited him, because he suffered the sacred goats to bruise the new shoots of the vine, rather than offend thee, O Pan. And thou too, chaste Artemis, why hast thou not been his protectress, his who hath oftimes blessed thy silent visitation on the murky moors, or in the horrible shadowy glens? Oh woe, woe, my beautiful Toxilides, the hunter of Arcadia, is no more! Alas! ye misty uplands of Arcadia, ye will feel his elastic tread no more! Ye beautiful fields, where Ladon ripples with his willowy screen, yé cool brown pools of Ladon, sheltered by the broad-leaved plane, which were the bath of those beautiful limbs, he can come to you no more. He is gone to hunt in the fields of the blessed. Him will the bridal feasts, and the dances of the damsels, and the festal sacrifices of Orchomenos behold no more. Oh! woe is me, woe is me for Toxilides, for Toxilides!" Then the brother made signs to the attendants that they should

remove her; and he set fire to the pile. For two hours there was a deep, dread silence, and the attendants came forward, and slaked the hot, thirsty ashes with red wine.

I turned away, and wandered towards a little temple, surrounded with plane-trees. It was close to the southern gate of the city, and the grove seemed to be a sort of park for the inhabitants of Iero. On a little grassy opening were a band of merry-hearted Athenian children, busy in the dance, and chiding each other with pretty gibes; for they were representing in the woven figures of the dance the mystic wanderings of the island of Delos, driven restlessly upon the waters; and they kept ever blaming one another for inaccuracies; and some old men sat by much pleased, and smiling grave smiles; and, when they chided each other, the children, the little girls especially, would leave the dance and throng round one of the old men, and ask him if it were not so. Yet did they not permit him to be judge; for they all spoke at once and perplexed him with their quick prattle, and, because he did not speak nor understand, they chided him for his old age gently, and laughed at him, and began dancing round him, and then ran away. And the old man sat still upon the thymy bank, and was more pleased than ever.

Some distance beyond, on the steps of a low temple, were two boys and a little girl, whom from

their dress I knew to be Spartans. At a distance were a number of Laconian maidens, practising the Caryatic dance. It was a beautiful sight to see. A tall damsel stood, as motionless as a statue, with a bushy wreath of sedge around her temples, supporting on her head with both her hands a basket full of cakes and flowers. It seemed strange that any living thing should be so utterly without motion as she was; and yet the wonderful grace of her attitude did not allow her stillness to be without beauty and life. Around her were a number of maidens, with their garments gathered up and clasped, and their hands lifted up as though they were bearing baskets, and yet they bore none; and they moved around their motionless companion in a graceful and stately dance, going in and out as though they were twisting a flower-wreath. The two boys and the little girl upon the temple-steps were watching them. "Why is it, Anaxandridas," said one of the boys, "that you have been so sad of late, and keep apart?" "Ah, Pheidippus," replied he, "you know not what it is to be left when your sister marries. She and I were ever together. We did all things together, and she was free to go with me wherever I chose; but now that she is married she may not come much into public, and I am alone." "But oh! how happy she must be," said Eudocia, "how very, very happy! She can go about commanding her attendants like a queen, and, if she pleases, she can sit in the portico

and dole out the flax to the slaves, and not spin herself. Oh! how happy she must be!" "Why, my little Eudocia," said Anaxandridas, "you would be a strange Dorian mother if you were idle and did not spin." "I know not," replied Eudocia, "but it seems to me your sister must be very happy, and I would give all the golden vessels in the temple of Argive Juno, were they mine, to be like Eustathia." "What," said Anaxandridas, "and do you wish to leave Pheidippus?" "No," replied she, "but then he might come and sit with me in my portico, and"— "Lead a life worthy of a Spartan, I suppose you would say," replied Anaxandridas. "Sparta has need of rough citizens just now, Eudocia." "What mean you by that?" asked Pheidippus. "I mean," said Anaxandridas, "that there must soon be a deadly struggle between the ephors and the kings." "Yes," replied Pheidippus, "I heard my father say the same thing soon after the ephors had returned from dreaming in the temple of Pasiphäe: he said that they had had more dreams than were made public. The ephors grow haughty." "I trust, Pheidippus," replied Anaxandridas, "that they may soon stand higher, and so be haughtier." "What," answered Pheidippus, "wouldst thou side with the ephors?" "Of a truth I would," rejoined Anaxandridas. "Hear me, Pheidippus; when I was a child, and my nurse took me down to the bubbling Tiasa at the Tithenidian feast, and sacrificed on my

behalf a sucking-pig to Artemis Limnatis, there were strange omens of my greatness revealed to her. Now a king I cannot be, an ephor I can. Understandest thou?" "Oh, Anaxandridas," said Pheidippus, "and has not every nurse ten thousand omens of greatness for every nursling? Who magnifies more than a nurse?" "Banter me not on this point, Pheidippus," replied Anaxandridas, "for much as I love thee, I cannot bear it. The course of events is like a difficult hyporchema at a Spartan feast; it tells its tale to some, it is but a beating of the feet to others. The course of events has interpreted to me some of my old nurse's omens." "But," said Pheidippus, "do you look for the contest soon?" "Mark me," replied Anaxandridas, "thou knowest that every ninth year, on some night without a cloud, and when the moon doth not lead the choir of the stars, the ephors watch till daybreak, and never speak a word. If one star shoots in the sky, then do we know that it is a divine intimation that the kings have offended the gods, and we must send to Delphi for the oracle to dictate some lustration. Perchance this next time a star may shoot, perchance an oracle may come from Delphi which shall concern the Ephors." "Anaxandridas, what is the meaning of all this?" asked Pheidippus. "How didst thou a boy learn these things?" "I overheard them," replied Anaxandridas. "Thou art a foolish youth and not Spartan-like to mention them," said Pheidippus. "Nay, Pheidippus," replied the other,

"have we ever had any secrets? Ask Eudocia if it is fit we should have them now. Shall we not stand side by side in the battle-ranks?" "Well, my beloved Anaxandridas," rejoined Pheidippus, "it were at least better thou shouldst slouch thy felt hat over thy brow, and pass in all Sparta for a sloven, than that men should suspect thou hast such deep thoughts as these already." "See, see," said Eudocia, laughing violently. "Who is that strange man coming this way. By the Dioscuri, I never saw such a creature before." As she spoke, a man drew near dressed in a white linen garment, folded with great scrupulosity; the sleeves covered even his finger-ends, and his hair was elaborately curled, and a huge golden grasshopper was fastened in it. When he was passed, Anaxandridas said. "It is Eucleides, the old Athenian; he is a man of many words, and would fain be an orator at Athens. But his speech is slow and pompous, and the people will not hear him, but take off his style and mimic his voice and gesture; and some late mortification has depressed him, and therefore has he come to Iero. He goes to the back of yon grove daily in order to declaim on the finances of Athens, for his talk ever is of the wicked extravagance of the people; and he is now meditating an attempt to take away the theatre money of those idle Athenians, yet he is in difficulty how it shall be moved in the ecclesia." Hearing this I followed the old Athenian.

When we had come near to the olive-grove I heard

behind me the noise of a chariot running very swiftly on a hard road. I turned round, but there was nothing to be seen. Still the noise continued, coming nearer and nearer, till it seemed almost at my heels. I turned round again in great alarm: but there was nothing. Over the city, however, was a cloud of white dust, though I could not see whence it had come. Suddenly the noise of the chariot ceased, and there was a most affecting stillness. Yet the cloud of dust grew thicker and thicker over the city. And now there was a loud hissing, as of a thousand serpents, and although there was no wind, the tops of the olive-trees were vehemently shaken, so that they cast their fruit, and numbers of green lizards ran hastily down the grooves of the columns in the temple hard by. Then the noise of the chariot began once more, and then ceased again. Once more the loud hissing came, and the olive-trees were shaken more vehemently than ever, and there was a noise such as I had only heard once before, when I was wrecked, and the ship struck with a long awful grating sound upon the rock. Then there came a distant, very distant muttering of thunder, though the sky was bare and blue, and now ten or twenty small reports, like the clink of heavy quoits, came from the ravines of the hills. All at once there rose a heart-rending wail from the city, and a cry, "The wells have sunk into the ground. Fly to the mountains. It is the earthquake. Woe! woe! woe! It is the

earthquake." But before the people could fly, the earth hissed and trembled: for one moment it stood still with a dreadful hush; then came four claps of the most terrific thunder, and the earth split in several places, and the columns of the temples fell prostrate, and the mountains bowed towards the city; and in the city were the crash of buildings, the screams of people, the rattling of the earth like hail-stones on a leaden roof, a low moaning wind, the gurgling noise of the wells bursting up in a tumultuous flood breaking away the marble pavement, and the piteous lowing of the oxen, a commingling of all hideous sounds. Then came a most appalling thunder clap; I turned to fly; the earth reeled again, burst open in the heart of the city, rolled over, as it seemed, and leaned as if it was going to be overturned towards the west. Once more the hissing came, and the sound as of clinking quoits: then a noise like a roaring watery surge in the ocean, when it strikes a cliff in a spring tide, and the earth heaved mightily over towards the east, quivered, and settled down in its place without a shock or a sound, but a dark cloud of dust rose up, filling the eyes, ears, mouth, and nostrils. I hastened away as fast as I could. There was a dead silence all around. I came back to the little Doric temple, now ruined. Anaxandridas lay dead: a fragment of a broken plinth had struck him on the head: and when the ephors watch on the moonless night, Anaxandridas will not

be disturbed. But I had no time to pity Anaxandridas; for close by, with his eyes, wherein reason was quenched for ever, almost starting from their sockets, the wretched Pheidippus, apparently tongue-tied by some fearful convulsion which had taken place in his nature, was pulling vehemently at something underneath a fallen pillar. I stooped down. The little Eudocia was crushed beneath it. It had fallen on her face. He was pulling at the long yellow hair of his little sister.

I awoke with a start. The green hills in their tranquillity were still clasping the hollow round about, the horses were still cropping the white, withered grass, Demetris' gay Greek dress was still lying motionless in the centre of the amphitheatre, and the two behind the lentiscus stems had not stirred a limb.

From Iero to Epidaurus the road winds the whole way through a series of rude and woody glens. We had several views of considerable beauty in thus crossing over the top of the Argolic peninsula. One, in particular, struck us very much. It was a place where three ravines met. Two of them were covered with tall shrubs of very various green, and innumerable wild flowers; and the other one was clothed with an old shaggy over-hanging wood of stone-pines. To be sure, the wood was evergreen; yet the trees did not grow straight or formal, but were large, well grouped, and presented here and there,

with the afternoon sun upon them, massive clouds of sleeping foliage. Then again, as we neared the sea, we had some lovely peeps of the blue bay of Epidaurus, and the south end of Egina, with the island of Ankistri between. One view in particular was very pleasing. We stood on a rocky platform raised above a ravine, four or five miles long, perfectly straight, and filled with a tangled mass of many colored trees, over which several kinds of creepers trailed their tendrils, decked with blue and white and lilac bells, so that, although a little stream ran unseen down the middle, the whole leafy dell was covered with a close matted green and colored net-work. At the end of the ravine lay one round pool of divinely blue sea, with a pale mountain beyond. It was the most plentiful day of any we had had in Greece for strange flowers and strange butterflies and foreign trees. Indeed, the road from Iero to Epidaurus must rank with the defiles of Parnassus, and the shores of the Euripus, from Oropo to Egripo, the as three most beautiful things we have found in a land which, so far as we saw, has not much fine scenery to attract a traveller.

At Epidaurus there are some vestiges of ruin, and three statues were excavated a few years ago; there is nothing to interest any one but a professed antiquarian. The main attraction of Epidaurus is its little bay, the loveliest sea-pool which can be imagined, the most tranquil home for Nereids, where

they might provoke the envy of the gazing Oreads from the neighboring hills, as from the hot shrubby underwoods they might address the Nereids sporting in the cool blue water:

Wissen's wohl, in Meeresfrische
Glatt behagen sich die Fische,
Schwanken Lebens ohne Leid;
Doch! ihr festlich regen Schaaren,
Heute möchten wir erfahren,
Dass ihr mehr als Fische seyd.
Was sehen wir von Weiten
Das Wellenreich durch-gleiten?
Als wie nach Windes Regel
Anzögen weisse Segel,
So hell sind sie zu schauen,
Verklärte Meeresfrauen!

We came forth ourselves from the deeps of the Epidaurian bay so refreshed, that we were confident that Æsculapius had imparted a peculiar health and coolness to that sea-horn: and having hired a boat with the sign of a serpent, most appropriate for Epidaurus, we sat upon the projecting rock where the little church stands, gazing upon the glossy tremor of the windless seas, till the evening breath should blow from old Argolis, and waft us over to Peiræus. We had a pleasant and a patient watch in the shadow which the eastern gable of the low Greek church threw across us. As if for our sakes, now leaving the Peloponnese probably for ever, there came a series of the most lovely pieces of sunset and twilight coloring, painted upon the mountain which

forms Cape Estemo, and stands forward guarding and concealing the bay of Epidaurus. It is said to be an extinct volcano. For one whole hour, while a silence reigned around, deeply impressing the spirit and breeding solemn thoughts of nature and her agents and Him whose light finds way through her transparent veils, we looked at Cape Estemo. It was an altar whereon light, the first day's emanation of the Divine Will, the first embracer of this beautiful world, who lies upon the earth and shines upon the sea, and in whose bosom, which darkness never utterly overrules in the deepest nights, all the works of men repose—it was an altar, whereon light came and wove bright figures, and stirred like the shiftings of the evening Angel's wings. For one whole hour there came glowing flushes of purple, rose red, deep orange, and misty blue, and dwelt upon the breast of Estemo, to give God glory, to stir Angels' praise, and to chasten man's heart.

Oh, my dear friend! my teacher in so much of the best of all wisdoms, my example of the gentlest of all tempers! who art now serving the Church far, far away, in a rude colony, having denied thyself all the delights of home, and stripped thyself of a hundred joys long cherished, in imitation of Him Who emptied Himself of unspeakable glories to be our High Priest, it is a pure and soothing thing to me to recal any of thy words, and here in the Epidaurian Bay shall that strain haunt, which broke forth from thee when week by week thou didst commemorate in song the

works of the Creation, and the mystery of light, that prophetic veil, as thou didst interpret it, spread over all nations.

" This world I deem
But a beautiful dream,
Of shadows that are not what they seem,
Where visions rise,
Giving dim surmise
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

" Arm of the Lord!
Creating Word!
Whose glory the silent skies record,
Where stands Thy Name
In scrolls of flame,
On the firmament's high-shadowing frame!

" I gaze o'erhead,
Where Thy hand hath spread
For the waters of Heaven that crystal bed,
And stored the dew
In its deeps of blue,
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

" Soft they shine
Through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of Thy Flesh Divine
Beams forth the light
That were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

" And such I deem
This world will seem
When we waken from life's mysterious dream,
And burst the shell
Where our spirits dwell
In their wondrous antenatal cell.

"I gaze aloof
On the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof,
Which the King of kings
As a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things:

"A tapestried tent,
To shade us meant,
From the bare everlasting firmament;
Where the blaze of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

"But could I see,
As in truth they be,
The glories of Heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

"Soon the whole,
Like a parchèd scroll,
Shall before my amazèd sight uproll;
And without a screen
At one burst be seen
The Presence wherein I have ever been.

"O! who shall bear
The blinding glare
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there?
What eye may gaze
On the unveiled blaze
Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of Days!
Christ us aid!
Himself be our Shade,
That in that dread day we be not dismayed!"

At the Greek church in the Bay of Epidaurus the stranger appeared to me again. He greeted me with a smile. "With stars above our heads at Marathon," said he, "we met last time, and now that the stars are coming out above us, one by one, we meet at Epidaurus. Your face is now once more set towards Athens, the city of Paul, Basil, and Gregory." "Yes," replied I, "we hope to be there to-morrow; and I trust that, the first excitement of Greece being over, our sojourn there will be profitable." "And how," continued he, "have the fortunes of the Greek Church affected you?" "Not so much," I replied, "as perhaps they ought to have done. But my thoughts have been in a great measure turned into another channel. I have striven to contemplate, in the spirit of a churchman, the Greek paganism: to find there, as in all things else, the blended writing of God's mercy and God's judgment, line for line alternately." "Neither," said he, "is it unbecoming a priest so to labor, especially when with a bold wisdom the foundation-stones of Christian education are now sunk deep in the fertile soil of heathen genius. But find you the Greek paganism in anywise divine?" "Most assuredly," I replied: "I find the whole system but a binding together of tokens of a spiritual world, for the cheering of men apparently encompassed with the arms of matter. It is no grotesque distortion or unwieldy collection of divine notices, as some false faiths are. But the keen vision of this great people has detected the

spirit-links which are the fastenings of nature and the seasons, and, not unassisted (so would I reverently deem) in their guessing, they have found meanings there. These meanings of their mother-earth have they moulded up with the footprints of angelic presences, with voices and sounds and flashes, which the tenacious memory of meek tradition has gathered in long ages; dreams, too, and the ominous behaviour of the creatures, and portents, and panics, and the similar coincidences of different lands, have they incorporated with the rest; and the highest moral instincts, and awful persuasions of our nature, they have deified and contributed to the store, and blind searchings after expiation, and the sudden, unaccountable possession of whole multitudes by dreary faiths or fears. This mass, wherein many a broken gem and lustrous particle of primitive revelation is embraced, they have taken and set in order. Then they breathed the breath of their own native beauty into it, and it stirred, and the old truths grouped themselves one around another, so that their very attitude and position gave out new truths, and, when so made alive, it contained within itself every field and fountain of cheerfulness which man in all the wide world may claim, and the gloom and the holy terror were chased to the corners and the outskirts to be sought out and medicinally used by the conscience stained with a more than common guiltiness. Methinks it were a garden wherein God would not disdain to let His Angels walk." "No,"

replied the stranger; "truly it was a fair place, and a divinity was vouchsafed to it. Moral worth, wheresoever it exist, can only be the handiwork of the Blessed Sanctifier. Surely it is bold to claim even generosity, plain-speaking and plain-dealing, true love, self-sacrifice, and, that lowest of excellences, physical courage, for our nature. It is better far to give them to the Holy Spirit, as His own exuberant fruits, yielding tokens of His universal presence even in the most unkindly soils." "Yes," said I, "it is better to hold such things to be His work in evil men, than to deny their goodness because they are in evil men. And that the heathen philosophers themselves felt something inexplicable and apparently jarring in the highest moral characters, may be seen from Aristotle's portrait of the magnanimous man, whom one phrase would lead us to regard as a monster against whom society should have published a crusade, while in another he would appear to have reached the very summit of moral excellence. And is not a liability to be misunderstood one, though a precarious, characteristic of moral excellence? Thus I hold it pious to believe that in pagan times many a wandering beam, many a pitying Angel, many a rent in Heaven, many a significant portent, many an overflow of the appointed channels of grace, were vouchsafed, whereon a poor glimmering faith might feed, and grow, not wholly of itself, into a feeble yet steady light, acceptable for His sake Who sent such faith its food."

"Indeed," I continued, "the whole of Greek paganism is a determined effort to realize a spiritual world. The natural earth, looked at as a mere assemblage of material objects, is so full of destitution and repulsive vacancy, so cloven throughout into chinks and gaps and dark hollows, where no soul could find light to dwell, that a thoughtful man could not walk thereon. They strove, therefore, in this land to fill in these vacancies with the cheering fulness of a spiritual in-dwelling. They peopled the wells, the woods, the hills, with ministrants, whose very characteristic it was to be *man-loving*, St. Basil's favorite epithet for the true God, the Sender of His Son." "Yet," said the Stranger, "there were powers of a somewhat more malignant character." "Yes," said I, "affliction and sorrow were to be accounted for, fear to be allowed some room to expand, awe to have some fountains of whose waters she could drink and chill herself. Yet how few, how surprisingly few were these deities; and with what a chaste reverence were they approached and regarded! It is wonderful, too, how, in almost all cases, they connected sorrow with sin; and with what a holy horror they worshipped the ministers of retributive justice, not venturing, even in their names and epithets, to express their dark office! Some powers, too, there were whom they represented as inflicting pain or joy capriciously, and in an irregular sportive way. Even these expressed the cheerful spirit of their religion; for in the most unaccountable

calamities and unfortunate turns of life it was to them more consoling to feel themselves the sport of a merry, not vindictive, power, rather than believe themselves the children of undeified accident." "And," said my companion, "this view of nature, as a screen to the operations of spiritual ministrants, may not be far from the truth. There are many mysterious parts of the Bible, many tints discerned upon its surface, and lights flickering up and down, which may be profitably studied. All revelations are for a purpose, could we but see it; and they who most study in God's word the doctrines of the faith and the institutes of holy living, will, not for idle fancies nor to the neglect of other truth nor with disproportionate attention, most value those other portions where a light seems to be thrown, or an intimation to be vouchsafed, concerning the world wherein we live. Certainly, the way in which mountains are spoken of, and the winds, and natural plagues, and different kinds of trees, and angelic appearances, and the mentions of water especially, would lead one to think it probable that we were environed hourly with visible angelic ministrations, seeing not the bright ministrants, only for that they stand behind their works rather than in front of them." "O yes," said I, "let it be permitted to pass for a pious opinion, that such and so solemn is the world we move in and look upon. Thoughts like these, which hourly objects keep unimpaired and unforgotten, are so many addi-

tional safeguards against sin, exorcists of impurity, and props for reverence to stay itself upon."

"But," I continued, "so earnest was the desire of these people to realize a spiritual world, and so enlarged their notions of its extent, that, not content with looking above themselves for spiritual beings and powerful ministrants, they looked below themselves also, and regarded the world of animals in a light so very solemn, as to be instructive even in these days to ourselves." "Surely," replied the stranger, "no one would ever venture to regard the animals without deep thoughts and feelings, remembering that their blood stood in the place of Christ's Blood till He came; and that their flesh is needful to us to repair the decays of Adam's fall, being thus a type of Christ's Flesh, which our flesh must put on in order to regain the lost similitude of God; and finally, that they are our necessary allies in subjecting the world to our dominion, thus bearing part of our burden and joining in our impatient groaning under our present travail." "The symbolical use of animals in old Egypt," said I, "presents us with many deep mysteries. It was not, as has been often hastily said, a *worship* of animals. It is singular to observe in Herodotus, who may himself have considered it an animal worship, how there is scarcely any expression in his language, probably from his careful copying of the priests, which strictly conveys this idea; and how some words, which we should have thought he would have been

sure to use, are, more or less unconsciously, avoided. In Egypt sacred animals appear to have been used as a kind of living ritual, each animal so consecrated being a mystical type." "And in Scripture," said he, "various animals are put forward as types of classes of men, and followers of certain sins. And as with everything in Scripture, so with this, it is put forward in a very real, substantial way; so much so, that the Apostle argues and draws an inference from what men would otherwise have ventured to call a mere metaphor—I mean the ox bearing the type of the priest. Thus he argues to the Corinthians, that the ministers of the Gospel are to live of the Gospel. This is not a doctrine of my own, says he, the law likewise teaches it: '*for* it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn.' Nay, he even repeats this same argument twice over, for in writing to St. Timothy he says, 'Let the presbyters that rule well be counted worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the word and doctrine; *for* the Scripture saith, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' Indeed, such accounts as that of the animals coming to Adam to be named, following Noah into the ark, the choice of the raven and dove and the different conduct of the two, the division of clean and unclean, the history of Balaam's ass, and Daniel's lions, the lion that devoured the man of God, the ravens that fed Elijah, the saying that the roaring of the lions is a seeking of meat from God, the number of cattle

being one of the reasons urged by the Lord against the petulant Jonah in behalf of Nineveh; the vouchsafing of our Lord to be borne by an animal into His own city, when it seems that usually He walked; His having been with the wild beasts during His temptation; and, finally, the adoration of the Immaculate Lamb, as seen by St. John in Heaven,—these, and many other intimations, which would swell into a long catalogue, must solemnize our feelings towards the animals, those patient martyrs and our fellow-laborers. We may be prepared, therefore, to recognize the Greek view of them as full of meaning and earnestness."

"We must also be prepared," said I, "to find much that is dark and gloomy in the Greek thoughts of the animal kingdom. Scripture represents Satan under the form of a roaring lion; and the opening of the book of Job shows him seeking his prey from God in a very fearful manner. So that malignant spirits would be likely to select wild beasts for their in-dwelling, and for the torment of man." "Yes," replied he; "for all the types of good seem in Scripture to be laid upon the domestic animals, or such as do not shun man's dwelling,—the sheep, the ox, the ass, the dove, the sparrow, the swallow, except the fish which lived in the waters which Ezekiel saw blessed, and the eagles, which represent the Christians renewing their strength when God has filled their mouths with good things." "One thing," said I, "which I would attribute to malignant spirits, was

that fearful hypochondria which has descended to modern times, of persons imagining themselves transformed into wolves. This was the lycanthropy which broke out in Arcadia every spring. The miserable patients howled like the ferocious animals, and abode always in the burying-grounds while the disease was upon them." "May not that," said the stranger, "be put down to the gloom of that mountain-shadowed land, and the clouding of the intellect often observable in places where a whole population is exclusively given to pastoral employments?" "I think, of course," said I, "that those things would have great influence, and that the malignant spirits would act through them; but when we read further, that this hypochondria was attempted to be cured by the sacrifice of little boys, we must recognize in it the diabolical agency of malignant spirits." "Certainly," said he; "but surely there were many instances in which the Greeks took a much more cheerful and pious view of their connexion with the animals." "Such," said I, "was the yearly sacrifice of the Diipalia at Athens. This seems, from its affectionate character, to have been part of the old agricultural religion of the Pelasgians. It was thought impious to slay the ploughing ox; neither was it possible to do so, unless it was first devoted to the gods as a sacrifice, and sacred barley sprinkled upon it. And once a year the slayer of the ox fled, and the guilty axe was condemned to be cast into the sea. Surely this reminds us forcibly of the merciful laws by which

animals were protected from wanton treatment in the Jewish polity. And again, in what a tender way must all the animals have been regarded if that be true which we find in a popular school-book, that the ass was regarded with honor, not with scorn, as Homer compares the hero last to quit the field to an ass; and that Plato (shame upon him !) was the first person on record who gave the ass a bad name, when he compared Aristotle to a horse and Xenocrates to an ass. And how minute and, consequently, thoughtful must have been their observation of the habits of animals, joined with an inherent resolve to find spiritual presences everywhere, when they could not see the sudden and capricious and apparently causeless flights of the sportive goats, but they attributed it to the possession of Pan driving them onwards!" "Yes," said the stranger, "just as the swine were driven down the steep place into the sea by the devils whom the Lord cast out." "The goat," I continued, "was an animal pre-eminently dear to the ancient Greeks; its sportive movements gave constant pleasure to the watching shepherds and out-door laborers. They regarded it with affection, as contributing to their cheerfulness. A whole volume might be written, (and profitably, if we were not living in an age of questions of the most sad reality and distressing controversies marring our very houshold peace,) on the reasons why different animals were sacrificed to different gods. It is a subject which has been hitherto very imperfectly cleared up; it would bring out, in a

very striking way, the genius of the Greek religion." "So, also," said the stranger, "the science of the augurs was but another way of expressing the connexions which existed between the worlds of men and animals." "Yes," said I; "men must have been ever on the watch for tokens of a spiritual world, who, when they met a bird or a beast in the same place or under the same circumstances as at some other time, saw in such a coincidence an intimation from the world of spirit, which the hereditary seer, the son of Calchas or Theoclymenus, must interpret for him." "Yes," replied he; "a spirit very uncongenial with that which treats jestingly dreams, or sounds, or apparitions, as possible ways in which a special Providence may be made known to a Christian man." "There were," said I, "many beliefs of this sort among the Greeks, which it is most difficult to explain, yet which, by their very strangeness, attract our attention. Such an one is the opinion that dreams become fuller of significance after the nightly milking of the cows. But it would be endless to multiply instances, both with regard to dreams and oracles. It is clear that the fretting consciousness of a spiritual world being around them and nigh them was most strong in the beautiful minds of this people; that they strove by the most accurate observation, and with the most industrious ingenuity, to realize that unseen world, as well in aërial powers above them, as in the patient lives and instincts of animals; as though the lower kingdoms of

creation were for the most part informed, for some purpose or other, with an intelligence higher and more dread than their own." "And," said the stranger, "very wonderful were the ways in which God 'left not Himself without witness' in the centre of those dark faiths."

"That habit of the old Latins," said I, "of expressing by the same word a poet and a priest, was the type of a very majestic thought; it was an act of splendid homage to the faculty of the imagination." "And that," said he, "was another way, namely, by the very structure of their language, of expressing the office of religion amongst them, as that whose duty was to penetrate into and realize the unseen." "And," added I, "to bring back the unseen into the seen, in the same blending wherein they existed before man's sin cast them apart into separate spheres. Yet would I distinguish between the imagination and the fancy. Fancy is but a vassal, or as a fool in old baronial halls for wise purposes; averting evil passions, giving harmless admonitions, and exercising, such is even folly's worth, a humanizing influence over the rudenesses of daily life." "What, then," said he, "do you consider the imagination to be?" "It is," said I, "to man's natural intellect, what prophecy is as a supernatural gift; it is the faculty which realizes and appropriates in the only substantial way; it is that which is given to strengthen the feeling of the Eternal in our hearts, and to be the subsidy and succour of the Infinite within us. If the

soul beats against the bounds of this temporal state, galling itself upon the barriers of time and space, of sight and knowledge, it is imagination which proudly takes to itself the guilt of the broken wings and bloody plumage. As faith is a letting down our nets into the untransparent deeps at the divine command, not knowing what we shall take; so imagination, when it comes near any truth, has a mysterious and instinctive yearning towards it, and struggles forward, throwing itself out of our narrow being, and projecting itself, with self-collected boldness, into the darkness beyond. All the provinces which discovery has added to moral truth have been won by the daring projection of this divine faculty beyond the sunlight of existing knowledge: for as some animals have been deemed useful to find precious metals, from the mysterious sympathy which they exhibited near the spot; so has imagination this very irrepressible fluttering and fear when it is led nigh a veiled or buried truth." "But," said the stranger, "is it not many times delusive?" "No," I replied; "fancy not infrequently wears the garb of imagination, and deludes men; for all truths in this world must throw a shadow, and the shadow is false, and the truth substantial. No, imagination does not delude. When poets have been persecuted by the world, it has been for this very bold projection of the imagination into undiscovered regions of truth and beauty. The world has not understood when a poet enunciates new truths, and when his imagina-

tion has created for itself a temporary standing-point for a new contemplation of old truths; for obscurity is the condition of the very highest region of poetry, quite as much as perspicuity is the life of all the lower regions. Neither is any faculty so self-consistent, or strict in logic and accurate in method, as the imagination. Reason and understanding must polish and assay the precious metals which the mind acquires; but it is imagination alone which can set and mould them, can give them unity, and lift them out of their rude splendor into spiritual existences. Ah! how often has it been that some majestic intellect has projected its imagination far out beyond the illuminated confines of human knowledge, and has been overwhelmed with obloquy and neglect; while years rolled on, and more than once, or twice, or thrice, the fences of man's intelligence have been pulled down and built up further on, before they have attained the spot where the prophetic imagination of that one man stood and wrought a century ago! Then are his works like the maps of some province which ocean had covered, and which has now been retrieved once more. How many a book has been written in one century, been used for other merits than those which were its real ones, and in the bosom of another century it has started up and put itself at the head of some vast mental or moral movement! It is this wonderful faculty whose child the Greek paganism was, creating with magnificent ventures an immense system out of few notices and traditions:

and when we come near to it, behold! it is full of gravest truth. Strip it of the slight and elegant machinery which fancy contributed to it, and what remains? Astonishing disclosures of deep truth, which the boldness of man's imagination was graciously permitted to discover, and then reveal to the world. What more can be said of imagination, than that without it no man can be a deep theologian; and what is theology but the mother of the sciences, out of which depends every bright chain of human thought and knowledge, and into which they are again gathered up; upon whose surface the Persons and Nature of God are imaged, and the intelligence of the Angels faithfully reflected; throughout the universe the ancient primal teacher of Angels and of men?"

"How completely," said the stranger, "does Jacob's word *dreadful* combine all the solemn thoughts which rise in our minds regarding this earth, when we reflect upon the use made of it by the old faiths of the heathen, and when we remember the connexion between those false faiths and the Fall, which surrendered so much of the earth to malignant influences, God withdrawing from it the plenitude of His gracious Presence." "Yes," said I, "earth is indeed a place fearfully consecrated and fearfully desecrated. I wronged it once at Marathon, and rightly you rebuked me, when I said it sympathized not with fallen man." "Surely," said he, "it sympathizes with us in many ways." "Yes,"

said I, "I see it now. Death, disease, and disastrous accidents, crept into the world, when sin like a traitor opened the gate unto them. Man would not have died if he had not sinned. Obedience and the tree of life would have made him immortal. As St. Austin says, that 'if God made the garments and shoes of the Israelites not to wax old for so many years, what wonder is it if such a power were given to man, being obedient, that, having an animal and mortal body, he should yet have a certain state therein, whereby it might last for a great number of years without decay: being himself in God's due time to pass from mortality to immortality, without death intervening.' Indeed, in the immensely long lives of the patriarchs, Adam himself being the third longest-lived man in the world, only seventy years short of a thousand, we may trace the gradual working of the Fall, man's natural body wearing out in later days much sooner than of old; and it seems, too, as if every now and then new diseases made their appearance amongst us, augmenting a catalogue of pains already most mournfully long, and bitter to think upon. Now I observe something analogous to all this in the earth: a kind of dreary sympathy in the nature of the earth, and its vegetable and animal fruitfulness. In Paradise there was no rain, but a gentle moving mist, the moist breath of the earth herself. Now we have the plague of rains, winds, waterspouts, fogs, thunder, lightning, hail, fierce heats, blights, murrains, and bad seasons. And

here, too, the operation of the Fall seems to have been gradual, if we may trust the old books of travellers and the new discoveries of science. For we are told that even a few centuries ago plants and trees grew and bore fruit in countries where they will not grow and be fruitful now. The juices of the earth are getting poorer and less energetic, as she waxes older and older. The mortal remains of Adam, buried in her bosom, are as it were the centre of decay, propagating feebleness all around." "Nay," said he," "you push this too far. The age of man is not diminished, but rather increased, since Moses fixed it at threescore years and ten; and this looks as if the wound was staunched. It has ever been piously believed in the Church that Adam repented, and died in the faith and fear of God; in which Scripture seems to concur. Would there not be something very painful, and, indeed, shocking, in believing that the first creature had been lost? that God's son and our father, the inhabitant of Eden, who talked with God, and ate immortal fruit, and named the beasts, and out of whose side woman was taken, had perished in his sin? It would be so dismal a prophecy of the fortune of his sons throughout all ages; it would be a dreadful and immovable shadow fixed over the earth, intercepting all the sunshine. So in like manner it is a pious opinion among the best fathers and doctors that the curse is removed from the earth." "Surely," said I, "the curse is removed, yet the glory also is departed, since the day when its

holy Maker looked upon its beauty and its magnificence and its sublime order, and even to His eye it was very good. Oh, then, how surpassing all mortal imagination must the earth have been! What a golden tide of lustrous splendour, of ravishing beauty, of colored magnificence, of teeming luxuriance, must have been poured upon its blessed face! What trees, what waters, what skies, what animals, what a bewildering enamel of large flowers, what clustering masses of fair-skinned fruits! Yet did I not think it was yet beneath the curse; for what an earth it still is when nigh six thousand years have impoverished its veins!"

"Yet," said the stranger, "while we are speaking of the Fall, and discoursing of the solemnity of the earth, let us not forget our own much greater solemnity. The common acts of man's life are infinitely more solemn than anything earth has to show. Is there not something very awful in the immortal souls, sealed with Adam's sin, mysteriously marked and wounded by his Fall, which are every day issuing from near God's Throne into our mortal world? Oh! it is very awful, and sheds a most solemn light on every thing connected with it. Behold, how solemn a thing it is that we, who are born once of the earthly womb of our dear mortal mothers, should be born a second time of the womb of sanctified water by the Spirit in our mother the Church. Behold, how solemn a thing marriage is, not only in that it represents the union of Christ and His Church, but

in that of it immortal souls are called from God to come and live in fleshly shapes on earth. Behold, how solemn a thing is childbirth, and how very reverently it should be spoken of, and how fitting, too, that a woman should come and kneel before the Holy Altar to give God thanks, seeing that, as through woman man fell, so of woman without man should God Himself be born, and the Creator be confined within the form of a creature, and that, as woman deserves to be punished for man's Fall, yet from that punishment is she saved in childbearing. Behold, too, how solemn a thing it is to keep company with little children so lately arrived out of another world and from God's neighborhood, and who are now in that wonderful state wherein we were once, and did not, alas! comprehend it till it had slipped away from us. Behold, also, what solemn things we ourselves are unto ourselves, our lives, our souls, and even our limbs, seeing that, as members of Christ and having the Seed of incorruption, His Flesh sacramentally imparted, deposited within us, our bodies are preserved unto everlasting life; so that even the earth, and wind, and water, shall one day give back the particles of dust which belong to us, and the Lord shall again marry the body and the soul together with the glory of His Own Transfiguration."

"O," continued he, raising his voice, "O wonderful fortunes of Adam's children, walking in light and darkness, and finding out many inventions, trusting

in many faiths, both beautiful and foul! O poor humanity! how weary was thy going, how long and toilsome was thy pilgrimage! Thou wanderedst unsteadily till the Flood, and the few rays of illuminating grace, which shone here and there amid the tents of the patriarchs, did but serve to bring out more sadly thy general darkness. Thou wert wearied in the house of bondage, thou didst lose heart in the broad wilderness, thou wert untrue to thy judges, rebellious against thy kings, deaf to thy prophets, petulant in thy captivity. Oh, poor humanity! loaded as thou wert with thy tremendous curse, the thunders of justice rolling about thy head, and the hail of God's wrath pelting pitilessly upon thee, surely thou wert a sight to have stirred the grief of Angels. They told thee, poor, footsore, fainthearted pilgrim! they told thee there were rims of light lying on the tops of the mountains of prophecy, like the dawning of a better day; but thy back was bowed down with thy curse, thou couldst not lift up thyself to look at mountain-tops. They told thee there were beautiful feet of sweet preachers there, shod with the peaceful preparation of good news; what mattered that to thee? Thine eyes were bleared with perpetual weeping; how couldst thou discern the peaceful sandals and the beautiful feet? Poor humanity! thou wanderedst on, with all thy children, to the Cæsar's taxing, murmuring to thyself, 'Slavery, slavery; ever a slave, in all things a slave.' Oh! little didst thou know of Him Who

looked like any other child: Whose feeble cry was not heard amid the noise of that taxation. Yet was there not a mysterious thrill that night through all the human race? Were not the stars larger and brighter than heretofore? Were not Angels heard singing? What ailed thee, poor, wasted humanity! that thou leapedst? What ailed thy curse-stricken children, that they, too, skipped like young rams? Why standest thou, poor humanity! gazing up into heaven? When faith divides the blue before thine eyes, what glorified form is that thou seest, and thy lips move like Hannah's in the temple, and thine eyes are as the eyes of one drunk with new wine? What aileth thee! O sinful humanity? And the Churches of the world rise up and answer with a voice, like the voice of many waters; the Churches of the world make answer: 'God is Man. The curse is dead, and we are carrying it out to its burial. Humanity is throned above the Angels. Man's nature, with the marks of the five gracious and blessed Wounds, receives the adoration of all Heaven, and is hymned by the prostrate multitudes of the celestial hierarchy.'"

The next morning at sun-rise the Serpent of Epidaurus was becalmed off the island of Ankistri; but soon after, a light wind carried us past the cluster of islets called Pentenesia, which lay on our left, while on the right we ran under the island and town of Egina. Northwards we saw Megara on the mainland; and after coasting Salamis, we entered Piræus

a little before noon. We found Athens in high holy-day, keeping the Feast of St. George the Martyr, the patron Saint of England. In our calendar it falls on the twenty-third of April; the Greeks, however, have not adopted the new style, but, with the Russians, adhere to the old: so that, making an allowance of twelve days, St. George's Feast would fall rightly on the fifth of May.

In the evening we mounted the Acropolis, and went to the top of the Parthenon to see the sun set. He had just got behind the hill before we gained the summit of the temple. But the scene was very magnificent. The whole west was one flood of the most glowing saffron light, in which Salamis, Egina, the mountains of the Morea, and the hills of the Isthmus stood up with misty veils, the pale purple of which was strong or weak according to their distance. As the sun sank lower, the saffron light passed away, and flushes of deepest red light were strewn ἐν ἐσλοῦ Πέλοπος πτυχαῖς, ἐν βάσσαισιν Ἰσθμοῦ. The sea was a rich purple. On the other side stood Hymettus in a soft rosy light, giving beauty even to his sterile declivity: and a pure and holy brightness seemed almost to clothe the wonderful columns of the Parthenon itself. As we descended we saw a most striking view. The columns of the glorious Propylæa were in a full golden lustre, and between the two front pillars, and tall regal pillars they are, was framed a picture of great interest, and, from its coloring, of exceeding loveliness:—the Piræus with

the deep green olive-groves (for so they looked in the evening) and waving corn about it, its purple bay and the ships, the glistening silver line upon the sea beyond, the end of Salamis, and the mountain back-ground of the Morea. It faded very soon, but we had caught the vision at its full splendor. O wonderful region of dream and enchantment, how long will the light and splendor of this Greek evening haunt my recollection! Old Greece, with all her hills and bays, with all her gods and arts, will to me repose for ever in the radiant bosom of an unfading sun-set: the glorious decay, which the tributary homage of the barbarians has arrested for ever.

We revisited the temple of Jupiter Olympius, by the bed of the Ilyssus. It appeared more wonderful, more glorious than ever. I could not at first see, as every one else seemed to do, the decided superiority of the Parthenon over all other things in Athens, though it was clear that the Parthenon, the Propylæa, and the Olympeion stood quite by themselves in point of eminent grandeur and exquisite beauty. On the first visit to Athens the Olympeion was my favorite building. Now the Propylæa was contending with it for the palm. Yet, on the other hand, the Olympeion was very grand that night. The moon-beams were lying all along the top of Hymettus, though her orb was not yet visible. The low wind made a slight moaning among the sixteen lofty columns, and rustled among the barley fields

close by: and if you turned your back upon the temple, there was the jagged line of the Acropolis clear and sharp against the sky, and under Hadrian's gate you might see the houses of Athens, and the light of the still blushing west, framed within the broad arch. The Olympeion, like many a Gothic cathedral, was six hundred years in building. It was begun by Pisistratus, and not completed till the reign of the emperor Hadrian. Its splendor in its original state must have been quite overwhelming. It is glorious now to see the sixteen columns, sixty feet high, standing on a platform between the Acropolis and Hymettus, close upon the shrunken waters of old Ilyssus. What then must have been the effect of one hundred and twenty columns of the same height, in the perfect form of a Greek temple?

Hadrian's gate, which stands within a few hundred yards of the Olympeion, once separated two distinct cities, the Athens of Theseus and the Athens of Hadrian. It is a curious proof how incompetent a single mind, with whatever power, genius, or wealth it may be backed up, is to do time's work, or turn by one strong twist the custom of centuries. And Hadrian was but a finished gentleman, a travelled coxcomb. All that is Athens now is the Athens of Theseus; of the Athens of Hadrian nothing whatever remains but the sixteen superb columns of the Olympeion, an edifice, not Hadrian's merely, but whose foundations rested in the bosom of a far greater antiquity. The Roman Athens has vanished, and

Hymettus continues to gaze uninterruptedly upon the true Athens of the godlike Theseus, encroaching somewhat nearer, I am confident, to the mountain. Hadrian's gate alone remains to say there was an Athens once between Hymettus and itself.

Having mentioned the Parthenon and Propylæa, something must be said of the other great building on the Acropolis, the Erectheum. It is very beautiful, though not for one moment to be put in competition with the Parthenon. But as a Greek holy place it is far more interesting. It is the Mecca of Ionic Paganism, or rather, the holiest place in the Mecca. Here, in this one precinct, was the temple of Athenè Polias, of the nymph Pandrosos, one of the three daughters of Cecrops, and who alone was obedient to the goddess in the custody of the young Erectheus; and, lastly, the temple of the hero Erectheus himself. Here grew the object of awe, reverence, and intensest gratitude, the sacred olive, which Athenè, in her contest with Poseidon, bade to spring from the breast of the rock: and here also was the spring of salt-water, which the sea-god brought forth with his trident, the impression being left upon the rock, a miracle of which the great Cecrops himself was witness. Here, too, within the exquisite Caryatid porch, were the mortal remains of Cecrops deposited. Thus the Erectheum was, to an old Athenian, the hallowed cradle of his religion, the place where the great deeds of his faith were done. It was to him, with all reverence let the allusion be

made, what the Holy Sepulchre was to the men of the Middle Ages, and ought to be to us. Then, again, it was not only the cradle of an Athenian's faith, but it was also a visible outward symbol of Athenian glory, where two potent deities had left in type the blessings of fertility by land and empire on the sea; and in this light, doubtless, the Athenian worshipper would not be slow to regard it. Lastly, it was the shrine of Erectheus, and the grave of Cecrops, a place where Athenian glory might resort in gratitude to satisfy its feelings in the very highest Athenian hero-worship. And beauty lingers there to this day, haunting that fair marvel, the porch of the Caryatidæ.

Lord Byron having given the note in as flippant and vulgar a way as it well could be given, it has been the fashion to heap all manner of abuse upon the late Lord Elgin. Lord Byron had not even the cause for lamentation which we may have in these days, when the Acropolis is in process of being restored to its ruined greatness, by the clearing away of rubbish, modern walls, and uncouth fortifications. We may regret that any portions of its magnificence should be in the possession of far-off nations little likely to restore them. But how does the case stand with Lord Elgin? He comes to Greece at a time when it belongs, and seems likely to belong for ever, to the rude Turks; year after year splendid works of Greek genius are being destroyed by savage neglect or force; columns after columns of fluted marble,

capitals and all, are being ground into powder by the Mahometans in order to make lime. Not that the Turks are a destroying people: far from it. No one can have lived at Constantinople without seeing how absent any thing like a barbarous purpose of destruction is from the character of the high-minded infidels. And the island of Rhodes is said to be a singular instance of this. The armorial bearings of the knights are left there undefaced, with manifold Christian symbols, nothing being mutilated except the human face and such other things as the Koran commands them to obliterate: and one always respects religion when it sets art at defiance. Yet was all this going on at Athens, mainly from the want of lime. The Turks did not destroy for destruction's sake; but of course they felt no particular interest in the preservation of such remains. All this *was* going on at Athens in Lord Elgin's day. It appeared humanly probable, that in a few years Athens would become a desolation, as little venerable as the nettle-beds of Thebes. Lord Elgin, with considerable trouble and expense, attended with no slight difficulty on the part of the Turkish authorities, rescues some ship-loads of exquisite workmanship, and by bringing them to England ensures their preservation, and so makes them the property of the world. Some parts of buildings are a good deal injured in the act of removing friezes and so forth, and some precious works the ocean swallows. I am no admirer of the taste some men have of making collections and

gathering things into museums. To me, place, association and keeping with surrounding objects, form the charm of all remains; although they have a literary utility independent of their charm. The Propylæa would give me little pleasure, if it were not standing, as it is, the forehead of the Acropolis of Athens, its huge columns supporting a weight of sublimest history. But we ought to remember that, in Lord Elgin's case, the alternative seemed to be, not between the metope of the Parthenon in the chambers of the British Museum and on its own hoary Attic rock, but between the metope in the Museum and the loss of it altogether. So far, then, is Lord Elgin from deserving the curse of Athenè, which Lord Byron pronounced against him in lines so tame that rancor cannot put spirit into them, that he deserves her tutelary gratitude. It were well to leave the bones of a hero in a native sepulchre; but better far to carry them away to the quiet solemnity of a grave among far-off worshippers, than leave them to the rough sport and profane handling of new dwellers in his old land.

The study of the remains of Greek art at Athens more than ever strengthened me in the view which I had taken of Greek paganism. The very arts express it. Sir Francis Head regretted that so much time had been wasted at Harrow in teaching about the Athenian rivers, which he crossed with scarcely wetting his ancles, whereas they taught him nothing at Harrow of the Hudson, where he had seen such

and such a power of steam. This is one of the most grotesque attitudes which utilitarianism has ever assumed. But it is a consolation to poor scholars to be sure that, while Herga flourishes under the auspices of her present ruler, the Hudson will not supersede Cephisus, and that the mysteries of heathen art and faith will never want a Christian interpretation from one who regards his office as typified, to borrow an allusion from himself, by an Apostle sailing in a ship with a heathen sign. The study of the Greek paganism, whether in its art or in its literature, is far from being a barren one. For not only does such a study feed, invigorate, and beautify the intellect, not only does it, rightly turned, infuse no little of high moral wisdom, but it brings us to the feet of truths, not worked up by man, but told from Heaven; truths, veiled indeed, but which can still breathe upon us through their veils a breath from their original home. The Parthenon, the Propyleia, the Olympeion, the Erectheum, all set their seals to what was said before, that there is a divinity in paganism, whereon, obedient to the dictates of a conscience sufficiently unwarped to be a rule of action, the pagan himself might feed as on a sort of poor sacrament, keeping purer thereby the light by which he was to be a light unto himself, and in that light fulfil, in his due measure, the law of God. Let any one contemplate with studious patience these remnants of Attic art. They will be a commentary to him on a theory of paganism which he may have

thought exaggerated and refined. These very marble skeletons declare, that at the heart of the false faiths of unillumined times, there was a core of substantial religion, consisting partly of those fragments of primitive revelation which tradition preserved, even while it was slowly distorting them, and partly also of the memory of many a divine interposition to save or judge, which the heathen world saw, and was allowed to understand. For

> When the One, ineffable of name,
> Of nature indivisible, withdrew
> From mortal adoration or regard,
> Not then was Deity engulfed, nor man,
> The rational creature, left to feel the weight
> Of his own reason, without sense or thought
> Of higher reason and a purer will,
> To benefit and bless, through mightier power.

This core of real divinity encased in all the old forms of heathenism, though graciously meant for a lantern to heathen feet, is of course seen most clearly and appreciated most correctly by a Christian; and, with the works of the Alexandrian fathers before one, it might be laid bare and examined in the seclusion of an Oxford quadrangle. But I felt as if I never thoroughly understood the Greek paganism till it spoke out among the echoing solitudes of the marble-headed Acropolis. I had now seen its different humors, so to speak, embodied in the ravine of Lebadea, the sounding

terraces of Delphi, the basin of Iero, and the temples of Athens.

If a man lingers about the Parthenon till his eye is accustomed to the ground, and his imagination becomes able to refit the shattered forms, he begins to see and understand the spirit of Greek paganism. There is no mixture of light and shade, no half-concealing, half-revealing, as in the symbolical cathedrals of the Christian faith. There are no rays of divine darkness running alongside of the rays of light, and sinking into the ground beneath the Altar at the east. All is open to the unbounded blue ether above and the vertical rays of a noonday sun, and the trembling visitations of the unimpeded moon-beams, a very house of light, unstained by painted glass, undarkened by vaulted roofs, unintercepted by columns and arches, and with the instantaneous perception of unity unmarred by the cruciform shape. It is clear, distinct, cheerful grandeur, a very triumph of definite beauty. And, as the temple is, so was the faith; and such the art, and such the literature of Greece. In all there is the same shrinking from romance, which is a blending of light and shade, a veneration of gloom amounting, where the Gospel is known, to the consecration of suffering and woe. The cave of Trophonius, the oak-gloom of Dodona, the voiceful rocks of shadowy Parnassus,—these are removed from the great cities, and are places for occasional pilgrimage, because the want of them was but occasional to the

Greek. Infinitely as most northerns, we children of mists, clouds, woods, and weeping rain, may prefer the beauty of mystery and indefiniteness, that is, romantic beauty, still we may feel a keen pleasure in definite beauty, so mightily triumphant as it is in the Parthenon and Olympeion and the gorgeous Propylæa, if gorgeousness can be predicated of a splendor pure even to severity. Anything elaborate, except in details of workmanship, would have offended the Greek in a religious edifice. His alacrity of thought was such, that even symbolical religion must be presented to him in delicate hints, where the symbols were few, pure and simple. It must not be wrought out before him. Yet with that alacrity he had depth also. And all this is really impressed upon the temples. It is definite beauty, shapely vastness, instantaneously recognized unity, cheerful grandeur.

I am sure classical architecture would not in any length of time force me to break the natural allegiance which, from climate, descent, and religion, I owe to Gothic; but I never shall forget the electrical effect produced upon me by seeing the blue sky between the two columns of the steps of the Propylæa. The shape, the tallness which made the space seem narrow, the straight hard line which made the form so definite, all startled my eye with its firm and stable symmetry, after I had been so long accustomed to the bending, reverently swerving lines of a cathedral, and to the bold and trustful

swing of the Gothic arch, throwing itself from pillar to pillar, with its half-circle, as imperfect as a Christian truth here below, whose other half is in Heaven. Yet, the evening before, the glowing west through Hadrian's arch—how different it was from the same bright sky through the columns of the Propylæa. I felt as if I had been surprised into a confession, and, as in my dream at Lebadea, I was pleasingly bewildered between two sorts of beauty, and the two provinces of great truths typified by those separate beauties. I felt as if I had been surprised into a confession of preference for classical beauty. But the arch of Hadrian, by a quick admonition, saved me from attributing to the Greek religion too much of a fixedness, and from forgetting that exquisite pliability, whereby the classical spirit, in art, taste, faith, and morals, touches upon and for a moment mixes with the spirit of romance, its gentle awe and soul-chastening shadows. I turned round to the Acropolis, that old, immortal rock, and could have addressed it, as the representative of Greece, in the sublime words of the great doctor and prophet of romantic philosophy among ourselves, teaching out of Spenser's holy chair.

"Triumphant o'er this pompous show
Of art, this palpable array of sense,
On every side encountered; in despite
Of the gross fictions, chanted in the streets
By wandering rhapsodists; and in contempt
Of doubt and bold denials hourly urged

> Amid the wrangling schools—a SPIRIT hung,
> Beautiful region! o'er thy towns and farms,
> Statues and temples and memorial tombs;
> And emanations were perceived; and acts
> Of immortality in nature's course,
> Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
> As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed
> And armed warrior; and in every grove
> A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
> When piety more awful had relaxed[4]!"

It may be asked, if there were all this divinity and truth and more than mortal wisdom embodied in the Greek paganism, and pervading their art and literature, why did not the Church refil the empty form of Greek civilization, and give Greece a second epoch of greatness, as she did to Italy? Among other reasons this may be assigned, that in the Greek intellect and faith the first Christian element was wanting, namely, fear.

But enough of heathen Athens; let us descend from the Acropolis, and muse awhile this evening on the Areopagus. It is another lovely evening, the charm of this land: and now a balmy coolness has succeeded to the burning day, and there is fragrance from the cut hay beyond the Pnyx which is most refreshing. Here let us muse on Christian Athens. It is true, and perhaps the reason urged above may account for this also, that Athens stands not foremost among the cities whose names are honorable in

[4] Wordsworth, Excursion, book iv.

Church history, as Alexandria, Constantinople, or the venerated Rome. Yet it is not without some Christian history interesting to a churchman, though it be overshadowed by its ancient heathen greatness. For the most part our thoughts of Athens terminate with the history of Alexander's successors, and the struggles consequent upon the partition of his unknit empire. Here the annals of classical Athens seem to end. Then come some few interesting and almost domestic notices of her, as she was beneath her Roman lords,—her schools, refining influence, parts of Cicero's letters, and the like; and she claims a distinct chapter in the chronicle of the reigns of Hadrian, and the Antonines. But there is one page in the history of Christian Athens, of a domestic nature perhaps, yet not unworthy to be coupled in a churchman's memory with the visit of St. Paul, the sermon on Mars' Hill, and the conversion of St. Dionysius. It is the gleam thrown on the records of the university of Athens in the biographies of St. Basil and St. Gregory Nazianzen. The influence Athens had in forming the minds of these two great men, the deep, profound Divine, and the keen, melodious Preacher, their having been here with Julian, the apostate emperor, whose mind from the same scenes and in the same place took such a fatally opposite bias, feeding a temper naturally crooked upon the bitter contemplation of family wrongs, the interesting record of the growing friendship of Basil and Gregory,

and the subsequent unworthy coldness, all naturally rise to mind in such a locality as the Areopagus. There is in Cave's Life of St. Basil a very amusing account of the boyish and annoying ceremonies to which freshmen were subjected at Athens by their brother undergraduates, and from which the grave St. Basil was excused. "The fame of so excellent a person had beforehand prepared men's minds, and made that university big with expectations of his coming, and every one was contriving how to gain him for their pupil. It was the custom at Athens, for the youth of the university to lie in wait for the arrival of young students, to beset all ways and tracts, all ports and passages, that so first seizing upon them, they might either persuade or draw them in to be their fellow-pupils, thinking by this means to oblige their masters, and outvie the train of other professors, between whom there used to be great clashing and emulation. Having gained the freshman, their first care was to lodge him in the house of some friend, or countryman, or at least of one of those setters that plied up and down in the behalf of that sophist who was to be his tutor. Next they gave way to any that would, to pose him with hard questions, and to run him down with quirks and subtleties, which were either more rude or ingenuous, according to the humor and education of him that put them. This they did, to baffle the good conceit of himself, which the young man was supposed to bring along with him; and from the

very first to subdue him into a perfect submission to his teachers. This being done, they conduct him in a pompous procession through the market-place to the public bath, two and two going before him at equal distances; being come near the place, on a sudden they raised a wild frantic noise, and fetched many strange frisks and capers, knocking, like madmen, at the gates, till having sufficiently frighted the young man, the doors were opened, and he was made free; and then they returned and embraced him as their friend and fellow-pupil, and a member of the university. These troublesome ceremonies of initiation, however otherwise common and ordinary, were yet dispensed with towards St. Basil, out of the great reverence they had for him as a person advanced beyond the laws of ordinary students." There is another anecdote of St. Basil's undergraduateship, which is very characteristic of the place and times. It relates, with so much nature too, to one of the first growths of affection between Basil and Gregory. Some Armenian students, who had been St. Basil's schoolfellows, put themselves very much out of temper at all the attention paid to this freshman, whom they had been accustomed to regard as an ordinary person. So, pretending kindliness, they put many captious and sophistical questions to him. Basil eagerly took the bait, and they fell to arguing. The Armenians soon found that St. Basil was more than a match for them. But Gregory, who was present, thought the honor of the univer-

sity demanded that a freshman should not have the victory in argument with his seniors, and therefore came to the rescue of the worsted Armenians. In the heat of argument, however, the Armenians seem to have let their secret ill-temper become apparent; whereupon Gregory deserted them, and left Basil to demolish them in proper dialectic style, which he did very unsparingly.

The schools of Athens, and the four mouths of human wisdom, which spoke in the academy and lycæum, the porch and the garden, were silenced by Justinian, the same monarch who abolished the consulship at Rome. It is seldom in one man's power to extinguish two such ancient glories. The subsequent fortunes of Athens, till she fell beneath the Mahometan power, are compendiously summed up in a single paragraph by Gibbon :—"After some ages of oblivion, Greece was awakened to new misfortunes by the arms of the Latins. In the two hundred and fifty years between the first and the last conquest of Constantinople, that venerable land was disputed by a multitude of petty tyrants. Without the comforts of freedom and genius, her ancient cities were again plunged in foreign and intestine war; and if servitude be preferable to anarchy, they might repose with joy under the Turkish yoke. I shall not pursue the obscure and various dynasties that rose and fell on the continent or in the isles; but our silence on the fate of Athens would argue a strange ingratitude to the first and purest school of liberal science and

amusement. In the partition of the empire, the principality of Athens and Thebes was assigned to Otho de la Roche, a noble warrior of Burgundy, with the title of Great Duke, which the Latins understood in their own sense, and the Greeks more foolishly derived from the age of Constantine. From these Latin princes of the fourteenth century, Boccacio, Chaucer, and Shakspeare, have borrowed their Theseus, *duke* of Athens. Otho followed the standard of the marquis of Montferrat. The ample state, which he acquired by a miracle of conduct or fortune, was peaceably inherited by his son and two grandsons, till the family, though not the nation, was changed by the marriage of an heiress into the elder branch of the house of Brienne. The son of that marriage, Walter de Brienne, succeeded to the duchy of Athens; and with the aid of some Catalan mercenaries, whom he invested with fiefs, reduced above thirty castles of the vassal or neighboring lords; but when he was informed of the approach and ambition of the Great Company of Catalans from the Hellespont, he collected a force of seven hundred knights, six thousand four hundred horse, and eight thousand foot, and boldly met them on the banks of the river Cephisus, in Bœotia. The Catalans amounted to no more than three thousand five hundred horse, and four thousand foot; but the deficiency of numbers was compensated by stratagem and order. They formed round their camp an artificial inundation. The duke and his knights advanced without fear or

precaution on the verdant meadow; their horses plunged into the bog, and he was cut off with the greatest part of the French cavalry. His family and nation were expelled; and his son, Walter de Brienne, the titular duke of Athens, the tyrant of Florence, and the constable of France, lost his life in the field of Poitiers. Attica and Bœotia were the rewards of the victorious Catalans; they married the widows and daughters of the slain; and during fourteen years the Great Company was the terror of the Grecian states. Their factions drove them to acknowledge the sovereignty of the house of Arragon; and during the remainder of the fourteenth century, Athens, as a government or an appanage, was successively bestowed by the kings of Sicily. After the French and Catalans, the third dynasty was that of the Accaioli, a family plebeian at Florence, potent at Naples, and sovereign in Greece. Athens, which they embellished with new buildings, became the capital of a state that extended over Thebes, Argos, Corinth, Delphi, and a part of Thessaly; and their reign was finally determined by Mahomet the Second, who strangled the last duke, and educated his sons in the discipline and religion of the seraglio[1]."

From the polluting hand of the foul misbeliever Athens is once more free; and between regrets and anticipations, enough of Christian thoughts encounter us upon the rock of Areopagus to prevent our play-

[1] Chap. lxii. *sub fin.*

ing the mere scholar in the ruins, and streets, and haunted localities of a city whose air is still freighted with the voice and words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

Shall we dare this vehement sun, and face the glaring marbles, and clamber among bleached masses of old ruin, to have a morning walk in Athens, when we can have all things to ourselves? We turn down towards Piræus, for our first object is the temple of Theseus. It is small, and of the Doric order, with a length of thirteen columns and a breadth of six. It was erected by Conon, about thirty years before the Parthenon; and the marble is covered almost everywhere with a deep yellow rust. The finest views of it are from the north-west foot of the Areopagus, and again immediately on commencing the descent from the Acropolis. But if we are Oxford men, let us pause; this is very sacred ground to us. The fashionable promenade, to use very modern words, of classical Athens was close to this temple; and it was here that Aristotle walked, and taught as he walked. Let us leave a blessing behind for Alma Mater on this ground; for do we not owe her a deep debt of gratitude for the thorough and accurate study of Aristotle to which she compelled us? Surely it has been to us not only of immense moral value in the way of direct precept, but has acted all along as a wholesome and chastening restraint upon our intellects. And does a year go round without our discipline in that fair-towered English Athens disclosing

some new blessing, moral or mental, of which it sowed the seed? And did we but know those nameless men who years ago shaped and moulded our academical system, should we not regard them with the same sort of wondering reverence with which we look on the many inventors of Gothic architecture, or the unfamous authors of the old ballads, and make a hero-worship for ourselves within the elmy precincts and clasping streams of Oxford?

From the temple of Theseus, too, we can see the olives of Academus, where Plato's spirit haunts. Yet the heat is too great, Academi quærere sylvas. We will worship him at a distance, as we did at Oxford; where we were made to tread with painful care on the very footprints of Aristotle, while voluntary industry cheerfully gathered in occasional harvests of Platonic wisdom. Alas! the plane-tree of the Phædrus, and the cold water, and the velvet lawn of richest grass, where are they? And the sportive alluring of old Socrates, to try to make him love green things; and the thymy bosom of Hymettus, which was distasteful to him; and his longing to be in the streets, and to see men, preferring with Socratic Johnson the full tide of human existence flowing at Charing-cross, even to the pattering of rain in a thick wood, the most pleasant of natural things to the English doctor:—these things were once.

From the temple of Theseus let us climb the Areopagus, and make ourselves tolerable masters of

its natural features; for except the sixteen stone steps, nothing but its natural features remain. Let us stand once more on ground trodden by the blessed Paul, probably for the last time before we die. From the Areopagus let us cross the hollow of the Agora, and ascend the Pnyx. Let us wade through the crisp and bearded barley to the Bema, whence Demosthenes was wont to thunder, one of the five or six true public-hearted patriots whom the world has seen and known, whose life was one continuous act of hallowed self-sacrifice for his country's sake. The truest patriots dwell mostly in the domestic recesses of a nation,—salubrious fountains, fertilizing each his proper neighborhood. From the Bema let us gaze on modern Athens and the ancient Propylæa. The view of the Parthenon, unluckily, is marred by the high and ungainly tower behind the temple of Unwinged Victory; otherwise its Doric front would be seen well, clear, grand, and separate, from the hill of the Pnyx. Let us look, too, on Salamis and Egina, and the bright blue sea around them, so calm and windless, that boats with all sails set are hanging idly, scarcely seeming to rest on the glossy surface, between Egina and Piræus. And the area at our feet,—it was once a sea, a sea of heads; and it is now but an undulating multitude of barley-tops.

No sooner have we finished the descent of the south side of the Pnyx, than we begin climbing the Museion to the monument of Philopappus. This is a merry freak of fame. The ways in which men's

names are delivered to posterity are strange and divers, and not unfrequently amusing; this monument of Philopappus is an instance of it. There is nothing of extraordinary or beautiful art in what remains; but because it crowns a little eminence which must always be a striking land-mark in the topography of Athens, posterity will have in their mouths and ears for ever the name of this obscure Syrian gentleman. At the top of the Museion we get the Parthenon clear of the unsightly tower; but the view is still deprived of much of its rightful magnificence by the squalid Turkish mosque which stands aslant in the very middle of the divine temple. Now that we have descended from the Museion, we must visit the chambers in the rock at the foot of the hill, one of which has the traditionary honor of being the prison of Socrates, where he drank the fatal hemlock. There are two tolerably square chambers, and innermost of all is a well-like cavity, with a hole in the top to let down provisions to the prisoner, and perhaps to give him a scanty allowance of light and air; yet you see the place has no interest except from its being linked by tradition with the name of Socrates.

Let us cross now to the south side of the Acropolis, to look at the remains of the theatre of Bacchus. We were schoolboys once, and drilled in all the several parts, arrangements, and machinery of the Greek theatres, till the knowledge drew both lustre and interest from various parts of the chorusses.

Now we are standing on the spot where Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides contended for the tragic prize, and where Demosthenes was crowned by the Athenian people. But let us climb the Acropolis once more. When we stood upon the Bema of the Pnyx, and gazed upon the Propylæa, I could not help suspecting that my architectural estimate of it was too high. When at it I was always fascinated by the place it occupies, the splendor of the historical prospect which it commands, and the extraordinary view through it into the Acropolis, and the columns of the Parthenon. From the Pnyx it did not look so well. Let us mount, and see. In truth, my judgment of the buildings at Athens has been as unsteady as a popular election in England, where every hour shifts and unsettles the chances. Let us mount now, and make a final election in a matter where scarcely any one else seems to have entertained a doubt. The opportunity is favorable to us. The hour and the heat have deterred every one else from the ascent, and the soldiers in the guardhouse are so sleepy, that they do not follow us as they ought to do. We have the Acropolis to ourselves. The Propylæa is out of the question. That view from the Pnyx has been fatal to it. Yes! and it must be that the Parthenon is more divine a thing than the Olympeion. There was something in the site of the Olympeion, the way in which from a particular spot the thirteen columns group together, and then the three isolated ones,

so Palmyra-like, which captivated my fancy. But it does not grow upon one like the harmonious vastness of the Parthenon. Let us walk round and round this Parthenon, and across it in all ways, before we make up our minds. Nay, still we cannot get rid of some pleasant accident, such as interfered with my judgment of the Olympeion and Propylæa. I fear the cool shade which its broad front affords us, and the wind which breathes and whispers among the columns, as though they had been strings of some mighty lyre, have bribed me into a judgment.

But let us not neglect the Erechtheum. That too grows upon one, utter wreck as it is. But the exquisite and elaborate finish of the details, so far as we can judge from remnants, must have contrasted singularly well with the plain Doric grandeur of the Parthenon: thereby gratifying the vehement taste for contrasts universal among the ancient Greeks. The elegant temple of Unwinged Victory, from which the Turkish battery has been skilfully cleared, must not be passed without a word. At first, from its extreme smallness, one might have imagined that it must be deficient in elegance and grace, and look like a toy rather than a temple. But here the triumph of the architecture is shown. It is so small as to be almost insignificant in size; yet is it full of harmony, beauty, grace, and delicate proportion, as though it were the younger brother of the Maison Carrée at Nismes. It is with classical architecture in these little temples, as it is with

Gothic in the small chapter-houses and chapels which bulge out from the sides of huge cathedrals, and are, of themselves, edifices of perfect beauty and much significance without being in the least toy-like. It is like testing a principle by an extreme case.

Let us now descend. But look! the very gods reward our preference of the Parthenon. Eleven hawks are wheeling round our heads with elegant swiftness, all screaming most shrilly. What can it mean? Alas! there is no seer, nor ghost of a seer, among the columns to the Parthenon, to interpret the omen for us. Where is the gray Tiresias, where the kind old Calchas, and the erudite Theoclymenus? The pagan voices are silent. Look at the Parthenon. The pagan forms are empty.

We will go to the Olympeion, and take a long farewell gaze of that Palmyra of the Ilyssus. Now, winding back again under the southern declivity of the Acropolis, near the theatre of Bacchus, then across the root of the Areopagus, we find ourselves once more in the town, near the Tower of the Winds. What a beautiful octagon! And how pleasingly are the eight winds symbolically sculptured thereon! But what is that building with a shabby dilapidated church clinging, like an ugly excrescence, to the columns? That is the Stoa of Hadrian; and the gate of his market-place is close by, and near to it the pillar still standing, whereon is engraved the tariff of the prices at which things were

to be sold in the market. We may return home now for a siesta. Full justice, though tardy, has been rendered to the Parthenon. But weary and sunny is the labor of a morning walk at Athens.

Modern Athens deserves a few words, only because it is Athens. Supposing, as is asserted, that the temple of Theseus was nearly in the middle of ancient Athens, the city must have shifted considerably, and slidden forward somewhat to the east, so as to lie more completely than it did of old under the north side of the Acropolis. So that it has quite left behind it the temple of Theseus, the Pnyx, Agora, and the Areopagus, as well as receded a little from the Piræus. Modern Athens, therefore, occupies a site between the main part of the old town and the Roman town of Hadrian, which lay towards the Ilyssus. Now let us look down from the top of the Areopagus upon modern Athens, taking for our standing point that rock with a rude Latin Cross graved upon it, tradition's seal that there St. Paul stood and preached. From thence you look upon a town with perhaps less that is picturesque about it than any other in Europe. It is a collection of narrow streets and winding lanes, half obstructed by heaps of modern ruin. There is a new town rising, and as yet only partially risen, from the ruins of a modern bombarded town; and it is rising without grace, beauty, order, costliness, or solid edifices. Amid broken walls, tufted with nettles and tenanted by large green lizards, you see numerous square

houses, with broad eaves and roofs of grey tiles striped with white tiles. Your eye rests nowhere but on the new unfinished palace of the king, which in shape, size, and design, looks, at a distance, as if it belonged to that order of architecture to which the Poor Law has given birth among ourselves. At best, it would make a county hospital; and though fronted with Pentelic marble, and having columns from the freshly opened quarries of Paros, it offends the eye by the tasteless bareness of the architecture. Nowhere in the city can your gaze rest on spire, tower, dome, or minaret. You must look long before you can detect, in one or two places here and there, the low, shabby, weed-grown cupolas of some insignificant Greek churches. In this dearth of objects, an otherwise undeserved importance is given to four trees growing in the city, and which will not fail to arrest the eye. Two are palm trees, and two, if I mistake not, cypresses. One palm, with a cypress on each hand, stands near the Tower of the Winds, and these three are at no great distance from each other. The other palm is more in the centre of the town, in the middle of the main street which runs up from the Piræus to the new palace. These two palms I have used most profitably as landmarks whereby to steer my way amid the undistinguished and uniform insignificance of the crooked streets; for their feathery tops are visible nearly everywhere. Such is modern Athens in 1841: and, alas! it must long continue to be such, or little

better. Such is the city upon which you look down from St. Paul's rock on the Areopagus, and its unsightly meanness will not in the least interfere with your veneration for the august capital of Greece. Then immediately to your right rises the steep Acropolis, bounding the city to the south; then to the left of the Acropolis, that is, northward, stands a mountain, with a chapel on its summit, and which is either Lycabettus or Anchesmus, probably the latter; then the more distant scalp of Pentelicus; then another nearer and lower summit, which, differing from my chart, I hold to be the true Lycabettus. On the north and west runs the long olive-dotted plain of the Cephisus; yon line across it, lying like a thread over the uplands beyond, is the road to Eleusis. The Piræus is behind you, and the Acropolis is screening Hymettus. Such is the sketch of what you see from the Areopagus, a sight interesting from no natural features or picturesque effects; but it is Athens which you look upon: and, when the heart is filled, wherefore should the eye crave?

The evening before we left Athens we went up to the Acropolis for the last time, with a permission to stay till after dark, to see the Parthenon by moonlight. To look on anything for the last time is ever melancholy; but to wander among the columns of the Parthenon, and sit upon the steps of the Propylæa: to have Athens lying below you, and patches of softest sunlight resting on Piræus and the end of

Hymettus, and Salamis for the last time, and Egina for the last time: and where Ilyssus runs, and where Cephisus, and Peloponnesus, and the Isthmian hills, and Colonos; and all this for the last time before we die. To go back to our little far-off island, and leave all this miracle behind; beholding it for all our after-years brought near to us only by the pathetic power of memory,—this is indeed mournful; a thing to make the heart swell, and the eye wet. And what a sunset, too, there was that night: so calm, so placid, with such soft lustrous scintillations in its beginning, and with such a wild, red, cloudy beauty, like the inspired eye of an angry seer, at its ending! Who would stay for the moon? She might come with clouds, and mar this sunset glory. We will not wait. We will not come again to-morrow. The Acropolis shall be left in the heart of that deep sunset; it shall live with us our lives long, with that eternal gilding round it. For every sense drinks in with jealous avidity the famous panorama; and we will carry it about with us now: a sight, an hour, a place to date from.

The Greek Church in Greece is in very disadvantageous circumstances, and the first impressions of a traveller are likely to be unfavourable. The shabby dirty edifices and ill-clothed priests are not likely to impress a man favorably. Yet, blessed be God, this ancient branch of His Son's Church is still, in this forlorn land, discharging, through the ancient Creeds and Apostolical Succession, her pro-

phetical and sacerdotal offices. Her regal office is in abeyance.

The existence and condition of the Greek Church, however gloomy its prospects may be in the Greek peninsula, afford both consolation and admonition to ourselves. Let us look at the circumstances in which the Christians found themselves under the despotic exactions and tyrannous misrule of the misbelievers. They were subjected to every sort of cruel injustice which was likely to debase their characters; if their churches were burnt or decayed, they were not allowed to rebuild or repair them without permission from the authorities, a permission never to be obtained except at immense cost, and not unfrequently refused altogether. Independent of the vile indignities which met them at every turn in life, it was next to impossible for them to obtain justice in the Turkish courts, if their opponent was an infidel. At certain times the Turkish police inspected the Christian children of a district from eight years old and upwards, and carried off all the best made and ablest bodied amongst them, compelling them to become Mahometans. Patriarchs and bishops were made and unmade, elevated, deposed, re-elevated, deposed and strangled, either from a ferocious caprice, or a desire to extort money; in fact, there never has been a slavery so galling, so debasing, so systematically inhuman, so unmitigated by any alleviating circumstances, so unchequered by any tranquil times, as that which the Oriental Chris-

tians, especially in the Greek peninsula, have endured at the hands of the foul Mahometans; and to our shame be it said, since the days of the great-minded popes who strove to renew the crusades, the protecting interference of the European powers has been rarely, feebly, and selfishly exerted in behalf of the suffering Christians. What has been done has, till lately, been chiefly by Russia; and however obviously it was her interest to make herself popular with the Christian subjects of the Porte, it is not to be believed that she has acted on no higher and more generous principle.

This iron hand pressed for years and years upon the unhappy land, till the most wonderful region of Europe became a dry, blighted, untilled, unpopulous waste of green plains and ruined cities. The iron hand is removed, and we discover Christ's holy catholic Church in full possession of her divine polity and apostolic forms; her metropolitans, archbishops, bishops, priests, deacons, sub-deacons, canonici, lectores, and lighters of the lamps; the regenerating water in her Fonts; the bloodless Sacrifice upon her Altars. Beneath that tremendous tyranny she was exercising her sacerdotal office under the shadow of her Master's wings. Neither was her prophetical office unfilled. She held the Creeds, and taught them to her children; she instructed them according to the teaching of the Councils in all things concerning the substance of the orthodox faith; while she elevated and consoled them by a three-fold

Liturgy, which, it is much to say, is inferior only to the Liturgy of western Christendom.

While, then, we acknowledge and adore the special Providence and abundant loving-kindness of God in preserving the Church amidst this untoward oppression, and in continuing to her the divine succession of the priesthood, and the right administration of the life-giving Sacraments, we may reverently enquire to what circumstances, under that Providence, the preservation and, in all essential points, the purity of the Greek Church is owing.

It is owing, in the first place, to her jealous preservation of the apostolic polity, and a devout clinging to those divine forms to which, as antiquity testified, it had pleased the Lord to tie His grace and promise of indefectibility. It would be easy to show how a humble belief in the supernatural grace of the blessed Sacraments, and a pure holding of the orthodox teaching regarding the Nature and Person of the Saviour, spring from the divine appointment of episcopacy, and are only secured by an adherence to it; but it would be out of place here. Yet it is instructive to note how the only heretical congregations, which have continued to live and abide upon the earth, are those which retained the episcopal succession; and it appears that, by God's blessing upon this humble clinging to this appointment, they have worked themselves clear of heresy. It seems admitted that the Nestorian Christians are now orthodox as to the Lord's unity of Person; and so far

as my own experience goes, the Armenians seem equally orthodox as to His two Natures. This is a very singular and providential witness to episcopacy; indeed the whole case of the Greek Church, whose chief characteristic has been, in her clergy, a jealous adherence to the ancient ecclesiastical forms, and in her laity, a profound submission to spiritual authority, appears to teach us that there is nothing in the Gospel of a merely outward nature, that grace is everywhere and in everything, with an exuberance and transcending quickness peculiar to the Christian covenant. Thus by holding fast to what we have received, even where our single generation is unable to discern a meaning, or read a promise, or divine a blessing, we receive more than we wot of, and retain a power and life of which we are unconscious. It is impossible to meditate on the history of the Greek Church without being more and more astonished at its purity and completeness, its unblameable polity, its venerable ritual, its orthodox Creeds, its lawful Sacraments. The preservation of these things is owing to God's blessing upon a modest and devout temper, which clung always to forms, whether obviously divine, or so ancient as to be probably divine, or so catholic as that it was unsafe to stir them. The episcopate has been the bundle of myrrh at its bosom, repelling corruption from the heart.

In the second place, the Greek Church has been kept together and in health by the pious observation of her fasts and feasts. This was observed by an

English writer in the seventeenth century, and must be obvious to those who have travelled there. Indeed there is in our nature so great a tendency to debase and corrupt every thing, that religion, when sundered from external observances, rapidly evaporates into systems of feelings and words, and the concentrated power of faith is dispersed into a mere feeble literary opinion. Where sound words are not laid up within the consecrated precincts of a creed or symbolical hymn, right belief quickly disappears in the dissonance of conflicting sects. Where devout cravings are not gathered up and collected into liturgies, zeal rapidly becomes profaneness, fear degenerates into gloom, and love is lost in sinful familiarity. There is no true liberty of prayer except in this sweet imprisonment. This is one consideration; and another is, that in the very ancient liturgies, the receding waters of antiquity have deposited many a scrap and spar of apostolical usage and tradition, which, embedded in the soil, diffuse fertility around them, and give to the liturgy a power over the soul beyond its own power, and a sacred character which makes it venturesome to shift a single attitude or gesture of worship exhibited therein. And further, to a people like the Greeks, under the Mahometan yoke, without books, or, in most cases, the ability to read, such liturgies, with their significant rites and annual commemorations, represented year by year monumentally, as it were, the great facts and truths of the faith. The symbols of church-worship

were the books of the people, and constituted their instruction while young, and their edification when come to mature years. This should be borne in mind whenever we speak of the somewhat dangerous extent to which the use of pictures is allowed in the Greek worship, and with which the porch and partition of the soleas are usually covered.

Two observable characteristics of the Greek ritual are its very dramatic nature and its humility. Its dramatic, one might almost say over-dramatic, disposition may be seen particularly in the ceremonies of the Holy Week, compared with those at Rome. Its humility in the forms of Baptism, receiving confessions, and absolving penitents. Of course, in all these cases the power of the keys and the dignity of the priesthood are as strongly asserted as they are by us of the Latin Church. Yet inasmuch as the Church of Christ uses not liturgies composed at hazard or carelessly, but with an earnest searching after deep meanings every where, and a wise desire to fill out every little form with spirit and spiritual significance, we may discern a characteristic temper in these little things. These slight differences of attitude assumed by catholic devotion in divers countries, like the usages of particular Churches, though not to be over-stretched or magnified to the obscuring of things catholic, are yet full of rich sweetness to those who meditate upon them, as the various setting of the same heavenly jewels in the pontifical garments of the Church.

Without presuming to criticise the Liturgies of the two Churches, it may be allowable to note, that while the Greek ritual of the Eucharist is more dramatic, so to speak, than the Roman, it is scarcely so magnificent in its tone, or so rich in mystical expositions, neither does it exhibit that quickness at catching expressions of Scripture, and representing them in devotional gestures, which is so marvellous in the rubrics of the Roman Missal.

It is difficult to say any thing of Greek scenery. Some persons, with quite equal means of judging, have pronounced it full of the most delightful landscapes: an opposite opinion, which I formed, should therefore be put forward very diffidently. Of course Greece is a most interesting country to travel in. Every name sounds like a trumpet in one's ears; and even though a man may not have any very great classical enthusiasm, still from his very education he must feel himself pursued all through Greece by an indefinite feeling that "this is Greece," which smooths every disappointment, slightly increases every pleasure, and throws a general enchantment over the whole journey. Then again to a student of history it is an interesting country. Every where he finds vestiges of three great changes, pieces of wreck left high and dry by three memorable tides in time. A ruined Ionic pillar in the plain, an old Latin tower by a brook or fortalice on a hill, and a broken mosque in many a poor town throughout the land. These are the features of Greek landscape, its histo-

rical features. The traveller sees with his eyes continually a type of the incongruous history of Greece; and this gives an interesting character to almost every prospect. In point of geography Greece struck me very much indeed. Every body knows beforehand from maps how small it is; but I do not think any one, when he really came into the country, could help being astonished at its actual littleness. All the objects seem brought close together in a most extraordinary way, and one is almost vexed at seeing so much from so small an eminence, for example, as the Acro-Corinth. Even without being a naturalist, a traveller's pleasure may be likewise increased by the number of beautiful butterflies, and birds with superb plumage. And as to flowers, in spring the whole land is carpeted with them in fragrant plenty. I never saw such a sight, either for variety, delicacy, color, or smell. Earlier on in the year, probably, they would not have looked so well, as the deciduous trees would not have been in leaf, and their light cheerful green is much wanted in a land oppressed with evergreen foliage. Had we been later than May, the heats would have been intolerable, the flowers faded, and the brightness of the deciduous trees tarnished by the sun.

One great defect of Greek scenery is the absence of valleys. We have but seen one in Greece, the valley of the Marathona, and it was very pleasing. What would have been valleys in any other country, are in Greece either mere defiles, occa-

sionally picturesque, or plains, almost always treeless and streamless, perfectly flat, with hills rising straight out of them, as though they had been beds of lakes. The great plain of Thebes exactly answered to the notion I had in my mind of what Keble calls "Asia's sea-like plain." Water is singularly absent every where; and woodland scenery also. Various sorts of evergreen shrubs, especially to a northern stranger, from their novelty and the foreign air they give to a scene, have a charm at first. But they soon pall upon the eye. There is no grouping or blending of divers greens, no masses of foliage, no tall stems or antler-like branches. Besides, there is an invariable dulness in the green of evergreens. In all these respects Greek scenery would be likely to fail in the judgment of most men, unless they were such lovers of nature as never to compare one scene with another, and unless they delighted in any scenery which has a distinctive character. I derived much pleasure from the scenery of Greece; still the features of the country are as I have described them: only that Thessaly and Arcadia must be excepted from my remarks, as we did not visit them. Speaking of *kinds* of scenery, perhaps the most attractive is mountainous woodland, woodland such as is not often met with out of the British Isles, except in those very homes of beauty, the Austrian provinces of Styria and Carinthia. But there is one kind, and that a very high kind of scenery, in which Greece is surpassingly rich; namely,

coast views, beautiful bays, and fine headlands, whether seen in morning or evening lights. I have navigated almost the whole outer coast of the Morea close in land, ridden from Oropo to Egripo, along the shore of the Euripus, with the tall coast of Eubœa opposite; and sailed from the Gulf of Salona to Lutrarchi at the very end of the Bay of Corinth, and again from Epidaurus to Athens, coasting Egina; and may therefore say with confidence, that the blue bays, headlands, isles, and rocky creeks of Greece are infinitely beautiful, and cannot disappoint any one. Wordsworth calls Greece

> . . . . . " a land of hills,
> *Rivers*, and fertile plains, and sounding shores."

This, specially because of the omission of valleys, is most correct, except in the matter of rivers. And this is no inaccuracy:—how should there be inaccuracy in him who banished it, with all loose writing and thinking, from modern poetry?—he spoke not in this matter as a topographer, but as a scholar putting sweet faith in the delightful and known exaggerations of the old poets, who shed "the power of Yarrow" on many a dry bed and impoverished pool [1].

Local attachments are rapidly formed; and though a man may come to Greece without much interest in the new Greek kingdom, one will soon form itself in

[1] While these sheets were in the press, it has been announced that Welker, the German scholar, has left Bonn for Greece, to continue the researches cut short by Müller's death.

his mind, strong and melancholy, breeding regrets and anticipations. Nowhere are any omens of prosperity to be detected. Geographically speaking, and especially for its situation on the Mediterranean, it is too small for an independent power. If the boundary line had been drawn from Pollina to Salonica, including the Gulf of Valona on the west and that of Salonica on the east, instead of being drawn from the inside of the Gulf of Arta to the foot of the Gulf of Volo, it would have had a much better chance of standing; the revenues of Thessaly and the physical prowess of Albania would have invigorated it in two of its weak points. At present its existence depends on the jealousies of the great European powers; and as the Mediterranean is likely soon to be a sea of many political tempests, so will the course of the Greek kingdom be stormy and unsteady. Meanwhile Russia, like a mountain whose shadow intercepts the sun for many a league of plain and hollow, flings a fixed and heavy shade on Greece; and although that shadow may protect the Church, many plants which would grow there cannot grow now because of it. We might have hoped that most future wars would have been wars of much diplomacy and little fighting; but Russia seems to be a power still left which has never tried and in a measure expended its brute force of population, as the rest of us have done; and which, therefore, will probably compel all Europe to go once more through an epoch of physical force. Also, for its northern seat, it may,

without over-fancifulness, be connected with prophecy in such a way, as to make it an object of considerable awe.

There is also another reflection, perhaps purely imaginative, which may cloud to some minds the future destinies of Greece. Some of us may have been so long accustomed to regard the course, as well of civilization as of the Church, tending westward from the sacred east, that we cannot conceive the world going backward for any length of time, or in any stable way; although, of course, there may be powerful eddies in the current of events. Neither is there any case in history which would warrant an expectation of it, unless Italy, pagan and papal, may be quoted. Yet let it be remembered, that though the theatre was old, the materials of Rome's second grandeur were rough, fresh, and new. But after all, Rome is a very awful place; we can scarcely venture to argue from it to any other place. There does not seem to be anything in the prophecies relative to the fortunes of the Church which would create a hope of such retrogression, except the territorial restortion of the Jews to the Holy Land and Holy City; and that, perhaps, if it is to be looked for at all, may not be till the Church has reached her eastern starting-place once more. Besides which, it is obviously an instance quite alone and peculiar. If, then, it be true that religion and civilization are travelling westward, it is not likely that in those parts of the east where, for man's sin, their footsteps have been effaced

or rendered indistinct, they can be reopened or deepened effectually or for long, seeing the feet themselves come back no more. In this view of the case, Greece has fulfilled her duty, and her office is over. This may seem a disheartening view; fortunately it is only a theory, and it would be an irreverence to call it by any higher name. It *is* a disheartening view; yet it is singular what a multitude of things, like the hands of watches, in Scripture, history, and the present state of affairs, point in such a way as to make it *probable;* a stronger word it would be venturesome to use.

In this view, then, the office of Greece is over. The three great projections thrown forward by Europe into the Mediterranean, Greece, Italy, and Spain, have been, as it were (it is but geographical dreaming), huge stepping-stones by which the Church has travelled westward. Of Greece enough has been said; Italy, the middle stepping-stone, preserved the dogmas of the faith while they were in peril from the fretting heresies of the subtilizing Orientals; and it has been the centre from which most of Europe has been christianized, and held together in unity after it was made Christian; and therefore of Rome I dare not say, and will not think, that her office is over. Spain, the last stepping-stone, was commissioned to hand on the faith over the vast fields of the then mysterious Atlantic; it having been disciplined for that by an almost interminable crusade against the misbelievers. It was also, in primitive ages, a Church rivalling the

African in austerity of discipline. It was the boundary of Europe; and Providence put into its hands the discovery of the New World. After having enacted a history more volcanic than that of any other nation in Europe, it is now working itself out in a series of imbecile eruptions, which merely ravage its own declivities. At present there seems no future in store for Spain. Who, in these days, has not thought of the possibility of a great Christian league against Rome, the pressure of which should induce her to abandon the ground taken up at Trent; and thus, to say the least, may union be possible? But it is the merest, thinnest dream. In Denmark the apostolical succession is wanting to the episcopacy; and that is the unearthly cement of a Church. In America, ecclesiastical feeling is a plant of too recent growth to be made available for any such great purpose; we must wait in that quarter for a multiplication of bishops, and then a monarchy; and it will take half a century or more to bring that proud invalid, the American republic, to a monarchy, however inevitable it may be. In the far east, Rome has got somewhat of a firm hold on many of the better Christian bodies. In the Greek Church, except, of course, the Russian branch of it, and Russia is well nigh all-powerful in the Vatican, there is too much decrepitude, and too much well-founded distrust, for any external movements, even though the pale of Christendom has been recently thrust out again on her behalf. And lastly, in England, where

the apostolic lamps are still burning over our Altars, and where the Angels have not deserted shrines which men leave unfrequented, and where, if we have not fragrant incense and flowing robes, we have spiritual meat and white garments;—in England there is the beam in our own eye to be pulled out before we venture on the mote that is in our neighbor's eye. Our foreign sympathies, so far as we need any, must rest mainly with the Latin Church; and we must make and find, cruelly though our sympathies are intercepted in that direction, such communion with her as we rightfully can, without incurring the horrible woes denounced on those by whom offences come to weak brethren. Shall the Apostle go his lifelong fasting rather than offend one weak Christian, and shall we array a multitude of Christians against men holier and wiser than ourselves, merely to satisfy an impatient craving, a disobedient restlessness, or a beautiful regret? The uppermost petition in all good men's prayers now should be, that God would vouchsafe to grant again external communion to His Church, and give us peace amongst ourselves. O, for peace, for peace! yet, truth first, and peace after truth.

Living among Greek Churches and Greek priests, who would not strive to be hopeful for her, from whom chiefly we have received our great creed? If it be that a blessing comes, the young Greek kingdom will share the dew which falls upon the old Greek Church.

We bade farewell to Athens, bathed in the Phalerum, and embarked at Piræus for Constantinople. In the morning we were at the island of Syra, a barren rock, which has risen to importance from its being a convenient point of intersection for the four great streams of Levantine bustle, the lines from Trieste, Malta, Constantinople, and Alexandria, converging here. The town is of considerable size, and of more respectable appearance than Athens. There are one or two church steeples, and bells to be heard; a sight and sound most refreshing after a sejour in continental Greece. The upper town, which is separate, is entirely inhabited by Latin Christians.

After spending two days at Syra we embarked for Smyrna. From the deck of the steamer, as she lay in the harbor, we could see on our right hand the island of Tenos; in the middle, the sacred Delos, and on the left the high land of Naxos, while leagues of unbreezy ocean were stretching away towards Asia.

The evening passed very pleasantly among the Cyclades. Soon after leaving the harbor of Syra, we had a view of Paros to the right, and Andros to the left, and passed Great and Little Delos, two bare rocks which at a distance look like mere headlands of Mycone. When we were off the cape of the island of Tenos, we saw Nicaria to our right, and at one end of it a conical mountain, which was in Samos. And then the veil of night came down upon the Ægean. About an hour and a half after sunrise

we passed the town of Scio, upon the island of the same name, the ancient Chios. It disputes with Zante the title of "flower of the Levant;" but the east shore, which we coasted, presented no signs of greenness or fertility. Here we met some part of the Turkish fleet going down to Candia, to crush the rebellion there. They had a dashing breeze, and it was really a fine sight to see those huge Turkish men-of-war moving so majestically upon the water; but we mourned over the probable scenes of atrocious barbarity which would follow their success. Four rebellions at once, in Candia, Albania, the vicinity of Mount Athos, and Bulgaria, besides troubles on the Persian frontier, are omens of the coming downfall of the huge infidel empire. Such an event will throw European diplomacy into confusion, the knot of which war must sooner or later cut. Yet Christians can scarcely have divided opinions on the subject.

Opposite the rocky shore of Scio was the mainland of Asia, the sacred continent, the site of Eden and the Lord's Tomb. We did not behold it unmoved, especially as it now seemed a forbidden land to us. For what we had heard at Syra of the plague in Syria and Egypt rendered a pilgrimage to the Holy Land out of the question; but we did not think so at the time. We still dreamed on of the Jordan and Jerusalem.

The part of Asia which we first saw was that projection of the coast bounded on the south by Cape

Blanco, and on the north by Cape Karabooroon, coming forward into the sea between the Gulfs of Scala Nuova and Smyrna. The coast was much greener than that of any of the islands which we had seen, and there were several pretty glens running down to the shore, laying open every here and there very lovely views. These were the haunted glens of old Ionia.

The wind gave us some trouble here; but at length we laid Mitylene to our left, and turned round the promontory into the Gulf of Smyrna. The coasting of the gulf, which is thirty-six miles long, is said to be very beautiful; yet we were disappointed in it. But the entry into the bay in which Smyrna stands is very splendid indeed, though not equalling Genoa or Corfu. The mountain on the right of Smyrna is very striking, and luxuriantly green.

Smyrna itself, with its twenty-two mosques and six cemeteries, has not so oriental an appearance as might have been expected; but it is a very striking place. It is built on the side of a low mountain called Pagus, whose top is occupied by a ruined castle built by one of the Byzantine emperors in the thirteenth century; and the environs of the city look like an assemblage of beautiful groves and shady gardens. The streets, in the Jewish and Turkish quarters especially, are narrow and filthy; but abounding in picturesque. The interior of the city is delightfully oriental; and the mosque quadrangles, the street corners, turns in the bazaar, gay

shops with the owners praying on their musnuds, and the infinite variety of costume, made an impression which will not be readily effaced. There were other scenes less pleasing: numbers of women were walking about with their faces almost entirely muffled up, followed by young black slaves, in the legs of several of whom the chains had left deep scars. We spent a long time in the bazaar pleasantly bewildered among sights and sounds, each quite different from anything we had experienced before. It was pardonable to feel the time slip away in a childish enjoyment of our first eastern city, and our first day on Asiatic ground, that wonderful and hallowed continent. From the bazaar we went to the largest mosque, which we were allowed to enter, when we had taken off our boots. The building was square, and from the central dome were suspended a great many lamps and large ostrich eggs. The floor was in a great measure covered with rich Turkey carpets, on which some Mahometans were prostrating themselves and performing their devotions. Sentences of the Koran were written all over the walls; and on the green curtain, which hung before the stairs leading to the elevated place of the readers and ministers, was the double triangle, the ecclesiastical emblem of the Holy Trinity. Of course it has some totally different meaning there; but still it was curious to see, as the only emblem in a unitarian place of worship, the catholic symbol of the Holy Trinity. From the muezzins' tower there is a superb pano-

rama, and a most curious bird's-eye view of Smyrna. From the mosque we went to the slave-market. There were none there but blacks brought from Beiroot, to which place the Egyptians take them. They looked languid and acquiescent. The attitudes in which they seemed naturally to throw themselves, whether standing or sitting, were singularly graceful; and they had all of them extremely beautiful arms. When I looked upon those languid Africans, torn from their homes, exposed to the coarse jeers and rude gaze of men in that horrible market, and then sold like dogs, I felt deeply humiliated that Christians had and still have such a share in this accursed traffic. How wretched, too, and absurd is that self-praise in which Englishmen often indulge, with what they call a modest glow of satisfaction, because of the foremost part we have taken in putting down the slave-trade! Do we praise men for their repentance? Have we not rather sinned in talking largely of what we have done in this matter, regarding it boastfully as the enlightened act of a free people, rather than as the tardy and most insufficient expiation for the sins of our forefathers? We talk with pompous bitterness of the *slave-holding* Americans, forgetting, with the characteristic and exaggerated conceit of Englishmen, that we were the *slave-trading* fathers of American slavery. We taunt our children with the baseness of the legacy which we ourselves have transmitted to them, and which they could not avoid receiving. O! what a scene

that Smyrna slave-market is to one not hardened by custom to such exhibitions of man's original depravity. It is good to be there. Let your imagination fill up the domestic scenes of bliss, realize the local affections, picture the present and future misery of these poor children of our Almighty Father, contrast the shady rocks, the hanging cocoas, the plumy nopals, the bright basking lizards, the bubbling wells, the evening song and moonlight dance of the village on the African shore,—with those chain-eaten limbs, joyless eyes, greasy dens, rude masters, and foul hot market-place; and as you turn sick and weary from the court, you may say in the words of the holy writer, "O Adam! what hast thou done? for though it was thou that sinned, thou art not fallen alone, but we all that come of thee!"

From the slave-market we proceeded to one of the Turkish cemeteries, where, amid its spiry cypresses and turban-headed grave-stones, we could allow the impressions of the slave-market to grow fainter. Indeed, had it not been for that miserable sight, our day would have been one of unusual pleasure. The architecture, the costume, the attitudes, the rich articles in the shops, were all so utterly unlike the solemn cities of the solemn west, that it seemed an Arabian tale had been realized, and the good Haroun Alraschid might be expected at every turn. . . .

When we see the vacant lassitude and languid tranquillity which possess the population of Smyrna, and also the prostrations and internal prayer of the

worshippers in the mosques, it is impossible to help acknowledging the wisdom of Mahomet in providing for his followers a religion of strictly definite and abundant ritual. The Oriental is thus saved in a great measure the trouble of thinking. He knows exactly what he has to do: the whole or nearly the whole is outward. Cases of conscience, out of whose number and difficulty the Christian science of casuistry has arisen, a science cultivated or neglected according as the real self-denying character of the Gospel is acknowledged or discountenanced, scarcely exist to trouble the Mahometan. Abstinence from the vice to which his climate does not lead him by any such sad compulsion, as in the gross atmosphere and cold rains of the north, is simply forbidden: while the reins are given up to him in the vice to which his climate does lead him, and which the impure prophet felt that supernatural grace alone could chasten. And, above all, without much annoyance to the indolent worshipper, the trouble of the ritual postures is sufficiently great to engender a soothed feeling of virtuous self-denial when he has gone through them.

As a Christian city, Smyrna is deeply interesting. It is the only city where any of the Seven Churches of Asia were, which exists as a city; in reward, perchance, of those riches of works, and tribulation, and poverty, which the Lord knew in her. The candlestick is giving feeble light, still untaken away: but the brutal inundation of Mahomet's foul creed has

swept over the whole place; and this is in itself a tremendous punishment. The Mahometans are masters now, as the Romans, sterner yet worthier lords, were of old. But is there now in Smyrna another Polycarp to consecrate Mount Pagus anew with a Christian martyrdom? I sat upon the deck looking out on this fair city, and mused on the blessed memory of that primitive Martyr, whom the Church in every succeeding age has much and rightly venerated. It is a great privilege to see these places, where are the footsteps of the early Church, and whose names are laid up in Scripture for ever, whereby, for good report or evil report, they stand above all other towns and places. Since we returned to England a great part of Smyrna has been destroyed by an awful fire. Surely this divine visitation may bring the language of warning, blended with promise, to our minds, as it is recorded in the Apocalypse. For perhaps, in the case of cities which prophecy has overshadowed, we should see in these lesser punishments an adumbration of the greater one behind, or, it may be, the healing severities of divine forbearance, endeavoring to bring about repentance, that so the greater chastisement may be avoided altogether.

Next morning I set forth again into the streets of Smyrna, in search of costume and orientalism. After a long ramble I arrived at the foot of the hill on which the castle is built, and, mounting half way up, I was repaid by a very beautiful panorama of Smyrna

with its green environs, the light waters of its shallow gulf, and its background of shrubby mountains. I then went to the largest cemetery, where I was made to feel myself completely in the east. Around were white gravestones with sculptured turbans on them, multitudinous cypresses, with the blue sky or green sea between them, a horrible black snake basking on the wall, a stork flying about among the trees, the deep cooing of hidden doves, a long string of camels with their bells tinkling, passing along the hill-side, led by turbaned infidels. There was such an absence of any Christian object all round, that it chilled me, and I thought perchance the candlestick was removed, and Smyrna unchurched. Then I thought that perhaps the ten days' tribulation was not over, that the Church of Smyrna might yet overcome, and so be unhurt of the second death.

While I was meditating on these things, I beheld, to my astonishment, the mysterious Stranger in company with a young Greek priest. The priest was sitting on a fallen grave-stone, while the Stranger was standing, leaning on one from which the Janissary's cap had been broken, when the sultan's vengeance followed even the departed members of that formidable body. The Stranger saw me, and beckoned me to approach. He did not say where he had met the Greek priest, or how he had made himself known to him. "I have ever felt," he said, "a deep, a most deep interest in the Greek Church, and I manifested it in a generation which did not respond

to my feelings. This young priest is unable to endure the evil fortunes of his Church, and has entertained the idea of joining the Roman communion, of which there is a Church and establishment in Smyrna. The reasons he has assigned are many and grave; and the symptoms of disease within his Church, which he has alleged, are curious and important. Yet am I about, though a reverent son of great Rome, to dissuade him from joining the Latin communion." "I would willingly hear your reasons," replied I, "if my remaining is not disagreeable to your companion, or likely to interfere with his unreserved communications to you." "Oh no," replied the young priest, "I have already said all I have to say, and I merely await the answer. For I need assistance in a matter so grave as this; for a Latin priest in Smyrna has seemed to prove to me that communion with Rome, where it can be had, is necessary to salvation."

"With that point, then, I will begin," said the Stranger. "It was not in my day held to be a matter of faith that salvation could not, generally speaking, be obtained by those who were not in communion with the successor of St. Peter. It is now the foremost doctrine of the Roman Church. Much of what I once said to him about the papacy will have made clear to this English priest that I do not regard the modern Roman Church as a faithful representative of the mediæval Roman Church. My English friend is content with no references but

those of primitive antiquity; but I am more jealous for the honor of the Middle Ages than for the modern Roman Church, because I regard the modern Churches both of Rome and England to fail as representatives of primitive ages, the one in catholic doctrine, the other in catholic ritual, and both in a due reverence for tradition; and also because I feel confident that a true revival of the Church system of my days, while it is more feasible, is also more suited to present exigencies, and more likely to unite Christendom. In this my English friend will not concur, and I do not press it upon him. Now in this matter, as in others, the doctors of my day do not agree with the present Roman doctors; and I do not think that any notion of the necessity of being in communion with Rome is sufficient ground for leaving the Greek Church. Communion with Rome is, for manifold reasons, a great privilege; and the Lord rewards the Church, when at unity with herself, by giving her a visible head in St. Peter's successor. But this is not a permanent gift of the Church by any means. For it is not that St. Peter in his successor is head *over* the Church, but that the Church, when the circulation of light and holy life within her is unimpeded by schism, is permitted to represent herself through St. Peter, and thus outwardly to express her marvellous unity for the conversion of those that are without, for the refreshing of the faithful, for the strengthening of the doubtful, for the decency of governance, for the safe-keeping

of the creed, for the restraining of excessive ritual diversity, and for the more effectual witnessing to her Master's glory. Schism strikes the Church speechless; unity restores to her the faculty of speech, and by a natural effort she speaks by St. Peter. Hence it follows that it is the duty of St. Peter's successor to be in communion with the Catholic Body, not the duty of the Catholic Body to be in communion with St. Peter's successor. This is not a verbal difference. Far more is implied in it. For if the Church were subject to St. Peter's successor, rather than represented by him, it would ensue that, of divine right, St. Peter's successor could rule over the lives of the faithful *immediately*, without any intervening power: otherwise his claim to be ruler over a subject Church would be inconsistent. Then, if he *could*, whether he would or no is not to the purpose, rule immediately over the lives of the faithful, it would follow that bishops are not a distinct order of the clergy by divine institution, and with powers emanating from Jesus Christ, and continued by apostolical descent, but are simply papal legates, removable at pleasure, and capable of being dispensed with in the Church altogether. To you," he continued, addressing the Greek priest, "I would urge the behavior of the catholic world to your own Churches of old. Pope Victor excommunicated the Churches of Asia, because of their differing from the Roman usage and tradition in the keeping of Easter; yet their catholicity was always acknow-

ledged, although they did not depart from their own custom at Victor's bidding. To you," he said, addressing me, "I would quote the African Church, which from its Donatist history so strikingly resembles your own, as also in a certain petulance of temper. Pope Stephen excommunicated St. Cyprian and his brother bishops, because of their rebaptizing heretics, that is, he excommunicated them for something really wrong which they had done; and here, on my view of the question, the parallel between the Churches would hold good. Yet the African Church desisted not from her erroneous custom for pope Stephen. Still her catholicity was ever acknowledged, and St. Cyprian has been canonized. Again, at a later period, and here too the parallel between England and Africa holds good, the African Church was not in communion with Rome for a long while[1]; and yet, notwithstanding, their catholicity was not disallowed. Indeed, in the Roman Church itself, the case of the bodies of Christians who at different times have obeyed antagonist popes, has come before the Roman doctors; and I believe the modern decision on the subject is, that none of them were guilty of schism: although the divine right of being the head of the Church could, in effect, only rest with one pope. I do not, therefore, think communion with St. Peter's successor necessary to salvation; but I do consider it a very great blessing, for which

[1] See Archbishop Laud's Conference with Fisher.

much, very much, ought to be sacrificed. But such a sacrifice can only rightfully be made by Particular *Churches*, at present out of communion with Rome; not by *individuals*, owing allegiance to those Particular Churches, and who will owe allegiance to St. Peter's successor when he is in communion with the catholic body, and their own Church as part of that body, and not till then. Thus, to sum up the whole matter, I would say that, historically, St. Peter's successor has at times been the visible head and centre of the catholic Church; that whenever (and it is not a permanent gift) the Lord permits her to have a visible head and centre, it is St. Peter's successor; and finally that it is a blessed thing for the Church when St. Peter's successor is acknowledged by his communion with all her branches to be her visible head and centre. Meanwhile, that is, so long as St. Peter's successor is not in communion with the catholic Church, we can but say, that if the head say unto the feet, Because ye are not the head, ye are not of the body, are they not therefore of the body? and if they were all one member, where were the body?

"The second ground which you urged as a reason for leaving your own Church was, the want of life in her, the observation of which had pained you very much. Certainly holy life, if taken in conjunction with other notes, is a very allowable evidence to adduce in order to prove that such or such a body of men *is* a Church; but it by no means appears that

it is warrantable to argue from the seeming absence or obscuring of that note, that such a body of men *is not* a Church. But from the whole tenor of your objections, you must suppose that, if your Church has not the note of holy life, the juices of her spiritual fecundity were dried up or stopped by St. Peter's successor ceasing to be in communion with her. Yet this can be proved not to have been the case. She retained, in a very glorious and ample way the note of holy life long after this. For in what can a Church more eminently exhibit her life than in the extension of her pale among the heathen? And has she not done this since St. Peter's successor ceased to be in communion with her? It is said also, that the Greek monastic institute is more strict, and has degenerated less than the Latin. Meanwhile, I grant fully that the very faint and feeble impression which the Greek Church makes upon the Mahometan population is a distressing subject of contemplation, and now that the Ottoman empire seems coming to a crisis, loudly calls for the prayers of the catholic world. But, after all, when you object to your Church her want of life, should you not remember that you acknowledge her to possess the lawful, divine priesthood, the true Sacraments, and the old tradition? And are not all these sources of life? True, a poor and evil generation may neglect or lightly esteem the means of grace, and their attainments in holy living will, consequently, be meagre and scanty; but is the Church

defective on that account? If her children disesteem the Sacraments, does that destroy or put in abeyance her divine commission and authority to administer them? Is it not rather that your contemporaries, giving themselves up to money-getting or political intrigues against the Turks, practically separate themselves from the Church, than that the Church has not the means of life within her? Of what profit is the earth's fecundity, if the husbandman stir not the soil? or the water-springs, if laborers guide them not to irrigate the fields? or the heaps of corn, if the oxen tread them not out? or the crops of olives, if men press them not into oil? or the ears of wheat, if they be not made into bread? or the grape branches, if the vintage toil wearies you? No: it is not that the lamps are extinguished; it is that they need trimming.

"Your third ground was your preference of the Latin ritual to your own. I do not wonder you should envy the Latin service-books; for anything more elevating and magnificent than the western ritual is not to be conceived. There is not such another glory upon the earth. It gives to men the tongues of Angels, it images on its bosom the attitudes of Heaven, and it catches glorious shreds of echo from the eternal worship of the Lamb. It has a language of its own, a language of symbols, more luminous, more mystical, more widely spread, than any other language on the earth. I do not wonder you should envy the Latin ritual. Yet this natural preference

would by no means clear you of great guilt in leaving your Church because of it. The choice of rites concerns a Church, not its members, except so far as they may be of authority and influence within their Church. It does not, I say, concern individuals. They are concerned only about essentials, and essentials are but very few in ritual matters: although there are some ritual things essential, some so ancient that we dare not say they are unessential, and others so universal that it would be immodest to depart from them. And does not your ritual contain all the essentials, ay, and much more than the essentials, much more of beauty and profoundness? I need not unfold to you the touching beauty and allegorical depth, the primitive simplicity combined with the later richness, which are to be found in the Euchologion. There are other Churches that have more cause to murmur than you have. But measure your attainments in holiness with the ritual of your Church, and you will find you have been far from filling out her system, far from equalling her eminence, far from acting out her customs, far from reflecting her full light. Humble yourself, and acquiesce. I speak not in severity, but look how you live and act before the misbelievers, and then confess yourselves to be very dogs unmeet to receive the crumbs that fall from the Master's Table; and yet you are at least fed from the Table, and minister at it. Does it not even seem like a merciful Providence that your ritual is only what it is, considering

what your lives are? And furthermore I put it to you to reflect whether this craving for the beauty of holiness, when you are wanting in the severity of holiness, does not arise from a very disobedient, restless and unhallowed temper of mind, whether it does not betray a want of humility, of self-knowledge, of affection, of single-hearted zeal, and of dutifulness, whether it does not betoken rather a love of excitement than of asceticism, and lastly, whether, present circumstances considered, it is not (I speak deliberately) a most awful tempting of Providence.

"Your fourth ground was the uneasiness you felt because men imputed ungenerous and dishonest motives to you, when you expressed opinions and harbored feelings neither popular nor prevalent in your Church. Surely here again is a want of self-discipline, a want of submission to Providence, a want of a self-accusing heart to see in all these things the punishment of your sins. Surely your mind may be at ease so long as you do not entertain opinions or harbor feelings which, in the judgment of your strict conscience, studious to be enlightened, seem irreconcileable with the forms to which you have submitted yourself, and which are the conditions of your place and standing in the Church. Surely your mind may be at ease, when men who hold your principles are led by them to conclusions at which you cannot come, so long as it is your honest conviction and firm sense of duty, which bars you from finding such conclusions in your principles, and not the love of

wealth, power, place or name. Of course men will taunt you with a want of straightforward dealing. But what of that? Are not these such yokes as the Master bore for us? For example, the Greek Church has long received as an heir-loom hatred of the Latin Church: you are unable to realize this feeling, nay, it seems to you odious and wicked. Surely the popular prevalence of it amongst your brethren is not to overwhelm the dictates of your own conscience. Believe me, so long as with devout integrity you are modestly confident that your opinions and feelings are not irreconcileable with the forms to which you have bound yourself, it is only tyranny over the conscience, it is only persecution and the angry fear which springs from the consciousness of an unsound or uncertain cause which makes men deny your right, in your place and station, to suggest a change in yourselves, to notice a merit in others, to condemn conduct which the Church has not explicitly bound you to approve, or to give utterance to a regret, if it seem to you discreet, charitable and edifying so to do. But what effect should cruel words, harsh judgments, uncharitable imputations, and sarcastic gibes have upon you? Surely not to drive you by their wanton baseness to a step, which men are irritated that you do not take, because your abstaining gives the lie openly to their ungenerous accusations: surely not to lead you to desert your mother Church, because of the intolerant rage, dislike, shyness, or coldness of a single gene-

ration of her sons. Who would leave his mother for the quarrelsome temper of a petulant brother? Rather they should lead you to re-examine step by step the road which has led you to your present opinions and feelings. They should lead you to doubt motives which others have no right to doubt, to sift principles which you have sifted before, to humble yourself before God in that for which, may-hap, you have no cause to humble yourself before men, to give yourself to prayer, to guard against spite or bitterness or factious feeling, and daily from these little semblances of persecution to feed within yourself gentleness of spirit and sweetness of manners. So, in the bosom of your own Church, with a conscience unblamable, in the wholesome sunshine of plain-dealing and plain-speaking shall you live.

"These are the four reasons which you have urged in behalf of joining the Latin congregation at Smyrna; and I believe them to be quite insufficient to justify so grave a measure. They would be obviously insufficient even in countries like Hungary and England, in which it is not plain at first sight where the Church is. But they have still less weight here, where a confused history has not so obscured the matter. For the ecclesiastical isolation of the Armenians is of no account. But, as a practical advice which would in such a case weigh more with me than anything else, I would suggest to you one other consideration. The Apostle teaches us

that where God finds us, where His grace comes to us, there we should remain, not seeking to be freed even from a position disadvantageous, as we deem it, to our religious advancement. You find yourself in a Church, not surely by accident but by God's Providence, what warrant have you for leaving that Church? Who can authorize you to go away? Is private judgment your ruler? I trust you have not so learned Christ. The presumption, a presumption sufficiently strong to act upon, is always in favor of the circumstances in which you actually find yourself. So long as you do not believe, and you hold no such fearful opinion, that the Greek Church is absolutely apostate and unchurched, her candlestick utterly removed, it is your duty to abide in her. Your allegiance is due to her, and you cannot be free from it without schism and rebellion. You are a member of a Church; explain to me on Church principles, and from the precedents of Church history, what and where the door is by which you have the power to leave her, and who is to open it for you. Let your regrets be ever so vehement, your disapproval ever so strong, men's calumny or persecution ever so hard to bear, your own doubts ever so harassing, foreign claims ever so unanswerable, so long as there remains in your mind a conviction that it is *probable* or *possible* for your Church to be really a true branch of the Church Universal, I am unable to see what can warrant you in leaving it. Oh beware! beware! This it is which is destroying catholic

Unity and catholic Sanctity. Rome's modern doctrine of communion with St. Peter's successor, and modern England's want of realizing the catholic principles of Unity, are plunging the whole world into a depth of spiritual confusion, from which it scarcely appears that anything but a manifest and direct interposition of Providence can save us. Remain therefore where you are, for this plain reason—you have found no warrant yet for going away.

"But you may say, what if circumstances occur which render it impossible for me to remain? Well, let us examine this. The Latin congregations are to your Church in one point of view what the sectarian bodies are to the English Church. To go over to them is an open and observable act, it is taking a manifest step, thereby exhibiting a newly awakened zeal and repentance, where the quiet uniformity of their own Church worship does not satisfy the carnal restlessness of these undisciplined converts. Now men might (I will put the case of England) be angry and alarmed at the increase of the Puritan Calvinist bodies, and at the leaning, if there were one, of a section of their own Church toward Puritan Calvinism. They might think and say that Puritan Calvinism was inconsistent with the English formularies, that it led towards dissent, engendered odious societies which intruded into the Church's chair, that it fostered disobedience to Bishops, that it had already murdered an Archbishop and martyred a King, and, finally, that no one leaning towards

Puritan Calvinism could honestly subscribe the English conditions of Church membership. Meanwhile those infected with Puritan Calvinism might say, We do think our views reconcileable with these conditions, although they may be neither popular nor prevalent in the Church of our day, though there have been times past in which they were; we vehemently accuse our Church of having been cold, stagnant and unspiritual in late days; we say that Calvinist doctrines are vital Christianity, and can alone rescue our Church from her coldness: neither do we hesitate to confess that we should hail the time with joy when everything in our formularies should be more strictly conformed to our views, which now looks another way: we call upon you to respect our consciences, we honestly subscribe the usual conditions, we are the best judges of our own integrity, our very taking up with these unpopular opinions ought to be a proof to you, and would be so if you were candid, that we do not ambitiously crave promotion, and abide in the Church for the sake of the loaves and fishes, as vulgar men speak, while the lives of those who are of chief repute among us bring forth the ordinary fruits of God's grace in no ordinary measure. However, men are not convinced by this, we will suppose. Some ill-advised persons suggest some new test or form beyond what the Church originally demanded, which is to reveal who are true-hearted sons of the Church and who not, which shall do violence to the consciences of these

Puritan Calvinists, or force them into separation. This suggestion meets with approval: as a punishment for sin, God permits it to be adopted by authority and imposed. The end is answered. The Puritan Calvinists cease to belong to the English Church. Now I would not be supposed to countenance their doctrines, or the bodies to which they may join themselves. I would not say they had not sinned in coming to such doctrines, that they had not sinned in the temper in which they held those doctrines, or that they had not sinned in the manner in which they taught those doctrines. It is quite possible. All I would maintain is, that they have not sinned in the act of ceasing to belong to the English Church, and for this reason,—that they have not gone away from it, but have been cast out of it. I have put an imaginary case, as less irritating to your feelings than a harsh outline of your own: but it is of easy application."

The young Greek priest rose, much moved, but silent. He laid his hand on his breast and bowed, as is the manner of salutation with the Greek priests, and retired towards Mount Pagus.

After a silence of some minutes the Stranger said, "Are you satisfied with the advice which I gave to that young man?" "Yes," I replied; "but I marvel not a little at it, considering you are a Latin, and attached with such devoted exclusiveness to the Latin Church." "Nay," said he, "what could I have done better for her than what I have done?

Rome has no cause to fear truth; she will gain by it in the end. Behold," continued he, raising his voice, while his face kindled with solemn enthusiasm, "behold, all hearts are turned towards Rome, all eyes fixed upon her in love, hope, fear, and inquiry. Long has her mysterious character been seen, in that men could not feel indifference towards her as towards a common city, but either fond love or bitter hatred has been her portion from every one who cared for the Cross at all. The contracted limits and narrow sympathies of national churches are again being destroyed. Gallicanism, that vile, unworthy and disloyal child of the selfish Sorbonne, is now scattered for ever to the four winds of Heaven; and the fresh waters imprisoned by the salt sea in your own island are bursting down their barriers, with a sound to which all Europe listens. Oh, by the beauty of old catholic England! Oh, by the memory of the old Saxon saints! I implore you, as a priest consecrating in the shrines of Augustine and of Anselm, to seek daily to feel, and realize, and lean upon the Church catholic, through and beyond your own national branch; throw yourself, with a bold meekness, into the capacious sympathies and magnificent affections of the Church universal; hide yourself in the mighty beating of her universal heart. Are there none to set you an example, none whose meek humility and love of discipline can correct the vehemence and untutored zeal which tempts those who walk in a new path?" "O, yes," I replied, "there are lowly-minded

men even in proud England, whose leaning on the Church catholic is as bold and trustful as your own; we have men still who walk in our cloisters singing of the king's daughter, and extolling her golden vesture. Nay, on this Asiatic shore, forgive me if I would leave behind an echo of noble English song—a melody of one who sits uncomplaining by the waters of our Babylon, even thankful for the thin shade of the willows in that thirsty land, and speaking there glorious things of the city of our God:—

"Throughout the Older word, story and rite,
Throughout the New, skirting all clouds with gold,
Through rise and fall and destinies manifold
Of pagan empires, through the dreams and night
Of nature, and the darkness and the light,
Still young in hope, in disappointment old,
Through mists which fallen humanity enfold,
Into the vast and viewless infinite,
Rises the Eternal City of our God.
Her towers the morn, with disenchanting rod,
Dimly and darkly labors to disclose,
Lifting the outskirts of th' o'er-mantling gloom;
Bright shapes come forth,—arch, pinnacle, and dome;
In Heaven is hid its height and deep repose."

"Is this, indeed," said he, "a modern English strain? In truth, it is such an image of the eternal city as would rise to the keen vision of Austin as he paced the Mediterranean sands, or the broad eye of Basil amid the rugged scenery of Pontus. I trust such sweetness may win many among you from a narrow-hearted idolatry of a national Church; for most deep

and true, most solemn and most tender, is their love for their own Church, who gaze from the steeples of her beloved street upon the mighty city of squares, domes, abbeys, palaces, and glistening pinnacles, which is outspread beyond her and around her; and in the centre of that city, like to a most gorgeous citadel, stands the form of old Rome. See, after long neglect, how all the children of the earth, one after another, even those who are not called by her name, rise up and uncover themselves in her princely presence. O ye sons of Rome! ye children of august forefathers! O ye townsmen of the immortal city! wherefore have ye blocked up the avenues to the city of peace with yon new, unsightly fortalice? Why have ye impeded the highways, and broken up the pavements, and left undrained the marshes, that the provincials cannot come? See! the whole world burns to fling itself, in one spontaneous wave of pilgrimage, upon the capital."

No sooner had he uttered these words than he darted away among the cypresses. I sat alone; again the cooing of the doves became audible, and the endless tinkling of the camel-bells, and the hum of Smyrna close below.

The light sea-breeze, wandering "at its own sweet will" through the cabin of the vessel, was very pleasant; and from one of the windows I looked out upon Smyrna. More and more delightful is the effect of the dark green spires of cypress, mingling

over the low-roofed houses with the white airy pillars of the mosques. Still, as to its exterior, this Paris of the Levant, as it vaunts itself, is not so oriental as it ought to be. But whoever penetrates into the entrails (there is no other adequate word) of the huge bazaar, will be most amply rewarded.

At sunrise we were passing the north end of Mitylene. We stopped for awhile off Cape Baba, on the mainland, the northern arm of the Gulf of Adramyti; and from hence to Tenedos we ran close into the Asiatic shore. It is beautifully wooded all the way along, and the ground strikingly undulated; it seemed like one long English park, with mountains in the background. But there was Tenedos in sight,

> —"notissima famæ
> Insula, dives opum Priami dum regna manebant,
> Nunc portus tantum, et statio malefida carinis."

The town of Tenedos is not very striking; but opposite us is the Troad, a name of world-wide glory. It was to Tenedos that the Greeks retired when they pretended to break up the siege of Troy.

The coast of the Troad is much lower than the rest of the neighboring shore. There are many trees opposite Tenedos, but no clump of Protesilaus, the legend of whose fate is one of the most interesting of the multitude of legends which hang like a cloud over the Troad, and whose name has received a fresh assurance of immortality from the pen of Wordsworth.

The Delphic oracle had announced, that whichever side first lost a man should be victorious. Protesilaus, a Thessalian chief, "revolved the oracle upon the silent sea," leaped on shore first, and was slain by Hector. Afterwards his mourning widow, Laodamia, was allowed to have a three hours' interview with his ghost, when, from excess of grief, she died broken-hearted. The gods, in condemnation of this vehemence of human passion, did not allow her ghost to wander in the happy shades with her husband; and she is placed by Virgil among the gloomy crowd of infelicitous lovers. A clump of trees, so said the legend, grew up from the spot were Protesilaus fell; and it was beautifully believed, that as soon as the leafy shoots got high enough to look upon the site of Troy, they withered down, and grew again, and withered down again; and so would do for ever.

"Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained,
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight,
In constant interchange of growth and blight."

Alas! there is no clump of sufficient character and distinctness, whose branches fancy could burden with that wise legend.

Our day at Mycenæ, and the Palamede at Napoli, and the dells of Ionia, and the coasting of the Troad, are passages of our wanderings which have filled us full of Homeric recollections. I sat looking on the Troad, with the Excursion in my hand. It was not chance alone which had made me open it there. There are no two great works of ancient and modern literature which will so well bear a comparison as the Odyssey and Excursion. There are of course obvious distinctions between all old and new literature which tell here; but we may come nearer to a comparison in the case of those two poems than in any other instance. In pathetic power and sustained dignity, the Excursion is superior to the Odyssey; in technical execution and craft inferior to it, probably as being only a splendid portion of a poem; for although the Excursion may not look forward to any conclusion, there are many places in which it looks backward, and presupposes principles taught elsewhere. It is not indeed that Wordsworth is Homeric, but that Homer is *in the Odyssey* (if the anachronism is allowable) Wordsworthian. Neither, again, is the amiable old Wanderer an entire parallel to the crafty Ulysses, although in several points they are not unlike. Both are, as it were, the centres round which the poems revolve, or rather the oracles inside the sounding temples, sitting on their tripods and sending their wise words forth, written on the fairest green leaves, which shall not wither because of their

immortal inscriptions. Both are, not heroes, nor gorgeous motes in the sunbeams of pagan or Christian chivalry, but types and symbols of sage discretion and moral prudence, deep, tranquil, provident, concerned with little things and common-place occurrences, the philosophy of common life. But the Wanderer's is a simplehearted wisdom, liberal, holy, sympathetic, and childlike; while that of Ulysses is mostly hard-featured wariness, or even cold craft, running into selfishness, the serpent without the dove. Christianity makes that difference between the two. Again, cities and the manners of men are the branches of experience on which the wisdom of both the sages is manifold and eminent. But in the Wanderer's case, there is superadded an intelligent fear and love of natural objects; and this again is part of the wise romance infused into literature by the Gospel. And, finally, the different ways in which Ulysses and the Wanderer came by their experience are very striking. That of Ulysses has been acquired by rough event and rude contact, as a pagan's must have been; the Wanderer's, on the contrary, has been gleaned from quiet, unchecked sympathy and inward vicissitude, as a Christian's mostly is, if he is a thoughtful man:

> "The common growth of mother earth
> Suffices him, her tears and mirth,
> Her humblest mirth and tears."

The "potent wand of sorrow" and the "tender sprite repentance" are uppermost in the Wanderer's wisdom. The heathen sage knew dread, but not sorrow, save as a weakness; remorse, but not repentance, save as a fruitless moral cowardice. His wisdom could scarcely be, as the Christian's is,

> "The harvest of a quiet eye,
> That broods and sleeps on its own heart."

Making these distinctions, then, which are rather distinctions between the moral feelings of heathenism and the Gospel than between the Odyssey and Excursion, there still remains a singular and interesting resemblance between these two great works. The unusual position and prominence which discreet prudence has in both poems, the gentleness and almost pensiveness of tone, the simple, domestic narrative, the way in which everything is kept subordinate to the utterance of moral wisdom, the tales and incidents, most trifling to thoughtless men, by which the wisdom is conveyed, the elegant naiveté of the descriptions of manners,—all these are striking points of resemblance. There is one point of contrast, too, which is no less striking. If the Homeric poems, or even the basis of them, were the work of one intellect, it is evident that the author was an older man when he wrote the Odyssey than when he wrote the Iliad. There is a melancholy and almost hallowed disappointment thrown over the thoughts

of the Odyssey, like the evening coloring which surrounds an old man's meditations[1]. Look, for instance, at the book of the Excursion entitled Despondency Corrected, where the Wanderer shows how a sense of spiritual destitution has always been exorcised from man's life, even by every false faith which the world has ever seen: and then compare with it the almost bitter gloom of the Necyomanteia in the Odyssey, and the bewildering veil which hung over death and the things of death before the old heathen poet's eyes, and through which there came no illumination from the sanctuary behind. The whole of the Excursion lies in a deep, tranquil light. But the poet has managed, from his own serene, capacious, and profoundly meek faith, to throw the strongest sunset glory upon the Cross erected in the

[1] Cuique suum; this view of the Necyomanteia is taken from one of Professor Keble's lectures at Oxford. Another writer, whose Christian interpretation of anything in paganism would have great weight, says, "What reader has not been struck with wonder at Homer's description of the place of the dead; so expressive of demerit, and the expectation of righteous judgment in man, yet not without a secret hope in God? That first and greatest of poets describes the souls of the dead as wrapt in mysterious gloom, and powerless, and silent, until they have partaken of the blood of the sacrifice. Such is the voice of nature, if it be not something greater than nature; or the glimmering light of primeval tradition, that spoke of the Great Sacrifice in the midst of that spiritual darkness, to them who wandered beneath the shadow of death."—*Williams on the Lord's Passion.*

middle of that gloom, which rose like an inauspicious exhalation from the mind of the sceptic. So that the Wanderer's discourse is a very triumph of Christian cheerfulness. It is profitable, as well as pleasant, to read these two poems together. In the Odyssey there is more Gothic romance than in all the rest of old literature, Æschylus not excepted; for his stately gloom and dark mind are thoroughly classical.

Who would not be interested in the passage of the Dardanelles, the broad Hellespont of old Homer? The scenery, especially on the European side, is not particularly beautiful, but still there are fine views of woody Asia; and there are the cliffs of Europe, and the blue water, and the white-winged ships, and all the glorious history which crowds either shore. Just before entering the straits we passed the island of Imbros on our left, with a mountain seen over it, which we were told was in the sacred Samothrace. The Sigeian promontory guards the Asiatic side of the entrance: it is now called Cape Janissary. The sea on the Asiatic shore then makes an inland crescent whose other horn is the Rhætæan promontory. In this bay the Greek ships were drawn up during the siege of Troy. The Trojan plain lies beyond, with Ida in the back-ground. Some few bends further is the Castle of Anatolia, and exactly opposite to it, on the Thracian side, is the Castle of Roumelia. These were the batteries silenced by

the English fleet in 1807. In the miserable village attached to the Castle of Roumelia is the barrow of Hecuba, the ill-fated queen. Sestos and Abydos were not here, as used to be thought, but further down, and by no means opposite to each other. We kept close to the European side, and could not therefore make out the mouths of the two streams which must stand for the immortal rivers of Simois and Scamander. A little further north, on the Asiatic side (we must keep leaping backward and forward), is the mouth of the brook Kara-ova-su. This was the famous and disastrous Ægospotamos where Lysander ended the Peloponnesian War by his victory. The large bay into which the Hellespont swells, when you get north of the castles, ends in a long, low, flat point; and opposite to it, beyond the cliffs which mostly form the European shore, there is a flat projection of shingle. Here, it is said, and, indeed, it is almost the only possible place, Xerxes built his bridge of boats.

It must have been a sight of fearful interest, when the sun rose from eastern Asia upon Europe, still lying in the grey shadows, and the immense multitude, in that infinite variety of national costume so carefully depicted by the pleased Herodotus, worshipped the rising god of light, and the despot, and an amiable despot too, did reverence after the Magian fashion, as through the distorting narrative of the Greek historian we may discern he did, to the

divine character of the Hellespont; and then to the sound of oriental war-music the army began to defile across the unsteady bridge. In this place the strait is only a mile and three quarters wide; and by the time the whole bridge was filled with men, it must have been one blaze of pennons, glittering arms, and gay costume: Asia pouring her wrath out upon the plains of Europe; Asia, already bright in sunshine, typifying her civilized arts and elegant luxury; Europe still grey in the struggling dawn, yet breaking her barbarian fetters fast away. I thought of thee, thou pale green Salamis!

What a scene was that in history! And that lovely bay, too, below Lampsacus, at the mouth of Ægospotamos! Its loveliness has been witness to a scene in history as grand, though of a sterner grandeur, the victory of Lysander and the fall of Athens. I looked upon the curving shore, the green trees, the white walls of Lampsacus, the back-ground of swelling woody mountain: and I remembered Xenophon's description of the arrival of the news at Athens; for Xenophon, shame on him for a base, bad citizen! could even be coolly eloquent upon his country's fall. He says that from the Piræus to Athens was heard one cry of wail, and they remembered what they had done to the Melians, the Histiæans, and the Scioneans, and the Toronæans, and the Æginetans, and many more. And no eye in Athens slept that night. A terrible retribution it

was upon Athenian pride. It reminded me of that sad scene and touching outburst of popular sorrow described in the Bible, when the spies returned from the promised land with a false report of its terrors, and it is said that "all the congregation lifted up their voice and cried; and the people wept that night."

Lampsacus, now Lamsaki, was one of the three towns given by Xerxes to Themistocles. Kings made presents on a grand scale in those days, or perhaps cities were on a poor one. Lampsacus was to furnish the clever exile with wine, Myus with meat, and Magnesia with bread. In situation Lampsacus is very beautiful; it stands on a flat tongue of land projecting into the strait. There is a sweet bay, full of verdure, just below, and a fine hill view behind. Soon after leaving Lampsacus we passed a town called Chandak, on the Asiatic side, and nearly opposite to it is the old city of Gallipolis, which stands in Europe, at the very entrance of the sea of Marmara. From the water it has an imposing appearance, and the high minarets stood out above the hills in strong relief against the clear evening sky. The sunset was wild and red, and gave us some lovely lights down the Hellespont.

So ended the Hellespont, and a delightful voyage we had through it. At first Asia seems to recede, while Europe throws herself forward upon the opposite continent in cliffs and headlands. But, as you go

further up, Asia comes forward with. a bolder coast, and more frequent promontories, and Europe retires into creeks and bays. Throughout the passage the scenery of Asia is finer than that of Europe. It is curious that the scenery of the coast of Asia, ever after we left Chios, was more like England than anything we had seen since we left home. The Asiatic side of the Hellespont reminded me continually of the parts of Herefordshire towards Ledbury and the western slope of the Malvern Hills; while the green corn and hedgerows of the European shore recalled the tamer uplands of Leicestershire. But on neither side is there any very fine scenery. The best is in the neighborhood of Lampsacus. Yet all of it is rather rich, fertile, and excessively green, than striking or beautiful. The strait of the Euripus between Eubœa and the Greek continent is far finer as scenery. But history makes the difference. Obscure Greek villages straggle in white lines up the steep shores of the Euripus with barbarous unhistoric names; while some of the choicest recollections man can treasure up of worldly glory stand, like ranks of silent sentinels, upon the shores of the two continents. And thus, though far inferior to the Euripus in natural scenery, the Hellespont is superior in intense interest to any maritime scenes in the world, except the shore where Jaffa is, and Tyre, and Carmel's top.

Gallipoli was past. Cold thick night settled down

on the rough purple of the sea of Marmara, the old Propontis, a wide and magnificent sea-chamber, shut in by the Hellespont below and the Bosphorus above, a fitting antechamber to imperial Constantinople, once the gorgeous capital of the civilized world. Night was on it. A hundred and eight miles of the sea of Marmara were before us, between us and the glories of Constantinople; and we looked through the darkness with eager hope and a disturbed impatience to see the first sunbeam strike the highest crescent upon St. Sophia's.

In the cabin were some men in earnest discussion. They spoke in Italian, and I could not understand them. But now and then I caught a sentence ending with the words, "four several consistories;" and again the argument was taken up, and again it dwelt upon "four several consistories." I listened in mere vacancy of mind. And still the argument went on, and still the "four consistories" were mentioned, and as I crept into my cabin, I said to myself mechanically, "the four consistories."

The sea of Marmara was an uneasy pillow, and my sleep was full of disturbed dreams; and as in the argument of the Italians, so in my dreams, "the four consistories" came uppermost.

I dreamed that I was on an island, in shape like Icolmkill, and that it rested on pillars of rock which rose out of the sea, and among which the waves foamed and roared: and methought I was placed

upon a promontory so that I could see the surface of the island, and also the marine pillars, with the waves weltering amongst them; and some one said to me, "Behold the four consistories!" And methought I saw in a green hollow an assembly of men of all ages, arranged as in the pictures of the Council of Trent in the title-pages of Paolo Sarpi. There were men and children sitting in the consistory; but no women. On one side was a dark cloud of murky folds resting on the bosom of the earth, as if it had risen like an exhalation from it; and on the front of the cloud in luminous streaks was written, "This is the West, the symbol of the secular power." And methought there was a great uproar in the consistory, and presently some guards brought in a majestic lady as a prisoner, and the members of the consistory hid their faces from her queenly gaze, and cowered when her thrilling voice was lifted up; and then it seemed they could bear it no longer, and they motioned to the guards, and the royal lady was led away. Now there was a whispering in the consistory, and presently four men in grave apparel, but with very coarse features, rose from the front seats, and entered the murky cloud. And the consistory sat in silence, waiting. Soon, however, the men returned with hurried steps, and they smiled, and threw down in the middle a Writing of Divorce; and the consistory rose, and rushed to it, and raised a frantic shout. And then it all disappeared: and

methought my eye happened to rest upon the pillars which bore the island up, and the waves were fretting them through very quickly, and I was in great fear; but a voice said to me, "Not yet." Still I could not take my eyes from the pillars. Oh how rapidly the waves were fretting them! But I perceived, on a sudden, that the sea grew calm, and ceased to harm the pillars, and the pillars too grew thicker and more solid.

The consistory sat again in the green hollow; the members were of wilder aspect than before, but their behavior was more decorous and their demeanor more solemn. Then two prisoners were brought before them; the one, a stern cruel-looking man with marvellous eyebrows, and the other had a face of beautiful sadness, and the long brown hair fell over his shoulders. They were tried with great solemnity, for there were no children in the consistory. Then they were removed, and eight men followed them into the cloud. And the consistory sat waiting. When they returned, they looked very grave, and their rugged features were as pale as ashes, and the luminous streaks on the cloud were extinguished, and they threw into the middle a Bleeding Axe, and the consistory prayed a prayer and dispersed. But meanwhile the waves had fretted some of the pillars nearly through, and some it had broken and cast down, and the island began to vibrate, and in my foolish fear I meditated casting

myself into the sea; but a voice said to me, "Not yet." Still I could not take my eyes from the pillars. Oh how rapidly the waves were fretting them! But by degrees the fury of the waters was assuaged, and though the pillars which had been cast down could not be raised up, those which were fretted began to thicken, and the island vibrated no longer.

A consistory sat again in the green hollow. There was no prisoner brought before them; but the seal of an accused person was shown them and examined. Methought they sat only for a brief season, when sixteen men rose up and went into the cloud, where the luminous streaks were now very bright, and presently they returned, and threw down in the middle an Unjewelled Crown. As soon as they had thrown it down, the luminous streaks on the cloud were extinguished. And the members of the consistory took up the Crown, and each of them put it on, one after the other, and smiled. Then methought a fire was lighted in the middle, and eight bruised mitres of gold were brought in and melted down, and they filled up the holes in the crown where the jewels had been with the gold of the eight mitres. And, when it was mended, they danced round it, and uncovered themselves before it, and sang songs and fired cannon. Then they took it up, and carried it away. And I looked at the pillars, and the waves were roaring amongst them: and again I was afraid; but the voice said to me, "Not yet." Still I could

not take my eyes from the pillars. Oh how rapidly the waves were fretting them! And I thought it strange that they held no consistories when the pillars were being fretted, but that when the pillars began to thicken again, then they held a consistory, and further, that as soon as ever the consistory was held, then the waves began to fret the pillars again. And so it was now. The pillars began to thicken more rapidly than ever, and some of those which had been cast down after the second consistory were now raised up.

A consistory sat again in the green hollow. A very aged prisoner was brought before them. He must have been a hundred years old; and he had written a great many books, and all his books were brought with him. This was the most decorous of all the consistories. The members were all in fine robes, and extremely courteous towards each other, and though somewhat bitter towards the prisoner, they did not treat the old man with rudeness. But there was one respect in which this consistory differed from all the others: it was that women sat in it, and great deference was paid to what they said. This was the most polite of all the consistories, but the second seemed the most religious. They addressed the prisoner in a very long speech, which he answered, and his voice was so feminine and so mellifluous, that it startled me when he first began to speak. When he had finished, there arose a dispute

among the members, some wishing that he should be taken away in the cloud, whereon the luminous streaks were again visible, but not so ruddy as before; others proposed that he should take an oath that he would not pull down any of the pillars. These latter prevailed. The old man burst into tears, and said, "Nearly for a hundred years have I watched over these pillars, and scarcely have I eaten by day, and scarcely have I slept by night, that my watch might be unbroken: and think ye I would pull them down?" So he laid his hand upon his heart, and swore that he would not pull down any of the pillars. Then the consistory was about to break up, but some of the most violent of the members would not permit it, but agitated the assembly by bitter speeches with much gesture. It was agreed, therefore, that a further oath should be taken of the old man, that he would cease to keep watch over the pillars by night. But he refused to take the oath. Thereupon arose a great confusion in the consistory; and the nobles and great men, to whom he had dedicated his books, came forward, and tore out the dedications with their own hands. Then all the assembly cried out, "To whom will you dedicate the chronicles of your night-watches now?" And he answered with calm enthusiasm, "To the mountains, then, and to the snows, to the yellow moors and the moaning pine-woods, and to the unchained air." There now grew a warm debate about this answer,

and what it signified; and the old man was called upon to interpret it, and he would not. Then it was agreed that there was a very deep and bad meaning in it: and so they cast the old man out, and the guards drove him towards the east. After this thirty-two men rose up, and went into the cloud; and they speedily returned, and threw down into the middle a Sharp-edged Cross, and the consistory rose, and implements were brought, and the older members pared off and blunted the edges, and then the women polished them; and the consistory formed into a magnificent procession, and, standing in a circle, they forbade any one to give the old man corn, and wine, and oil, and light, and salt, and they offered a large reward to him who should find out some means by which they could deprive him of water. Then they marched away in stately order, and entered into the cloud, bearing the blunt-edged Cross with them. And the waves had fretted the pillars sadly, and many were fretted quite through, and some were cast down, and the island began to vibrate, and I was afraid, but I waited for the voice. Yet no voice came, and in my fear I awoke, and found the ship rolling in the boisterous sea, and heard the waters dash and gurgle close to my head.

After midnight I fell asleep, and dreamed again. Methought I was with the mysterious Stranger on a bright sunny bank of velvet turf, a little brook murmuring near, and a copse hard by, full of meadow-

sweet, the odor of which filled all the air. Every thing around spoke the voluptuous languor of mid-summer. The Stranger asked me to explain all the doctrines and customs of my Church. So I took a sheet of vellum, and I wrote them all out in columns, in a fair hand, from the calendars and rubrics of the Service-books. He was much pleased with it, and said it was very beautiful and good. Then he proposed we should walk up the stream some little way. So I hid the vellum among the meadow-sweet, and we walked together up the stream. But a heavy shower of rain came on, and we took shelter in a cave which was in the face of a rock, all clasped with ivy, bind-weed, and eglantine. When the sun shone again, we returned to our bank, and I looked for the vellum, and the rain had washed all the characters away. Upon this the Stranger said I had deceived him, that if what I had written were true, no rain would have washed it away; and he would not believe me when I said it was true: but he was very angry. However, he said he would judge for himself. So we rose up, and went a long way for many weeks, till we came to Canterbury on Advent Sunday. From thence we went all over the land throughout the parishes, and the Stranger took strict note of all he saw and heard. At length we came to the banks of the Tweed. The Stranger would not cross over, but he lifted up his hands, and blessed the land on the other side. So we turned back again towards

the south; and on Ascension-day we were in a forlorn and desolate chancel belonging to a spacious church. It was a dreary, unadorned place, for the beauty was lavished on the nave rather than the chancel, and over the Altar, a very mournful symbol, were seven empty white-washed niches. The stranger regarded them with indignation, but did not speak. When we came out of the church he turned to me, and said in a solemn voice, somewhat tremulous from deep emotion, "You have led me through a land of closed churches and hushed bells, of unlighted Altars and unstoled priests; Is England beneath an Interdict?"

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